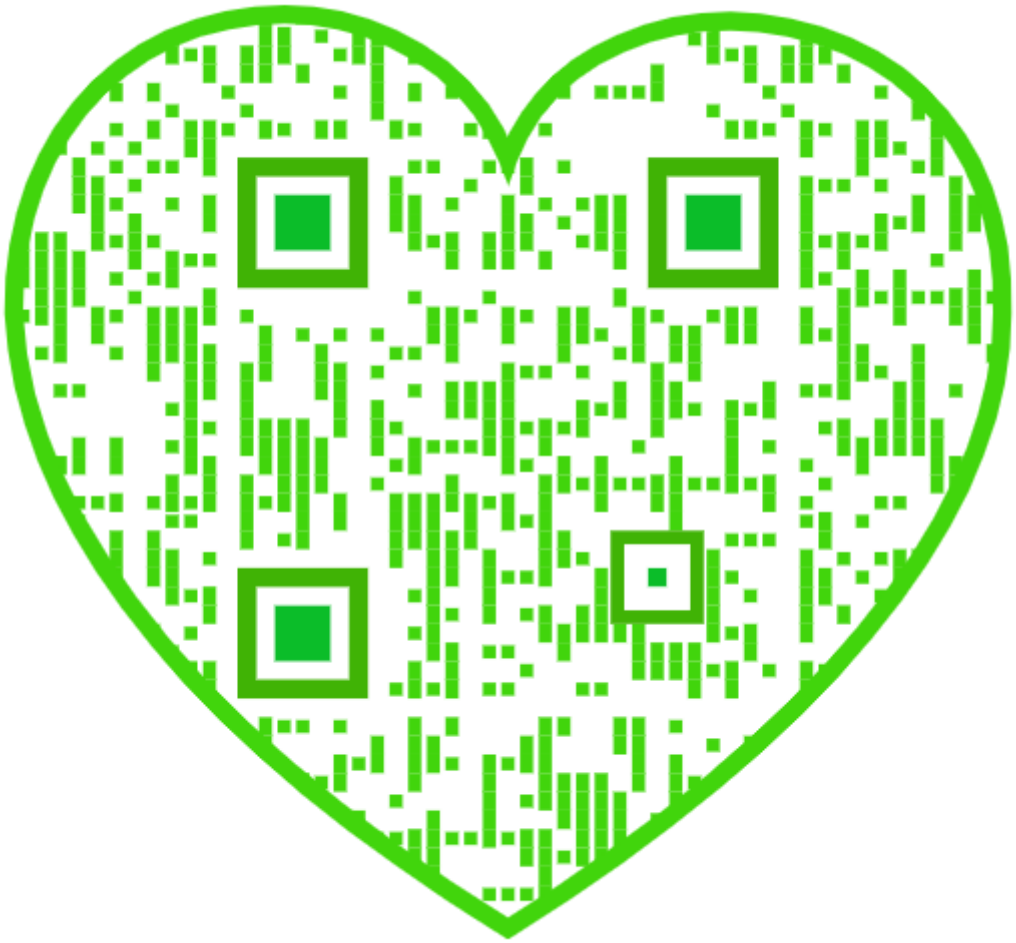

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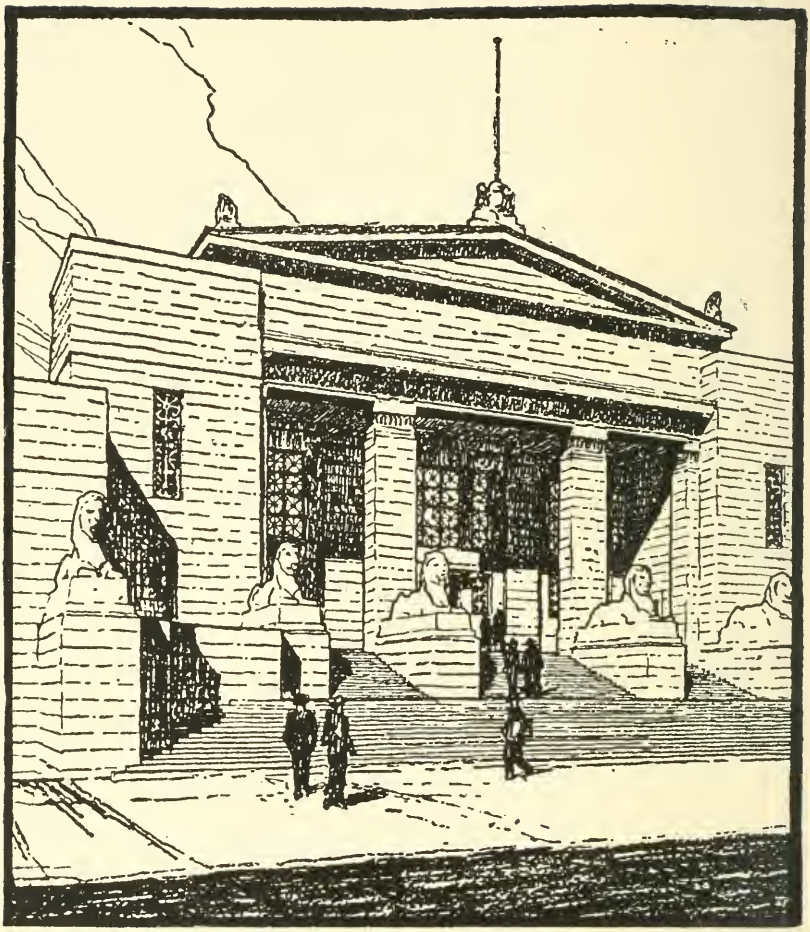

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'. . . . . it may lead us to the Grounds of Architecture and by what steps this Humour of Colonnades comes into practice . . . . .'

CHRISTOPHER WREN.

The 17th and 18th Centuries:

CHAPTER I

§ I

In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries a gentleman with any pretensions to good taste was naturally an amateur, among the other arts, of architecture, and his eye must be able to criticize the disposition of the five orders as easily as his ear that of the ten feet of the heroic couplet. That Louis XIV should have minute and even technical knowledge of the principles of architecture was as natural as that Frederick the Great should have so copious a command of Alexandrines or so charming and genuine a taste in musical composition. For over two centuries each building that was erected was subjected to a lively and intelligent criticism that served at once as a check and a stimulus to its architect. The result of such co-operation by the

public was more than two hundred years of splendid building. In 1924 we are still building because we must, but we are only just beginning again to interest ourselves in the question of what or of how. And yet architecture is an art which concerns the sensitive more than any other. You can shut up a bad book, you can stay away from concert hall, theatre, or picture gallery, but very few of us can wholly evade streets and houses. An architect made our houses and our streets. What he has written he has written, and if his building be never so ugly or senseless or destructive of natural beauty, we may well have to endure it for two or three centuries unless we are very rich as well as sensitive.

For nearly sixty years architecture was – broadly speaking – a lost art. Not only in England but all over the world the architectural impulse ran down, and building, when it was not brutally utilitarian, became literary, representational, and archæological. Then about twenty years ago it began visibly to revive. Gradually here and there it became apparent to the public that the new house that was rising among the scaffolding would not necessarily be a blot on the countryside, and a certain consciousness of their purpose and surroundings seemed noticeable in some of the newer houses.

It had been common to find a 'Farm House' with leaded casements and all sorts of tortuous 'quaintnesses' growing up in London and conversely a Belgrave Square house with an area, perched forlornly on the top of a ridge of downs. But by about 1904 not only was there a general feeling that town houses should be

built in London and country houses in the country, but a majority of architects had even begun to notice such points as the propriety of using grey stone slabs in the Horsham and Cotswold districts rather than red tiles or blue slates. Public buildings began to improve. The new Town Hall at Chelsea was a positive pleasure to look at. A certain Mr. Lutyens was busy in Surrey, building villas for the æsthetic rich, and young men of promise suddenly began to disconcert their parents by insisting upon taking up architecture instead of literature or painting. It was just after the war that the more alert and sensitive of the public began to perceive that we must indeed be at the beginning of an architectural revival. The New County Hall at Westminster, the buildings of the Port of London Authority, the municipal buildings at Cardiff, the Bush building in the Strand, the Ministry of Pensions building at Acton and Mr. J. C. Squire's Architecture Club, are all among the proofs of the existence of a new spirit.

But these are only portents. An enormous number of thoroughly bad buildings are still being put up. Nash's Regent Street is being pulled down but not, unfortunately, to give place to the comparable modern street which it would be possible to build, while the average speculative villa continues to be both silly to look at and inconvenient to live in. The difficulty is that a large section of the public has lost its architectural sense.

When an art definitely sickens and wilts as did architecture before the middle of last century, we find that a sort of vicious circle has been set up. The first step downward and the descent is assured. Artists working

in a tradition that no longer satisfies them do dull work, the public consequently ceases to be interested in modern examples of their art. Artists working for an indifferent public become yet more devitalized and a blight of indifference and boredom settles down upon the whole subject. In vain was Ruskin's rhetoric ; a galvanic and archæological twitching was all he could show for it, and he complained bitterly of the public's indifference. Two generations recruited, broadly speaking, neither patrons nor artists to the art of architecture. There were left only clients and builders, and the cultivated public forgot that such an art might still exist. A few lonely architectural craftsmen supplied the sluggish demand, and often almost as antiquarians or 'Ecclesiologists' kept the torch of æsthetic building alive.

The artists, the active partners in the traffic of the arts between mind and mind, were in architecture as is usual the first to recover. We have reached the stage when those who should be the patrons, audience and critics of architecture find that, with sensibilities well developed in the direction, say, of music or the novel, they have for architecture little more than a vague and benevolent interest. They probably feel convinced on the most general grounds that good building must be laudable and of importance to the community. But such a belief is not strong enough to bring them pleasure, and when a new building rises they find themselves only mildly and diffidently stirred either to praise or blame. With how much more assurance would they have reacted if the new work had been a play or a symphony.

It is perhaps only when an old art revives, a new activity or a new form of expression is invented, or a new public arises, that the existence of the critic is justified. When an art is in its full strength it often happens that artist and public make easy and spontaneous contact. Then the presence of any but table-talk criticism is an intrusion. But where for any reason the artists and their public do not completely understand each other, the critic can often be a useful link, especially perhaps in the case of an art such as architecture or music in which exposition plays no part. It is the purpose of the present book to help if it can in a *rapprochement* between the practitioners of this long neglected art and the public.

It is, of course, possible that the new interest in architecture which some of us feel sure we discern may flicker out, and that the new school of architects may find themselves as did the old, without the inspiration of any considerable public, to canvass and criticize their work. A visit to almost any centre of non-collegiate intellectual activity will certainly make the enthusiast realize that as yet architectural sensibility plays a very small part in the lives of people of universally praised culture. Take Boar's Hill, near Oxford, for instance, which was, and indeed is, a Mount Helicon. There we may see poets and philosophers innocently housed in the jerrybuilder's most hilarious efforts. Variegated shrubs, highly varnished rustic summer-houses, conservatories, fancy bargeboards and cast-iron ridging, and all the paraphernalia of a suburban lay-out here make a little Peckham. But the intellectual flower of the country has noticed nothing. The authors will

never forget their first introduction to so much skill and learning housed without comment so ridiculously. 1870 coquetries in brick, terra-cotta, and half-timbering are not even cheap. Poor Swinburne in his semi-detachment at 'The Pines' was not more inappropriate.

But in spite of the yellow brick, ash cans, and asphalt of poets there are a good many indications that the larger art-producing and enjoying public of this country may soon desire to think and talk about architecture at any rate as intelligently as it does about books and pictures.

There are all sorts of small changes in the life of to-day which, though they have nothing to do with architecture, seem to show a frame of mind favourable to good building. For instance, women unquestionably dress both themselves and their children better than they did. They have ideas, too, about the shapes and colours of such things as scent bottles and cigarette cases and lampshades. Men, also, have ceased to insist in their studies or smoking-rooms, upon what we may perhaps be allowed to call the 'spittoon style' of furnishing, with its leather chairs, fumed oak pipe-rack, golfing prints, tantalus and red turkey carpet.

We have indeed as a nation considerably increased our stock of ideas connected with the art of life, and if at present this new interest shows itself chiefly in such things as less, but better, food and wine, more baths, the art of dressing for *ensemble*, a desire for better drawn advertisements and more pleasingly printed books or notepaper, we may be sure that it will soon show itself yet more conclusively in fine building. For good archi-

tecture is probably the ultimate and satisfying outward expression of the art of living.

It would be interesting if some scholar would make a new survey of history from the point of view of the incidence of this art, and would try to find out what are the qualities in a civilization which seem to tend to the production of great building. The subject would be a complex one because we should find ourselves ultimately unable to define either of the terms with which we were dealing. What is civilization? What is good architecture? There would, too, be minor difficulties because, for instance, periods of great building need not necessarily coincide with a general and diffused appreciation of architecture. The immense tombs and temples of Egypt went on being built to one scaled pattern for a period which Sir Reginald Blomfield estimates at five thousand years. Here the impulse, once æsthetic, must have become religious or at any rate hierarchic and during most of the time the character of the people, or their rulers, was not borne witness to by their buildings, except as to one particular – their conservatism. The late Hellenistic civilization which fringed the Mediterranean with such cities as Selinus, Pergamon, Alexandria or Halicarnassus was great in its architecture, though we are not accustomed particularly to respect its achievements in thought or in the other arts.

Though weak in the south the strange restless civilization of the Middle Ages gave us in the north an architecture which comprises some of the most eloquent of the works of man. For though the bodies of these men had not yet forgotten their nomadic and martial origin their minds were at rest, and their faith serene,

and the unsatisfactoriness of this world amply accounted for by a demoniacal hypothesis.

It is easy to understand the comparative failure of the early phases of the Renaissance in the matter of building both in Italy and in England. It was an age too much in rebellion, too adventurous, too vehement to submit itself with happy results to the discipline of stone and brick. Men were uncertain, they were in a hurry, they were emulative. One could have guessed that the spirit which loved *The Spanish Tragedy* and *Hero and Leander*, clothed itself in one ear-ring and a ruff, and sailed the seas so gloriously, would often when it attempted architecture have declined into the uncertainties of half-timbering and have been lured by beguiling Italian workmen into ordering those coarse plaster ceilings and those horrible mantelpieces so greatly admired by the last generation. But the age of Ben Jonson, which perhaps served the fluid art of literature worse, brought an Inigo Jones to replace a Building Bess. Where the age of Elizabeth and James in its turmoil of achievement flung us an occasional building of exquisite merit, the age of Charles II gave us the root and the flower of a magnificent tradition. In Italy the rush of the sap was wellnigh spent, ripeness had become mellowness and paused, but in France and England such men as Wren, Claude Perrault, Vanbrugh and Le Nôtre were busy.

We clearly cannot translate what they expressed into the terms of history or sociology. But if we consider the period of 1660 to 1780 we shall find a great deal in the social and intellectual ideas of the period that can be 'read into' its characteristic architecture without any

apparent distortion. Can we say more of any effort – such as that of Ruskin – to throw the light of sociology on to an art, or to read the ideals of a nation by the seven lamps of architecture?

In the first place, we cannot point to another 120 years so homogeneous. It was notoriously a reasonable, realistic and settled age. It substituted for religious conviction the conviction that it could be independent of religion. It was witty, it delighted in beautiful workmanship and in learning. Above all, it studied the art of life in all its branches and the age of Nell Gwynne was also the age of Newton. Its voluptuousness and its hardness were matched by its disinterested passion for knowledge. Perhaps the saying that the Greeks first taught men to make themselves at home in the world will throw a light on the incidence of great architecture. For the English have never before or since felt themselves so much at home in the world as they did for that 120 years, a period during which they produced as much fine building as in the whole of their previous history.

The world as it is, human nature as it is, is a bitter pill to swallow. But in the reaction from Puritanism we in England followed the French and swallowed it, as is, we believe, testified no less by Greenwich Hospital than by *Mariage à la mode* or the sudden development of the novel. The Puritanism which preceded the Augustan age in England was the pursuit of an unearthly ideal as was the Romanticism which followed it, but between the two came a period of acceptance, at first cynical and bitter, then easy, and finally dignified and almost stoic. Neither Puritans nor Romantics

are or even desire to be at home in the world, and if to these two classes of professed nomads we add the entire race of Celts, we can perhaps account for a good many of the dark places on the architectural map. This problem of bad building and architectural indifference is one to which we shall be obliged to return very often if we are to suggest to the reader – as we hope incidentally to do – the architectural influences which have gone to make English towns and villages what we find them in 1924.

§ 2

An architectural revival in England will, we can clearly see, be an event of moment to the community, as must the revival of any art. But obviously architecture will affect both the willing and the unwilling. Also, we cannot too often remind ourselves, architecture is momentous because it includes alternatively town planning, village layout, or at least landscape gardening. For if we once begin to care that an individual building should be beautiful we shall immediately want to regulate its surroundings. Thus a revival of this art might well modify the whole of our material surroundings and a good many of our material ideals. Take the subject of town dwelling, for instance. Most people have noticed and most people have lamented the fact that modern peoples all tend to leave the country and come to live in towns, but so far nobody has been able to check the movement. But if towns were reasonably planned, were beautiful, smoke-free and had adequate open spaces and no slums, the unmanageable tendency would not matter so much.

There is no doubt a shred of the old romantic theory in our distrust of towns, but it is chiefly because our cities are nearly all dirty, noisy and ugly, and physically cramp the lives of children, that we so much object to people coming to live in them. We cannot stop them, and the assumption that we obviously must want to do so is really a vote of no confidence in the men who made our towns. Whether we should be wise to try to stop the flow or not is really an academic question, for we cannot stop it. The alternative seems to be to make our towns fit to live in, and this is an expedient which might obviously have enormous consequences even within a couple of generations.

As architecture is an art, it is clear that a town or village built according to its ideals will have something more than the negative virtues of not cramping its citizens and of not being dirty, not being ugly or noisy, and so therefore a beautiful town might bring certain definite gains to its citizens. The inhabitants of an ordinary 1924 English town already have certain advantages over the countryman, and if a long period of architectural activity were to transform our towns till they were beautiful, spacious, well adapted both to the work and the pleasure of their citizens, we might get a new type of man whose town dwelling we should no longer deplore.

There have been cities in the past that were beautiful, and we are still beneficiaries of the astoundingly vital life which was lived in such places as Athens, Rome, Florence or Venice.

We never wish that Leonardo, Euripides or Socrates had lived in the country. In such figures the man is

almost always inseparable from the citizen. It has often been shown that the town of Stratford-on-Avon must once have been a very charming place, and never more so than in the time of Queen Elizabeth, but as far as we are aware no particular conclusion has ever been drawn from this circumstance. But – the reader may protest – here and now there are beautiful towns in England! Here is *Baedeker* or the *Highways and By-ways* series to prove it.

Most of these towns must surely puzzle the visiting stranger a good deal. He hears or reads that such and such a place is very beautiful because of its fine market hall or cathedral, and when he gets there, unless he confines himself to the inflammatory pages of the guide-book, he will experience a feeling of disappointment. Somehow there is no place from which you can see the town's beauties, or the sightseer has been depressed by a drive or walk through double rows of red villas, or there is an intrusive cash chemist or bootshop whose huge lettering or glittering shop front puts his eye out for the delicate work which he has come to enjoy. All that the guide-book promised is there. It has not lied, but the real features of the town, the things that go to make up its total impression, have not been spoken of. Actually, statistically, most of our large towns and many of our villages are the product, not as guide-books would have us believe, of the fifteenth or even the eighteenth century, but of the years 1850 to 1914.

The Last of a Tradition.

CHAPTER 2

'GOD made the country, but Man made the town.'

§ 1

OUR IMMEDIATE PREDECESSORS IN ENGLAND BUILT more towns than any other generation. From the time when the young Disraeli first entered Parliament and wrote his flaming *Sybil* till an octogenarian Mr. Gladstone resigned on his Home Rule Bill they never ceased building. England, as we know it now, rose from the fields. That generation engaged immoderately in the exhilarating adventure of construction. They set out foundations, they laid bricks, the window frames stood up from the wall, the joists were fixed, the little flag was tied up to the chimney-stack, the last ridge tile was laid – but no blessing attended their labours. Why was it? They were no fools; yet

somehow between utilitarian economics and romantic æsthetics the products of their activities were towns such as Wigan, the Potteries, Hull or Leeds. They built and built till at last they left no city untouched, so that in all big towns we shall find a fringe of houses which dates from that period, a fringe which we may be almost tempted to see as a ridge of scum. It lies in a sort of belt just within the outer villadom of our cities. In London it is Camberwell, it is the Commercial Road and Finchley, it is Earl's Court. The scum has spoilt Bristol (consider Victoria Street and the station), it constitutes Crewe.

It would not, of course, be true to say that absolutely no good building whatever was done for sixty or seventy years. Nor if it were true would it be a generalization proper for this generation who are in inevitable reaction to a period so recently at an end. There was indeed clearly always somewhere a thin trickle of reasonable and sound architecture, but it was never sufficient in quantity to affect building generally or to save the face of a country in which a rapidly growing population made building one of the prime industries. Leaving aside for a minute then the thin red line of Mr. Street's, Mr. Philip Webb's or Mr. Norman Shaw's activities, we can all agree with Mr. J. C. Squire who remarked that the nineteenth century had produced a larger proportion of eyesores than any other century of which we have records.

It has been for several years a somewhat morbid pastime of the authors to try to classify some of these edifices into their various schools. There is 'Pimlico Palladian,' there is the 'Pauperesque' and the 'Peabody'

style, there is 'Gas-Pipe Gothic.' In domestic work there are two types which are too familiar to an Englishman who lives in or near a town. The first is in the Italian style and is executed in brick that was once a bilious yellow and is now grey, it is decorated with cement facings and (in the finest specimens) with a sort of imitation pierced stonework representing naturalistically conceived fern or sometimes palm leaves. Mr. Watts Dunton's 'The Pines' on Putney Hill is a very slightly atypical example of the style. Lack of space has here led to a certain cramping, and the corner dressings and keystones of cement seem more than usually purposeless. We have named the manner to ourselves the 'Clark's College style' because that enterprising institution apparently makes a point of housing itself in buildings designed in this mood. The other type we think of as being of two varieties – 'Lobster Gothic' and 'Compo Gothic.' Both, like the Clark's College style, have ill-shaped plate-glass windows unrelieved by glazing bars. In the brick variety the material used is generally hard, often glazed, and always admirably durable. It is of a curiously apoplectic colour and blue or yellow bricks may emphasize turrets and window openings. The compo variety is often actually constructed in stone, but in pure specimens the dressings will be in cement. In any case no notice is as a rule taken of the stone's native characteristics, but it is treated firmly – much like a child in a Victorian orphanage. It is from the details of the mouldings that we have got into the habit of calling this style alternatively 'Gas-Pipe Gothic.' Rather mild examples of both styles can be seen in the church school

and the rectory in Ebury Street and Ebury Square. The Peabody Buildings of 1870 in yellow brick with dressings in red brick which occupy one of the other sides of Ebury Square represent another phase and are referred to by Sir Walter Besant in his monumental work on London as 'This handsome block.' This particular style, however, comes to perfection in Chelsea Barracks, a building held by many people to be the ugliest in London.

There is also a vacuous style of Victorian buildings which we may see in the Cromwell Road. This style is so negative, especially as to interiors, as always to be associated in the minds of the authors with deafness. Further varieties, later in date and impinging on the late or terra-cotta period of Victorian architecture, can be seen to perfection in the Earl's Court Road, in the Russell Hotel, Russell Square, and in Crewe, whilst the West countryman can observe a complete collection of the whole period in Bristol.

On page 246 is a hypothetical *fin-de-siècle* example of a rather humble sort; it combines in its details and proportions a number of the features to which we have referred.

Fashions change no less in architecture than in women's dress or medicine, but it seems difficult to believe that these buildings will ever be admired. We may perhaps doubt if they ever were, or if in themselves they gave any shock of pleasure to the passer-by who saw them new, or to the men who designed or the men who lived in them. If they did, that pleasure was surely not in the buildings as buildings. They may have been symbols of correctness or solvency, or

social service, but architecture they never were, nor will be.

§ 2

It is difficult to see how so much bad building should have been possible to a generation in many ways more fastidious and aristocratic in taste than our own. There are several possible explanations. For instance, it is certain that two whole generations took a 'Romantic' view of existence, and that two generations of artists and of merchants believed in utilitarian economics. Mr. Gradgrind and an architect or any other sort of artist had not enough in common to make co-operation over a factory or a street for the housing of 'operatives' possible. The Romantic artists and their public were naturalists. From the time of Wordsworth's acceptance as the premier poet it became the fashion to believe that if Nature were left to herself every prospect would please. On the other hand, man, at any rate man of one's own generation, was inevitably vile. True, the Romantics conceded, in our fallen state we often have to depart from Nature, and nowhere more than in this regrettable matter of houses and still more of towns, but though Ruskin might preach a kind of razor-edge and precarious approval of certain sorts of architecture in certain circumstances, it was pretty clear that to the generality of the æsthetic public to erect a building was always to 'mar her fair face.' This was, of course, a mood in which artists could do nothing for the business community whose activities it was obliged to condemn. It was moreover the mood ot invite artistic failure. Town planning or indeed archi-

tecture ceased to be a profession possible to a man of sensibility, and it is perhaps significant that William Morris, who took up the profession, should so soon have abandoned it. The mass suggestion of turpitude must have been overwhelming. Romanticism had driven a wedge into the community which now perhaps for the first time in history – flouting the Great Exhibition – saw Beauty and Utility, Commerce and the Arts, as opposite and incompatible. Artists and the business community had by the time the great development of our towns took place moved too far away from one another to make conceivable a collaboration such as our Bush House or Mr. Selfridge's shop.

There were, of course, other factors in that complex epoch which might alternatively or perhaps concurrently account for an age of design confessedly imitative and archæological. There were many things in that epoch that were disquieting, and it is possible that we ought to regard the badness of Victorian architecture as the result not of inappropriate theories, but of something deeper and less controllable, of that strangeness perhaps which a later generation of writers of history (Mr. Lytton Strachey, Mr. Harold Nicolson and Mr. Laurence Housman, for instance) have shown as affecting the whole generation. The mid-Victorians were certainly not at home in the world. How could they then settle down to architecture? Consider for a moment the mental epoch in which they lived. The higher criticism was joining with notions of progress, the survival of the fittest, and utilitarianism to shake the Bible and even agitate the pulpit. The rush of a new Plutocracy almost swept away the never

very great reverence paid in England to birth. Science was beginning to show such an object as an invalid gentleman, not as a son of Adam stricken by the angel of the Lord, but as a descendant of an amœba via a monkey, incommoded by the presence of minute yet kindred organisms in his system. Humiliating too was the fact that a more rigid application of the principle of cleanliness would often cure him. About the eighteen forties and fifties revolutionary ideas about something called *le droit du travail* drifted across the Channel. Science was beginning to whirl you over the face of the country at twenty-five miles an hour by means of a steam locomotive, nor did she stop there, but would provide a sybaritish hot-water apparatus by means of which baths of the size and shape of coffins would be filled with hot water from a tap. Very soon came the electric telegraph through whose agency news was distributed even quicker than by the hurtling train. What next! was the cry.

Through that strange world people moved like children or like a man who, lantern in hand, walks through the dark. It is a characteristic of the children or of the man with the lantern never to get a comprehensive view of anything. The child does not compare what he knows about sheep with what he knows about cows, and if he understands that his rabbit must be fed, cannot automatically extend the principle to his guinea-pig. The man with the lantern knows only a certain patch of consciousness which moves with him as he goes; he cannot see the mountain or even the distant trees, but at best both banks of the lane. If this man or this child, with so partial a comprehension of his

surroundings, undertake any work, when daylight or manhood comes, it will as often as not stand revealed as a strange higgledy-piggledy which bears no relation to its world. Thus inappropriate and strange, like the sticks and mud-pies abandoned by a set of children do those higgledy-piggledy towns and that architecture of basements, plate glass and terra-cotta seem to us.

Architecture is the art in which the men of a period of transition are most likely to fail, for it is above all an art which concerns synthesis, and how are you to have due thought for all your needs and due place for all your ideals when new needs and ideals are still rushing at you out of your incalculable future? But architecture is the art of the graceful (because the masterly) combination of parts into a whole. It demands decision and often the power of seeing a township, a landscape or an epoch as an entity, and then of epitomizing it in a building. You cannot build in a state of fluster or indecision, it is a laborious art which demands a definite point of view and clear intentions. It has, of course, often been alleged that the Victorian age was one of settled prosperity and culture. That was no doubt the view which it was hoped posterity would take. But that 1840 to 1890 was an age of upheaval necessitating balance and difficult compromise, we could almost infer from one trait, the enthusiasm for moral and theological dogma characteristic of the period. Amid the break-up of the older certainties definite rules of virtuous conduct were what the age longed for. 'Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever.' They wanted rules of right and wrong, not philosophic systems, as Ruskin once in a moment of candour admitted, and he proceeded

to compare English society to a beleaguered city where only the grave and desperate needs of every day could be attended to. One of the most malleable and delicately impressionable of writers, Robert Louis Stevenson, who in the Edinburgh of 1870 had felt the force of a great stretch of the period, has expressed the prevalent attitude to the details of dogma with his usual neatness.

> 'The sticks break, the stones crumble,
> The eternal altars tilt and tumble,
> Sanctions and tales dislimn like mist
> About the amazed evangelist.
> He stands unshook from age to youth
> Upon one pin-point of the truth.'

There was in fact a desperate shipwrecked clinging not so much to straws as to splinters from the Rock of Ages that was symptomatic of spirits tossed and torn by contrary impulses.

Victorians of the ascendant, cultivated middle and upper classes wanted to be housed at once nobly, comfortably, unostentatiously, prosperously and yet piously. Their houses must appear solid and yet light and tasteful. They knew nothing about building, but they knew what they wanted. All this was very human, but unfortunately the really inhuman trait in the mid-Victorian added its quota to the infelicity at least of their domestic building. This was their complete differentiation of 'the masses and the classes.' Their housemates, the servants, worked in dark, ill-planned basements and at night climbed their special steep twisting stone stairs to flimsy ill-planned attics. Sometimes men-servants

slept in their gas-lit pantries. There are roomy houses in Belgravia where the footman's bedroom and the larder both open into the same pitch-dark unventilated passage. This treatment of the servants upon whose patient backs the whole of their domestic structure was carelessly reared, is merely an instance which may serve to illustrate the paralysis of thought which seems to have seized upon the mid-Victorian when he built, whether his work was a town or a single villa.

Other ages knew what they wanted, or at least the individuals living in those ages knew. Pope's noble friends wanted display, and were 'proud to catch cold at a Venetian door.' His humbler friends wanted rational red brick and solid comfort. Miss Austen's friends wanted everything to be neat and modern, and, thus single-hearted, achieved a singularly clean and charming style. The Prince Regent's friends wanted the maximum splash for their money, and got excellent value in stucco and scagliola.

But Prince Albert's friends and Lord Tennyson's friends seem to have wanted all sorts of things. Of course it was a sad pity that we had to live in houses at all. How far preferable would be a ruined castle. Or perhaps a conservatory? They doted upon flowers. But then papa must have his library. Anyhow the garden was the only *interesting* part. In the end they were perhaps more strangely, expensively and uncomfortably housed than any people of means had ever been before.

Lakes, mountains, Mr. Ruskin, Italy, Dr. Pusey, the Middle Ages, and increasingly and disastrously the literary art in all its branches, these were the objects

which engaged the attention of the sensitive, just as admiration of the beautiful workings of the laws of supply and demand employed the practical. Alas! had theorists neglected and 'practical people' taken up any art but architecture, it would have been indifferent to us now. Whatever the reason, a romantic or a utilitarian disdain, or sheer inability to grip enough factors in their changing world, or (as a study of the best current art criticism which appeared during the epoch would suggest) from a complicated but definite misapplication of æsthetic principles, certain it is that rich and cultivated people lived contentedly enough in the Cromwell Road or the Cornwall Gardens which they had built. They must, one imagines, have been able somehow to free their minds from any awaredness of the 'modern' houses in which they lived. The existence of prosperous districts like Kensington or Clifton, of great houses like Eaton, and of rich men's houses such as can be found by the dozen in the Balmoral district, and by twos and threes all over England, makes it pretty clear that it was not the mere speed at which the Victorians built which accounts for so much bad architecture.

Of course, with towns growing up so rapidly, in almost any age the supply of good architects would have run out. We speak of a revival to-day, but it is doubtful if a demand on that scale could be supplied. Only in an age (such as that of the middle fourteenth or the middle eighteenth century in England) when lesser men rested secure upon a great tradition could the task have been accomplished. But something very well marked in the temper of the age must be sought for to account for the

single swallow which year after year in this epoch has to suffice for the architectural summer.

People of taste, one imagines, must have averted their heads from building and town-making. This was a gesture characteristic of England between 1840 and 1900, so they averted them with quite considerable success, and alas! from good work as well as bad. Which of us cannot, for instance, remember on some sightseeing expedition of childhood hearing some elder remark that he thought he had found a beautiful little house or church or fountain round in the Rue St. Chose. 'But wasn't it ridiculous! How one can be deceived. I found afterwards that it was quite modern!' We have then the situation that in common parlance 'modern' and 'bad' were synonymous terms if the subject were architecture. To such a state of things were cultivated people reduced.

§ 3

No survey, however brief, of the conjectured history of Victorian architectural psychology would be complete without something more than a mention of that great and preposterous critic, John Ruskin. Ruskin at the height of his fame wielded a power in the dominion of art that is to-day hardly credible. He was the supreme judge and arbiter, and his word, as Autocrat of the Arts, was law. Blessed with the keenest sensibility and a rare gift of expression both with his pen and pencil, he was fundamentally a moralist. He judged buildings much as one supposes candidates for Anglican ordination were judged at the same period. They must conform to the current (though arbitrary) code of

morality, they must make their appeal to what is ethical in man rather than directly to his senses or even to his intellect. In Gothic architecture Ruskin had no difficulty whatever in finding all the virtues that he sought, and, in their quasi-ecclesiastical garb, in Oxford, for example, buildings inspired by him may still be readily distinguished, being somehow pathetically reminiscent of rather *passés* old clergymen, full of piety and prejudice, but somewhat empty of intelligence, tolerance and generous urbanity.

Ruskin must have been a strange man, or at least strangely ardent, and his extraordinary power of upholding incompatible doctrines has never been sufficiently admired or investigated.

The impulses of alternate sensuality and asceticism which seem to have torn him were resolved in a philosophy of art which proved that the beauty of Gothic architecture, which he loved and experienced so intensely, was a symbol of moral excellence. To Ruskin of the simply constituted dual mind this necessarily carried with it the twin conclusion that all architecture which he did not like was wicked. Ruskin easily found that nothing was good and beautiful outside the limits of his idealized Middle Ages.

He wrote admirably, and to heighten his effects he did not scruple to contrast the sublimities of the naturalistic Gothic style with the gross impiety and pride of the sophisticated classic. He stigmatized the Renaissance as 'The Foul Torrent,' and traduced and abused all periods other than his adopted one with the utmost eloquence and vigour. What he preached was an architecture of symbolism and association – a ghostly archi-

tecture where 'every building tells a story.' Moreover, the story must be told in an archaic dialect, it must seem to point a moral or a number of different morals, but all of an approved flavour or Ruskin would have none of it. The cult of Romanticism that had already routed classicism in literature found in Ruskin its supreme champion in its invasion of architecture, and, armed *cap-à-pie* with moral references, false analogies, fact-proof dogmatisms, he won a decisive and calamitous victory. Order, symmetry, and that nice regard for mass, space, line and coherence which is implicit in classic design were denounced as pedantic, pompous, and pagan, and betraying intellectual pride ill becoming a democracy professing a Christian nature-worship. It seemed to have been tacitly accepted that all was worshipful in creation save only man. He, being *homo sapiens* and a creator too in his limited way, was suspect; he had an embarrassing way of imposing his will on the rest of creation, of reducing Nature's chaos to order, or substituting discipline for primeval anarchy and purposeful design for the untamed picturesque.

It was 'Nature,' wild untrammelled Nature, that was to be idolized, nay, imitated, and the architect must bow (and empty) his head before this vague anti-architectural abstraction and purge himself of all the rules, logic and syntax that conditioned humanistic architecture – the product of man's intellect as the ruler, not the slave, of nature. The old table of precedence was to be summarily reversed, and, from being the lord of all creation and dictator to the rest of nature, man, who once shaped rocks and forests to his creative will, was to be humbled and must put away his strange

'unnatural' imaginings and take the lowest place, looking up to and mimicking the crystal and the oak-leaf.

In classic architecture man has evolved from within himself a style of building with a human reference – he transcribed architecture into terms of himself – he 'humanized' it. Symmetry, order and coherence are not only attributes of the human body, but also deep desires of the mind, and they, together with an unservile loyalty to certain accepted proportions (such again as the human body renders), are the very essence of classic and Renaissance architecture. It is, as we shall have occasion to point out later, easy to believe, 'though not easy to prove,' that those ratios between, and dispositions of, light and shade, mass and support, breadth and height that generally give pleasure to the sensitive, are themselves related to some subconscious and anthropomorphic standard of reference in designer and spectator. Having thus miraculously brought forth an architecture that was an extension of himself, a reflection of his attributes and desires, sympathetic with his aspirations as a tamer of the will, civilized man held close to the classic style as to an emblem of his hard-won victory over the cruel and incalculable anarchy of nature. Modern man may now have no conscious need for such trophies of his limited and uncertain triumph, but his nervous system and his body are on the same general plan, and have much the same reactions as those of Protagoras, who held that humanity was 'the measure of all things.' It was this serene and ordered clearing in the primeval jungle that the Renaissance re-discovered; it was this sanctuary in the wilderness that the architectural anarchists derided – inviting its

contented inhabitants to 'Romantic' adventures in the 'natural' and uncharted wild. For to Ruskin, it must never be forgotten, 'Gothic' was not the splendid lines and symmetries of pointed architecture. It was upon the details that he concentrated, and not even so much upon their beauty as upon their significance. Talk of space, mass and proportion he called 'mere doggerel.' And so with gibes, promises, and the most specious of arguments his readers were importuned to leave their heritage, to forget fastidious niceties, the acute sensitiveness to proportion, balance, rhythm, and the counterpoint of light and shade that once made our tradition, to leave all the silly whim-whams of classic propriety, and to come out like good God-fearing, nature-loving savages into the jolly riot of the forest and there learn to carve meticulous imitations of the oak leaves, to design pillars like trees and vaulting like branches – if they could. Unfortunately the invitation was accepted, the challenge was taken up, and the naturalistic-cum-archæological revival was upon us. Once more the envious jungle crept in upon the clearing, and the elated Bandarlog danced a fantastic Gothic triumph amongst the Palladian ruins. Though they danced to such disastrous purpose, they had plenty of breath to spare for song, and they were fortunate in a laureate who fitted beautiful new words to old though catchy tunes wherewith they might celebrate and (if they could) justify their achievements. Indeed, the fact that Ruskin wielded such extraordinary literary powers was a very important factor in the whole naturalistic movement. He knew how to sing the Gothic Revival with a grace and fire which we cannot but admire,

'Gothic is not only the best but the only rational architecture as being that which can fit itself most easily to all services, vulgar or noble . . . It can shrink into a turret, expand into a hall, coil into a staircase, or spring into a spiral with undegraded grace and unexhausted energy – subtle and flexible like the fiery serpent, but ever attentive to the voice of the charmer.'

Nature is the criterion of the arts, and Ruskin even goes so far as to lay it down (the *Seven Lamps*) that everything known to be frequent in Nature we may believe to be beautiful. He proceeds, however, to stop the obvious hole and to say that we must only take as our instances the things that Nature intends that we should see, thus excluding such objects as entrails or any strange metals that may be found in the depths of the earth. He goes on:

'Forms not taken from natural objects must be ugly . . . there are forms of decoration in architecture (such as the Greek fret) [1] which I have no hesitation in asserting to be no ornament at all but ugly things, the expense of which ought in truth to be set down in the architect's contract as "For Monstrification." '

But it is when he gives battle to a tradition which he dislikes that Ruskin's style is seen in all its bravery. He has thus in a celebrated passage expressed his opinion of the classic tradition as exemplified in later Renaissance building:

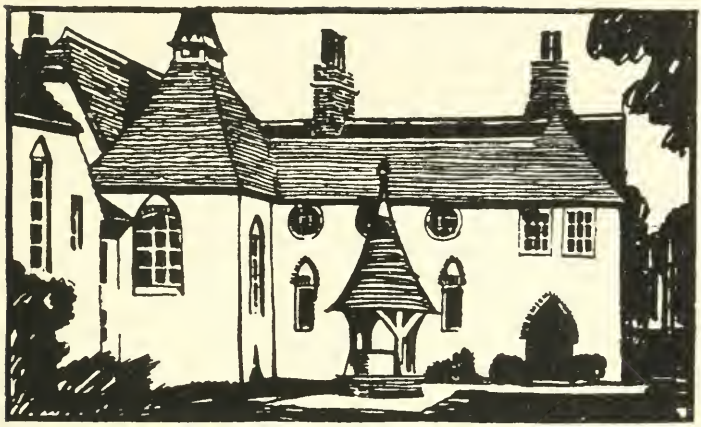
'It is base, unnatural, unfruitful, unenjoyable and impious. Pagan in origin, proud and unholy in its

[1] He identifies this with the Guilloche.

revival, paralysed in its old age . . . an architecture invented as it seems to make plagiarists of its architects, slaves of its workmen, and sybarites of its inhabitants; an architecture in which intellect is idle, invention impossible, but in which all luxury is gratified and all insolence fortified.'

In the lordly rumpus what wonder that there were none to ask if it could be of innocent stone and brick that Ruskin was writing?

When we turn from Ruskin's preaching to the practice of his followers and coevals, we shall find it by no means so spirited.



The Red House, 1859.

CHAPTER 3

§ 1

HAVING CONSIDERED 'CHAOS AND OLD NIGHT,' RUSkin and archæology, we can approach a discussion of the immediate origins of present-day architecture in England most easily and profitably by considering particularly how the work of a single architect developed, and what were the influences which shaped his earlier works. Though he is a man so exceptional in the degree of his genius, yet in the work done by Sir Edwin Lutyens between his first regular commission in 1890 and the present day, we shall find something that will serve as a fair and rapid summary of the history of the modern movement in English architecture. In 1888, then, when young Mr. Lutyens had ended his two years at South Kensington and his year (another version says day) of pupilage in an architect's office, it

was to find himself with a strong bent towards the picturesqueness and exuberance of the 'new' tradition.

This lively, elfish and intelligent young man might have received the torch of architecture at the hands of one of the elderly gentlemen who were still building, not very well, in a style which showed no marked reaction to that of Nash, and who still lisped in the old language of column, pediment and pilaster, even if to placate Mr. Ruskin they had gone to Venice for it. Or he might have found himself in the line of what we might call Legal Gothic, a scholarly, conscientious and rather magnificent style which there are already again a few to admire, and which might have bloomed into beauty under his hand. But actually he was then influenced by neither of these traditions, but began at once to express his already marked personality in a manner which had been partly invented and partly evolved thirty years earlier, as an outshoot of Legal Gothic. William Morris in 1859 commissioned his friend and fellow-student Philip Webb to build him a house, and in so doing he came near to inaugurate a new manner. This house was to be something more than a dwelling, it was to stand as a solid declaration of faith. It was to be the architectural statement of the beliefs of the Arts and Crafts movement. It was to rescue architecture from the bonds of scholastic antiquarianism, whether Gothic or classic, and was to carry Street's interest in colour and texture a step further.

A great novelty of 'The Red House' was Webb's challenging use of red brick for the walls and red tiles for the roof. The plan of the house was L-shaped.

There was a wide porch, a staircase 'markedly Gothic,' there were oriel windows and there were gables. The *ensemble* had a slight French flavour. Every detail inside and out seemed individual and strange. As Sir Lawrence Weaver points out,[1] 'The hall fire-place must have astonished the people of 1860, for it lacks any mantelshelf, and is built in simple red brick, the parent of countless thousands of a type that has become common form.' There was no water supply in the district, and it was characteristic of all that the house stood for that this fact should be used to provide an excuse for a pretty roofed well as a central feature of the entrance court. As to the presence of a pump or a scullery tap, tradition is silent. Sir Lawrence in his description of the house points out one further feature as particularly significant. Throughout the house sash windows are used freely. This fact, taken in conjunction with the oriel windows and Gothic stair, was a declaration of independence and of complete indifference to purists who might choose to call the style of the house 'bastard,' and the windows were thus the one feature calculated to scandalize Street, the young men's teacher.

When we come to consider the plan – the revolutionary L-shaped plan – we at once remark the fact that the two sitting-rooms, the drawing-room and dining-room, as well as the hall, all face north with only a touch of west. The kitchen faces due west, and what appears to be the larder, east.

This modest brick house with its faults and virtues, though it did not in actual fact carry its vaunted freedom

[1] 'Small Country Houses of To-day,' vol. I (*Country Life*).

so very much further than did Street's own house and church at Holmbury, is yet generally held to have marked a new era as certainly as it stood for a policy. With all its typical Morris admiration for the past it was yet believed to 'crystallize the revolt against reproductions of bygone art. . . .'

The 'Red House' then purported to stand for architectural independence, but as we see things to-day it seems to have stood rather for a break with architecture's own tradition and to have settled building yet more firmly under the yoke of literature and even of sociology. It and its fellows were the result of admirable impulses and a host of good intentions, yet we cannot but look back with regret at their virtues. For without genuine virtues the style could never have had so astounding a success. Its good sense and its charm lent a new life to the architecture of the Romantic movement which without it might have died. It marks the beginning of almost another forty years' wandering in the wilderness.

Twenty years later Mr. Philip Webb was still designing fastidious gabled houses,—'Clouds,' or a Surrey house for Mr. Somerset Beaumont, or the house for Lord Carlisle on Palace Green at Kensington. In the very year (1891) when Sir Arthur Chapman gave Mr. Lutyens that first commission, Norman Shaw, Philip Webb's distinguished contemporary, crowned his long career by a great public building built in the 'free' spirit which had characterized the 'Red House.' Sir Banister Fletcher – least emotional of lexicographers – cites New Scotland Yard as its creator's 'daring design' and goes on to describe him as having influenced

contemporary style more than any other single architect.

There were indeed besides Norman Shaw and Philip Webb, if not a host, at least a considerable body of rather younger men who built in this tradition. There are probably very few architects who do not admire their work and very few laymen who do. For the 'Red House' spirit has passed, and it seems now as if it might leave very little ultimate mark upon the æsthetic ideals of the newer stream of English architecture.

This is perhaps hardly the moment to attempt to appraise the New Romantic movement so hopefully started by men such as Norman Shaw, Philip Webb, and Eden Nesfield. It is a movement that has barely ended, and many of us are now in a mood of vigorous reaction, in which we disagree profoundly with its precept, and dislike, while we respect, its example. Moreover, to us of a younger generation the whole issue has really been confused by the nameless horrors perpetrated by speculative builders, by miles of villas whose imitativeness and pretension to be considered 'artistic' would have shocked the real practitioners of the 'Red House' manner even more than they shock us. It is for a generation of critics further removed from them in time to consider the ideals of the school, to examine their practice, and to trace their influence upon later architecture, which, though it seems slight to us, may really be considerable. They will then be in a position to decide whether the movement was or was not a dead end, whether when classicism came back into England it had gained at all in vigour, elasticity or delicacy by that forty years. This is a matter which it

should not be very hard to decide, for it is only in England that 'Red Houseism' took any considerable hold. Respectable architects in France made no such excursion, but, little hindered by a race of jerry-builders almost more sportive than our own, have more or less pegged away at the old materials and at refining the old forms. In America its influence upon architectural thought has been comparatively slight as it has there affected domestic work alone; while in Germany, Spain and Austria architects too often followed after the yet stranger gods of the *Art Nouveau*.

In deciding whether they will regard Philip Webb and Norman Shaw as the Romulus and Remus of a new eternal city or as the exasperating and irrelevant Bing Boys of architecture, these critics must bear a factor in mind that is often lost sight of in an historical study of the changes and developments of an art. The buildings which have served the present age for inspiration were still there when the picturesque tradition was struggling with its problems. The change which made their work seem to be that of pioneers, was in men's minds, in what their attention picked out and allowed them to see. St. Paul's and St. Peter's had not physically disappeared. That they were none the less not seen, and that with half a dozen buildings by Wren or Inigo Jones exemplifying the æsthetic exploitation of material, the William Morris builders had to work out the whole problem afresh, is one of the curiosities of human nature that is repeated in every art and every epoch.

But the fact that the classics would come back and that it would once more seem possible to love Hawksmoor and Mansart was hidden from rising young

designers in 1891. It is easy to see that before we were tired of it, before it had been travestied down dreary lengths of suburban road, before we had learned to feed again on the strong meat of the Baroque, the new free work must have seemed fascinating. Philip Webb's rediscovery of the beauties of material must have been a liberation of the spirit, and Norman Shaw's demonstration of the liberty of form, an intoxication.

So we find that to Sir Arthur Chapman's 'Crooksbury' and to the commissions that immediately followed it Lutyens gave more than a touch of the 'Red House,' though the young man's own strength and the canons of the style itself forbade any very close likeness. 'Crooksbury' was a house that any young architect of the period would have been proud to have built. It was of the farm-house type with an ingle-nook in the principal sitting-room, barge-boarded gables and an overhanging second story. Half-timbering and herring-bone brickwork add to the unflinching 'picturesqueness' of the whole building, which is further characterized by its carefully managed texture and the smallness of its windows. The planning is somewhat open to criticism. The kitchen faces west, a complicated route is interposed between it and the dining-room, and the house is deployed and rambling. However, it has beaten the 'Red House' in having no north rooms at all, and but that the size of their windows have been somewhat skimped, all the rooms are cheerful and habitable (page 261).

Even more fiercely picturesque is a house Mr. Lutyens built a year or two later – Fulbrooke House near Farnham. Here every fashionable device of the period is

employed. The house is plastered with mullioned bay-windows, hanging tiles and weatherboarding. It sprouts into strange gables and elaborate chimneys, and on the south front a section of the whole house is set back in such a way that the main roof forms a sort of overhanging loggia which shelters a brick terrace and some curious timber balconies. The architect has protested so much that the house looks to modern eyes like a collection of builder's samples, not, as was presumably intended, like an organic growth. About eight years later Mr. Lutyens added another wing to Crooksbury.

This wing, which is austere and almost symmetrical, is prophetic. Its façade is conceived in the style of the seventeenth century. It is in brick, there are no eaves, but the junction of wall and roof is contrived behind a parapet, while the doorway is treated with pilasters and a Caroline scutcheon. Papillon Hall, another work of this period, is outside all gables and leaded casements, and even has a touch of half-timbering, but has inside a beautiful circular basin court whose surrounding cloister is supported by a charming Tuscan-Doric order, while its panelled dining-room and hall are Queen Anne in flavour.

At Little Thakeham there is the same sort of compromise, Jacobean work outside and the sixteen-sixties within. We feel the architect is hankering after the later and severer manner, but that either doubt of his own powers or pressure from his clients has prevented his expressing himself in irrevocable exterior work. He is wisely choosing for his experiments the more ductile and less fatal medium of interior decoration.

After this transition phase we find a sort of excursion

in the history of Sir Edwin Lutyens's development. He took up, for example, the restoration of two castles, Lindisfarne and Lambay, both of which he treated with the greatest possible charm, originality and success. In 1904 he was working upon a garden at Hestercombe, and in the course of a beautiful and picturesque layout which he might have conceived almost at any stage in his career, he contrived an orangery. Here for the first time he allowed himself a complete building in a classical dialect. The orangery is a delightful little achievement, completely in the tradition of Wren, with swags and niches, keystoned arches, a row of round-headed French windows and a little rusticated pediment.

But in 1906 he startled the architectural world by designing a villa in which his Palladian proclivities came to full flower.

'Heathcote' was built in Yorkshire upon what was practically a suburban site. It is perfectly symmetrical and completely Palladian in feeling, severe, almost harsh, in general outline, and of inexhaustible beauty of detail.

We have called it Palladian, but its Italianateness did not come to it along the channel of the English classical tradition. This is exemplified by many things in the house, but in nothing more startlingly than in the red pantile roof which surmounts the rich severe grey stonework of the walls. The illustration shows the south or garden front which is the less extreme façade (page 260).

On the north entrance there is not a single concession to picturesqueness. Flat severe surfaces, and a frigid formality force the attention to the perfection of the proportions. A new age has dawned, gone is the Surrey

cottage whose coy half-timbering denies its princely bathrooms, gone are its cloisters and natural oak. Here is an uncompromising house which rather displays than conceals its size. It makes no claim to be an organic growth. It is not a medley nor a jumble but a masculine and powerful creation. Here architecture definitely ceases to be apologetic.

But with Heathcote we must leave our exemplar. Sir Edwin Lutyens is the most individual of artists, and to those who know him best it will already have seemed risky to make, even thus far, a type and an example of so agile a designer. In order to round off our theory about the tendency of modern architecture with Sir Edwin Lutyens, we should have to declare that after experiencing the hallowed joys of designing in the Palladian style, he was a changed man and never set casement in gable again. Nothing, however, could be further from the fact. In 1910 we find him repairing the intricate half-timbered black and white quaintness of Great Dixter with the greatest gusto. Thoroughly successful, too, is his work at the Hampstead Garden suburb. Here St. Jude's Church, which stands perched up as the central feature of the whole design, has an unquestionably Gothic flavour about its austere and beautiful originality. Rumour says that we may discount its culmination in a spire; that is said to have been insisted upon by a symbolist bishop who wanted 'a finger pointing to God.' But even if this piece of evidence be disallowed, the church must always stand as proof of its architect's ability to design, better than ever, in an older manner. The Free Church which stands next to it is a most successful domed basilica in brick,

while from the Institute the theory of his conversion to Palladianism again receives some support. But three or four styles are not enough. In his vast schemes for Delhi, Sir Edwin Lutyens has combined classical with Oriental forms, and it is thus through a horseshoe arch supported by elephant Caryatides that we see him vanishing over the horizon of the future.

§ 2

But in the work and opinions of most of the practising architects of 1924 we shall not find quite this catholic pleasure in all and every mode of expression. We find ourselves in a definite period of classical architecture. The established and comparatively opulent members of the profession now turn naturally to the vocabulary of orders, pediments, cornices, and the rest to express themselves. This silent conversation of the successful is a certain sign that classicism is established. It has, of course, still rivals. For example, some regular Gothic building still goes on. But with a few exceptions (Sir Robert Lorimer, Mr. Gilbert Scott and Sir Charles Nicholson, for instance), it would be difficult to find an architect who was able and willing to build a 'straight' Gothic building of any considerable scale. The third-rate and commercial feel that like the farm-house style Gothic is 'out,' while the fantastic and advanced, whom we might expect to have come full circle, have at present got no further than the playful use of early Gothic-revival detail. But this Gothicism (which is also Colonialism) is generally no more than a matter of a surprisingly pointed window, an ogee arch, or a piece

of pleasantly debased tracery – a style of decorative 'notion' which is charmingly exemplified in the little clergy house in Graham Street lately built by Mr. Goodhart Rendel.

Another school which has not yet quite accepted classicism is that so ably led by Professor Lethaby. The school carries on almost unchanged the 'Red House' spirit. It stands for 'common sense and no frills.' It reasserts the mediæval ascendancy of handicraft and the individual craftsman, but deprecates reliance on or subservience to the historic styles. It stands for inspirational, evolutionary, expressive architecture.

But though most architects have come into salutary contact with these living examples of Philip Webbism, a good many of us have come ultimately to the conclusion that handwork and texture are not everything, and that, though they are good servants, they are bad masters.

The most important rival to Classicism is 'Modernism.' It is a method of building in the 'ferro-concrete style' which we associate with Germany and Holland (*see* page 262). There is practically none of it to be seen in England, though there is plenty of designing in this manner by architectural students. But as such work has not, for the most part, got beyond its designers' drawing boards, we shall not consider it here as it will probably not affect the world as we see it for another ten years or so.

Most modern architects do, however, use two modern idioms. They build in what we might call the glass and girder or factory style, a manner American in origin. In England one of the best known examples of this

manner is the Kodak building in Kingsway by Sir John Burnet (*see* page 267). It is, however, obviously inadequate to say that a majority of aspiring and established architects of the moment all take naturally to the language of classicism. That tongue has a hundred dialects, and in each of them the whole range of architectural ideas can be more or less felicitously expressed. Granted that you are not Gothic, nor modern, nor 'Red House,' the choice remains of Greek; early or late Roman; early Italian; French, English, Spanish, German, or Dutch Renaissance; the Baroque as understood in these various countries; both English and Colonial Georgian; Soanian Greek and all the varieties of the Stucco school such as were exemplified in England by James Wyatt and the Brothers Adam, or in France by architects of the antiquarian Empire style. Besides all these clearly defined manners, there are a number of transitional local or personal variations on the same themes.

It would be interesting to know whether English architecture is going to settle down into one homogeneous tradition or not. There is certainly as yet no accepted style such as solidified in France under Colbert, and it will be by small indications that the antiquarian of the future will have to date the architecture of the present decade.

It is possible, however, that with the architectural revival there has come a tendency towards a yet unachieved common method of expression, but at present a sort of synthesis of impressions of the recent works, projects or verbally expressed opinions of the younger architects would seem to show that for some time to come it will be possible to divide architects and their

works into two or three groups, fluid and informal, but yet fairly distinct.

In one such group the most extreme Baroque work is above all admired and the grimness of Soane is loved as well as venerated. Both these preferences lead away from the softness and dimness which we associate with the picturesque in this country. From architects who have these tastes we might expect a style of design that was stern, hard, masculine and monumental, and that – paying comparatively little attention to texture – concentrated upon vigour of line.

To counterbalance this little group, there is another school among the younger designers which has a contrary taste for the domestication of classicism. Mr. Ralph Knott's County Hall with its cheerful red roof, its dormers and high chimneys combined with its monumental use of the orders and sculpture is a typical example of the style. In domestic work the tendency will often show itself as a revulsion from the vigorous and full-blooded Queen Anne and Georgian fashions of building. A good deal of work was done just before and just after the war, which derived from 'Colonial Georgian' a style light in touch and plain in tendency. A church by a modern architect who belongs to this school might very probably remind us of Chelsea Parish Church on the Embankment, with its unassuming air of domesticity, the playful Gothic tracery set in its round-headed windows, and the pleasant curves of its deep cornice.

These two schools, the grim and the domestic, are both in various stages of dissent from the Texturists. They are also sufficiently in sympathy to react quite

appreciably upon one another, and both are in touch with another style of design which, though not a native here, has been most successfully acclimatized in England.

This style is exemplified by the Bush Building in the Strand, and is American. But it is not entirely native American. Enough American architects study at the Ecole des Beaux-Arts in Paris to give American architecture a distinctly French flavour.

The tremendous curriculum of the Beaux-Arts architect (whose objective, after sometimes as much as eight or ten years of study, is perhaps the Prix de Rome entitling him to another four or five years in Italy, and after that to a Government appointment), though not perhaps altogether successful in giving France great architects, seems yet most happy in its influence upon America. The endless vistas of such a course – its extremely academic character, the long withholding of the student from contact with actual building, the stressing of correctness, exquisite draftsmanship and an elegant scholarliness – are too much for many Europeans, but upon the magnificent vitality of the American such a course seems to react with the happiest results. America is a rich and growing country, and so American architects have far greater opportunities than those of any other race. But it is not a mere matter of getting a chance ; their vitality and their sense of size make Americans seem as though they might some day give us an architecture comparable for scale and grandeur to the Italian Renaissance. Though there is in America still plenty of bad and stupid building, there yet exists a general ability to grasp great opportunities, to

make use of vast mechanical resources, and generally to ride the whirlwind, which is the admiration of English designers. This admiration is having certain definite technical results in England, for American architecture has several marked characteristics. For instance, owing, as some people say, to the quality of the light in America or, as other authorities assert, because building regulations in most States and cities have accustomed the eye to the convention, American architects almost always use a flatter relief, lighter mouldings, smaller cornices and less projection generally than we are accustomed to in this country. The tendency thus is to a certain hard, clear-cut, logical plainness, not, as in so many vital epochs, to exuberance and lavish ornament. There is also a quite new fashion for Gothic building in America it is said, in which, however, these characteristics are maintained. This may be a passing phase and may not influence England at all. If it however persists, it probably will. For the influence of America is now well established in England, and is certain to increase. Several American travelling scholarships have been established, for instance, and many practising English architects feel themselves very much attracted not only towards American idioms but towards American travel.

Of direct contemporary French influence such as made itself felt in town architecture ten or fifteen years ago, and which is well exemplified by the Ritz Hotel in Piccadilly, there seems scarcely any at present, though it is unlikely and contrary to precedent that such an aloofness between the arts of the two countries should continue.

There remains one more group to catalogue. It strikes a Roman note, and in its austerer moods is exemplified by Mr. Frank Verity's Pavilion at Shepherd's Bush (*see* page 274). Its monumental work is exemplified in 'Africa House' by Messrs. Trehearne and Norman, or is excellently shown in the sumptuous new building in Trinity Square by Sir Edwin Cooper for the Port of London Authority (*see* page 262). The chief characteristic by which this group can be distinguished from that represented by the County Hall, or from the school which we described as chiefly admiring late Baroque and the work of Sir John Soane, is its unhesitating exuberance. There is something both splendid and brutal about the great block in Trinity Square. A sort of self-assurance and assertiveness seems to be expressed by its lavish use of ornament, its prolific syncopation and its colossal statuary. Such buildings are definitely challenging. They represent a sort of martial music in the repertoire of architecture with their tonic and joyful certainty. Inside such buildings are usually all marble and bronze, opulent, leisurely and impressive, with prodigiously wide marble balustrades, bronze and crystal lights, and shallow, ample marble stairs. Somehow these buildings differ greatly in spirit from the Baroque. They are somehow less dry, restless and intellectual in their splendour. Perhaps, too, they are more credulous on the subject of human magnificence.

§ 3

Such then appear the streams of influence, the loosely formed interacting groups of opinion that go to make

up the vague yet quite vital abstraction 'contemporary British architecture.'

We are not going to try here to crystallize the opinion of this diversity, or to deliver a sort of synthetic verbal message to the reader. All these groups have something in common; probably at a greater distance of time this common element will seem perfectly clear.

To us, involved in the movement, one or two negative principles are alone discernible. Modern architects are not any longer satisfied by the agglomerations of the picturesque or by detached specimens of handicraft. They are not afraid of mixing styles. They like to be thought practical and business-like (whatever the facts). And finally they are not authoritarians. They would none of them hold either a Vitruvian or a Ruskinian precept as justifying a proportion which seemed to them ugly.

Though really fairly considerable if all their implications are considered, these generalizations may seem to the reader scanty and nebulous. Negative they certainly are, but they represent, we believe, all that can be stated shortly and explicitly of the representative modern groups. Yet it is reasonably certain that to a chance reader of this book a hundred years hence a complete and minute system of architectural belief will clearly be implicit in modern architecture. Our period will be easily docketed away under a single phrase or word which to us now would mean nothing. Such is 'Zeitgeist,' so imperceptible to us, so obvious to posterity. We are like goldfish, and do not guess the pattern into which the shape of our globe drives all our swim-

ming. The movements that to us seem so free and so various will all to another age seem definitely to fall into the category of round, or square, or whatever the form of our circumambience may be discovered to be.

Architectural Shorthand.

CHAPTER 4

'THE power was given at birth to me
To stare at a rainbow, bird or tree,
Longer than any man alive;
And from these trances, when they're gone,
My songs of joy come, one by one.'

W. H. DAVIES.

§ 1

THERE ARE IN ARCHITECTURE AS IN ALL THE OTHER arts a number of more or less complete systems which set out to explain the shock of pleasure which is given by the sight of a beautiful building, and in the next chapter we propose to discuss several of them, and advance some further points which have occurred to us.

But before we do so there seem to us two preliminary considerations whose discussion is too often omitted.

First, it is a plain fact that a great many people feel no shock of pleasure at all when they see a beautiful building, and therefore to such people an analysis of sensations which they do not experience seems somewhat beside the point.

The second is, that many people while they are reading or hearing about some elaborate æsthetic theory, are all the time making an ineffectual effort to square it with some aphorism about taste that has been printed upon their minds in childhood. Rule-of-thumb maxims with their cheerful and vigorous generalizations are often very troublesome ghosts to lay. Many people who have been told in youth that, for instance, a plain and unornamented building is always better than one 'covered with decoration,' never quite shake off a feeling of sin, or conversely, of unholy joy, if they should be startled into admiration of, say, Santa Maria Della Salute in Venice. Such people often worry themselves with problems in æsthetics comparable to the 'Should a woman tell?' problems of morality.

Let us first consider the ground problem of indifference.

§ 2

Between the plain man and the real primary enjoyment of a building or picture, a very real barrier exists. The difficulty comes in the very early stages. It lies in the fact that it is far from an easy business to look at a building or a picture at all thoroughly. The human mind seems to have a very moderate supply of the higher sort of attention. In those arts, such as poetry, music or dancing, which are unrolled before us in time,

the development seems to help in holding the attention. But a picture or the façade of a building is all planked down before us; there are no surprises. There it is, we ourselves have to supply the element of movement by the progress of our understanding of the maker's message. But, especially when we are learning to be connoisseurs, it is difficult to attend to the business long enough to make any progress at all. Again and again we turn away with lack-lustre eye unwilling to make the effort of following the design. We can easily give ten hours of attention to the reading of *Pepys's Diary*, but it is hard to give the Diary's great contemporary, St. Paul's west façade, ten minutes. But in architecture, painting and sculpture it is possible, as in the other arts, to resort to a subterfuge. It is often possible to stalk the highest type of apprehension by getting at it through some lower faculty – at worst, an interest in personality or in æsthetic chronology; at best, an understanding of technical processes and problems. Most contemporary criticism of pictures relies on one or other of these methods. That is probably why the layman continues to read it with profit and the painter to despise it. The man who can work in the medium of paint can find plenty to look at even in the dullest picture and does not want to read about it. But the layman is often glad of what seems to the adept little better than irrelevant chatter or the statement of a series of obvious yet doubtful propositions.

It is because of this difficulty which is experienced by such a large proportion of people that the authors feel disposed to welcome almost any theory of the art of architecture, however absurd. Though it may be

wrong from beginning to end, it may yet prove a crutch with whose help the spectator's attention will be able to traverse the building.

While the earnest student with his scale to his eye is computing the measurements of the west front of York Minster he is giving all that beauty its chance. It is ambushed for him. Presently when he has triumphantly proved that its proportions accord with the human torso, the mystic seven, or that this or that detail *must* be later than the year given by Fergusson, beauty may steal out and overwhelm him. He went out a Theosophist or an Archæologist, not an architectural amateur, but his preoccupation gave to him what Nature gave to that happy poet Mr. Davies, the power to stare at a beautiful still thing. Many men, and more women, sketch badly and know it, but they persevere, not because they value the product of their labours, but because the effort of drawing gives them this very happiness of concentration. Perhaps these are the most blessed of all, who are not restless minded, but can draw and never want to be told what the beauty they feel is all about, or to know who made it, and why.

They are, of course, of the real fellowship of the non-expository arts, such as music, painting and architecture. But some of us are temperamentally rationalists even in our æsthetic pleasures. We want to bring in why and how. We thirst for plot. We are the natural prey of the 'subject picture' and of programme music. But then many of us are too sophisticated for these simple shams, so each after our kind, we either abandon all the arts except literature, or else by means of Ruskinian moralization, archæology, or a general

study of the art we win our way up to where the architect and the musician started.

Sometimes – or so we hope – the effort which is needed seems to bring an extra sharpness and consciousness of pleasure. The great value to a person of a primarily literary turn of mind of the pleasures of architecture or music is obvious. Such pleasures are an admirable antidote to the tendency towards narrowness, ossification and aloofness which is the worst snare of purely literary preoccupations. For architecture and music provide for the writer something which amounts to a sublimated version of real life.

Such points, however, we shall hope to consider a little more closely in the next chapter. Here we want to suggest that though we have said that it often seemed as though any architectural theory is better than none, yet an untheoretical knowledge of architecture and sound habits of observation are better still. The difficulty of all except the most general and philosophical theories is that they narrow the range of enjoyment.

Ruskin's moral theory will not let his disciples enjoy Baroque. Blondel and his theories of 'correctness' will not let the student enjoy Gothic, while the theory of 'structural forthrightness' heaps the Parthenon and the Roman Coliseum in one condemnation. We suggest then that before the reader who desires more pleasure from architecture takes up with a theory, he should try the notion of looking at architecture that he wants to enjoy according to a more or less definite plan.

First let him have a good general look at his building from some little distance and from as many points of view as possible. He should notice how it is related to

its site, to what extent it is in harmony or contrast with any neighbouring buildings, and to what extent it seems successful in general grouping and mass, both in itself and as part of the street or landscape. He should observe that the general *motif* is one of vigorous verticality or of horizontal deployment, that there is 'movement' in the façade but rest in the uneventful skyline or *vice versa*, that the dispositions are strictly symmetrical or merely 'balanced,' and that incident and interest here are given emphasis and importance by the contrast of a plain wall surface there. He should study the fenestration, noting the size and proportion of the window-openings in relation to the wall areas, the ratio of void to solid; he should compare the windows lighting the several floors, noting any difference in height or treatment. Any projections or recesses will be of interest; some will seem to have been dictated by exigencies of interior planning, some to have been wisely (or unwisely) introduced purely for their external effect. More or less unconsciously he should try to classify the building, guessing at its use if that were not obvious, and hazarding a date and even perhaps an architect. He should notice whether it seems to be an early, middle or late example of any particular style of building, and whether 'authentic' or the product of a revival; whether subsequent alterations or additions have been made, and if so, whether to its general gain or loss. Further, he should compare it in his mind with other buildings that he has seen of the same period or designed to serve the same purpose, and he should note in what particulars it differs from these others. He should consider whether these variations

seem to indicate development or degeneracy, and (far more earnestly) whether they please him or whether they do not.

The treatment of the roof and chimney will be a matter of interest, especially the meeting of the roof and wall, whether with projecting eaves or contrived behind a parapet. Mouldings and embellishments of any sort should next be more closely scrutinized, first as to their purpose, general distribution and effect, then as to their detail and excellence of design, proportion and execution. The relative projection of different facets and features and their resultant shadows will be studied, whilst texture, colour and materials will be noted (either consciously or not) throughout the course of the examination.

A spectator will often find added pleasure in a building if he remembers that voids are as eloquent as solids. The space between the columns is as purposeful and was as carefully considered by the architect as were the columns themselves. Indeed, on the whole, an architect has to give more thought to what is not than to what is built. For he has also another negative factor to think of. There are spaces as well as voids. A building is an act of enclosure whereby a parcel of space is set aside for some purpose. Interior effects are very largely a matter of space, and it is partly because space means so much to him that an architect will, without metaphor, speak of a plan as beautiful. Mr. Geoffrey Scott writes of an architect as 'modelling in space as a sculptor in clay.' Mr. Berenson points out the way in which the value of space was realized by the great architects of the later Renaissance in Italy. 'They took

space for a language as a musician takes sound.' The Renaissance architect intended a spectator who entered one of his churches 'to feel the existence of space as a positive fact, instead of as a mere negation of solidity.'

Another fact, which to the architect is a commonplace, is often not realized as a source of pleasure by the spectator. As far as a general middle-distance view is concerned, an architect largely feels a building as a composition in high lights and shadows. Cornices and mouldings, the setting back or projection of parts of a building, are primarily shadow-throwing and light-catching devices. There are the greatest niceties to be appreciated in the qualities of shadows, their intricacy, depth, their softened or sharp edges. Even such important features as columns, statues, urns and niches have to be carefully fitted in to this elaborate play of light and shade. It is when we consider a building from this point of view that we begin to be sharply conscious of the quality of detail. We soon begin to discriminate instinctively between the work of individual architects of the same epoch, and feel detail as coarse or delicate, irrelevant or emphatic.

§ 3

We can only hope to be believed when we say that the 'collecting' and appreciating of buildings in this kind of way can become of most absorbing interest. As the badness of bad buildings can be analysed as well as the merits of good, the sport can be pursued – for praise or blame – anywhere. But observation can be carried a stage further. Though one dare scarcely suggest it to the dilettante, yet there is, as every archi-

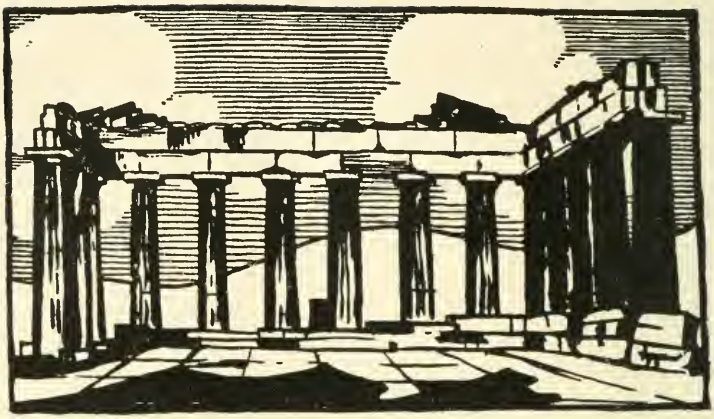
tect knows, nothing so educative as the careful measuring of good buildings and their subsequent drawing out to scale. This is, of course, a laborious process, and is only for the serious – almost the professional – student. Yet in no other way can the architect's constructional shifts and devices be so well apprehended or the niceties of his proportions and details be so well appreciated, whilst the logical development of the elevations from the plans is thus made clear and the whole spirit of the building and of its designer is impressed upon the susceptible in the most memorable manner.

To many architects a photograph of a building is preferable as a record to any but the most accurate measured drawing. A photograph will leave him free to judge for himself upon many points upon which a drawing would have done his thinking for him. But the photograph must be well taken; not only its beauty but its truth to scale will depend upon this.

The yet further pleasure which the study of architecture offers to the layman – that which is to be derived from reading plans – will no doubt seem to many people almost as odd and laborious as the making of measured drawings. Actually, however, plan reading is much easier than map reading, for instance, and is most entertaining. To the French Beaux-Arts architect a plan is very nearly a self-sufficient work of art, and all architects and many laymen find a clever or 'beautiful' plan capable of yielding them great pleasure. Some plans are discursive, others epigrammatic, but they all speak a language which has as interesting resources and as great an expressiveness as those of geometry and mathematics. An architect turns to a

plan rather in the mood of Professor Whitehead when he evolved his symbolic logic. For a scale plan is a full unambiguous statement of all the facts about the walls and spaces of a building except their appearance. It is exact and it carries synthesis (always a source of pleasure in architecture) even a step beyond what can be communicated directly by a finished building. It shows all the rooms or other spaces simultaneously and in relation to each other.

The conventions of this terse and satisfactory vehicle of expression are very easy to master. The observer has, in fact, only to suppose himself (in the case of a ground-floor plan) to be looking down from, say, the top of a pair of steps, at the foundations and first few courses of a house that is being built, and then to commit half a dozen almost self-evident conventions to memory. (See annotated plan on page 165.)



Doric Ruins.

CHAPTER 5

§ 1

THEORIES ABOUT THE BASIC SOURCES OF ARCHITECTURAL enjoyment which we shall describe in the next chapter all, as we have said, take for granted the psychological standpoint, which in these days seems the only possible ground from which to approach the significance of any art.

But in architecture as in the other arts, criticism from time to time passed through a stage of being largely objective. Indeed, to some extent Ruskin, in giving a moral as well as an archæological twist to his criticism of building, gave architectural æsthetics a turn in the right direction. In the commoner clichés of architecture as they are generally understood there is much talk of 'correctness,' of simplicity, of expressiveness, of truth to construction – all notions that imply some out-

side standard independent of an onlooker's enjoyment.

As far as the ordinary cultivated person is concerned, we have not got to deal with a coherent system but with the wrecks of ideas which still lie strewn in our speech or entangled in the fringes of habitual thought. They have generally by now been clothed in some neat, rounded phrase which runs so trippingly off the tongue that we do not examine or challenge it until we find that, according to some alleged truism to which we have languidly agreed, we may no longer admire some favourite building.

Here are some of those elements of the disintegrated minefield of the old criticism – derelict mines that drift about in common speech, and even now often add hesitancy to the movements even of the most stately liners of architectural criticism.

In this languidly accepted code, then, it is laid down:–

1. That beauty should be unadorned. Therefore a plain building will always be preferable to one covered with ornament.
2. That a building should be expressive either
   (*a*) of its construction,
   (*b*) of its purpose,
   (*c*) of its architect or period.
3. That sham marble is an abomination.
4. That the style of a building must be pure.
5. That styles have a biological life-history and can be divided into infancy, youth, full vigour and senility.
6. That buildings whose main lines are horizontal ought to be built in hilly country. Conversely, buildings

with mainly vertical lines are suitable for flat country.

7. That architects ought to invent a wholly new style and not make use of 'Classic,' 'Gothic' or Oriental detail and general effects.

8. That the object of studying any art is to form a pure and exclusive taste.

If we examine these sayings in any detail we shall find that they really correspond to those great truths that used a decade ago to move strong men to tears in the Lyceum. 'A man's best friend is his mother,' or 'Kind hearts are more than coronets,' or 'Hell holds no fury like a woman scorned.' That is to say, each maxim contains a grain of truth, but they are all too sweeping, and a little too simple to be true.

§ 2

Let us take the first one, which lays it down that buildings are best left plain, and see if there is any meaning in it, and further, if anyone has ever believed it, and if so, when.

Such a doctrine resolves itself obviously at once into an edict against conscious ornament rather than against accidentally picturesque effects, and it came into circulation towards the end of the William Morris period. Can we find any outside motive for its adoption? It is at once clear that to people who are either naturalistic theorists or sentimental utilitarians it is a doctrine full of charm. You cannot very well imitate nature in a building. Even Ruskin with his best dialectics fails to make the cave and mountain theory seem plausible. In cases where imitation is impracticable, the next best

thing has always seemed to the naturalists to be unobtrusiveness. The plain scrubbed table, the bare board floor, the ladder-back chairs, the brown canvas wall of the æsthetic room of fifteen years ago were just as much gestures of submission to nature, as were the wilderness gardens, the wild borders, the crazy pavements and the drifts of daffodils under the trees. The women who wrote books about their Surrey or German gardens and were apt to live on salad, having spent the money for the butcher's book on herbaceous borders, confessedly worshipped Nature. In declaring that their taste was for whitewash and bare beams they abased themselves afresh before their god.

Then to liberal utilitarians the doctrine of 'the plainer the better' came as little short of a godsend. It was not only cheaper to be plain, but it was actually æsthetically meritorious. In this new heaven of cottage architecture there was to be no more waste of time over the carving of pompous columns and preposterous ornaments. Art was at last proved to be on the side of economy. All this the optimistic sociological-æsthete tried to explain to Mr. Gradgrind, Junior, who was up at the university with him. He tried to make him see that it was actually far cheaper in the end to be artistic. He often succeeded in proving his point and some pleasant garden cities resulted. But while they extolled the beauties of simplicity and inveighed against the 'useless ornament' of a Chatsworth, the late Victorian or Edwardian nature-worshipper, the Fabian or the Liberal æsthetes, all had the good sense and saving inconsistency to like Gothic cathedrals and Tudor plasterwork. They might preach plain whitewash, but

they enjoyed an architectural jolly with the best. Chartres with its jewelled intricacy of coloured lights and theatric gloom, Tours with its forests of fretwork pinnacles and its mass meetings of statues, very properly delighted them. They, who could not swallow the five orders, made no bones over the audacities of flying buttresses or the luxurious intricacy of fan tracery. Moreover, if their theory that they disliked 'useless ornament' did not make them find the richness of Gothic architecture ugly, neither did it make them find Georgian plainness beautiful. We do not say that the best spirits of the nineties would have approved of it, but the addition of those ridiculous terra-cotta embellishments to the austerities of Russell Square was more a caricature than a complete misrepresentation of the spirit that condemned St. Peter's and Versailles on the score of over-elaboration.

But no doubt the theory must also have had a genuine æsthetic background. The fact is that to ornament is essentially to emphasize. Critics living in cities built by a generation against whose taste they are in violent reaction, will necessarily like the plain buildings best. Those of the generation who have a taste for generalities will then soon be ready with a set of proverbs or platitudes in which this preference bred of circumstances will be elevated into a general truth. 'A building is better left plain,' 'Speech is silver, but silence is golden.' Thus is youth bewildered by an unreal contrast, and an unreal dilemma.

It may be objected that architectural silence is really the absence of a building, the rather different Ruskinian doctrine of the unsullied prairie. Let us say, then, that

to banish ornament from building is really equivalent to demanding that the lyrics and set passages should be cut out of a play by Shakespeare or the epigrams out of *The Importance of Being Earnest.* In two-thirds of his speeches a playwright is held by necessities of plot and characterization. In two-thirds of the stones of his building the architect is bound by necessities of its strength or its utility. When the playwright and the architect are skilful they make all the necessary structural part of their work contributory to the design considered as a work of art. But if they have the skill to do this they also have the skill to make use of ornament. Suppose an architect has a design in mind in which the repose of horizontal lines plays a considerable part. He will get some of his effect with the lines of his roof, but no formula about simplicity will prevent his getting a greatly increased horizontal and 'legato' effect by the use of string course and cornice and a dozen other 'useless' devices. Baroque architects commonly aimed in their exterior work at imparting a feeling of movement and vitality to the stones of their churches and palaces. Many Gothic and Rococo designers each in their fashion aimed mainly at effects of combined richness and lightness, the architects of Imperial Rome sought and found splendour, and those of Greece a calm yet lyrical beauty. None of these ideals have ever been consistently pursued or attained without the lavish use of non-structural ornament to emphasize and make plain the architect's meaning. Nor, and this is almost self-evident, can the almost universally felt playful impulse ever be satisfied in architecture under any ascetic ban of useless ornament.

No architect living in a vigorous epoch would forgo the use of ornament any more than he would forgo the use of simplicity.

§ 3

Victorian asceticism peers out at us again in the widely held doctrine that a building ought to express its construction.

To its demolition Mr. Geoffrey Scott, the Gibbon of architecture, has devoted a long, amusing and able chapter.

It is rather a difficult theory to discredit, not only because it is so plausible but because there are all sorts of dialectical advantages to be gained by subscribing to it. For instance, if you will only agree that a building ought not to tell lies about why it stands up, you have at once got what every writer on every art wants; that is, some quality in which his art is peculiar. You can at once point out that architecture differs from painting because it essentially deals not with abstract colour and mass, but with structural laws. You can go on to explain that in judging architecture this supremely essential characteristic cannot be overlooked. For if it is clear that each art must be judged by its own standards, then the canons of each art must be fixed by special reference to these peculiar qualities.

You have then arrived at the stage when you can lay down the axiom that that architecture will be best in which the construction is best, and in which it is most truthfully displayed. This the critic can illustrate, as Mr. Scott points out, by the beauties of either the Greek or the Gothic style, in which almost each detail

has a confessed purpose in the construction. But if he does thus illustrate, Mr. Scott at once fastens upon him, for, as he argues, what is the use of an *a posteriori* argument except from the evidence of all the facts? The constructionist has really got to prove, not that some beautiful buildings proclaim their construction, but that all beautiful buildings do. But this cannot be proved, for Roman and the later Renaissance architects both concealed their real structure and satisfied the eye with a complete system of sham construction.

Nor will Mr. Geoffrey Scott allow the two accepted examples of constructional building. For, as he points out, the Doric and the Romanesque, or earliest Gothic (the Norman architecture of England), both provide supports very much in excess of what is needed, while in the elaborate dynamics of the later Gothic style we shall not find anything like a utilitarian solution of the real problem – that of enclosing a large space of a suitable shape for service and procession. On the other hand, Paddington Station really does show us good construction truthfully expressed. Thus confronted, the constructionist will often shift his ground and admit two standards of taste, constructive sincerity and expressive beauty, and will even in case of a conflict allow more weight to expressive beauty.

'He will claim that architectural beauty, though different from the simple beauty of engineering, is still beauty of structure . . . that it does not reside in patterns of light and shade or even in the agreeable disposition of masses, but in structure, in the visible relations of forces . . . it is in the vivid constructive significance of columns and arches that their architectural beauty

lies . . . these functional elements must be vividly expressed . . . if necessary indeed with exaggeration. Thus the Doric or the Romanesque massiveness while it was bad science was good art. The railway station would now appropriately fall outside the definition because though truthfully and perfectly constructed it does not vividly enough express what its functions are or its fitness for performing them. Structurally perfect, a building may yet be structurally unbeautiful.'

In these words Mr. Geoffrey Scott sums up an argument that still inspires much modern talk about architecture and even some modern building.

But as he goes on to point out, this is an argument which cuts us off from much Roman and most Renaissance architecture.

The truth about the matter is, he continues, that we have here a false identification. Obviously a building must stand up, and we have agreed that the appearance of strength pleases the eye. But it is false to suppose it necessary for these functions to be combined. It is not an essential of our pleasure that the columns we see should, in fact, bear the load. It is enough for the eye if they seem to bear it, and for the mind if it is borne. 'The two requirements which architecture so far evidently has, are constructive integrity in fact, and constructive vividness in appearance . . . Our scientific critics have taken for granted that because these two requirements have sometimes been satisfied at the same moment, and by the same means, no other way of satisfying them is permissible . . . No doubt when they can be satisfied at a single stroke it is the simplest and most straightforward way of securing a good intel-

lectual design. No doubt when we realize that this has been done there may be a certain intellectual pleasure in the coincidence.' The Roman and Renaissance builders, however, analysed the components of architecture, and realized that many new combinations could be effected if in the structural part of our enjoyment of a building, reality and appearance were sometimes divided.

This argument and a similar one about the difference between feeling and knowing facts about loads and thrusts, he further illustrates from the construction of the dome at St. Peter's and in a page or two triumphantly leaves 'The Mechanical Fallacy' for dead.

Our criticism of this extremely able and shrewd analysis would be that here, as occasionally in other parts of *The Architecture of Humanism*, Mr. Scott is a little too ready with the executioner's axe, and often tends to doubt whether a fallacy can ever reform and become respectable. We should ourselves be willing to give another chance to the now chastened theory that a building should express its construction. Its annihilation would leave a blank.

For instance, he surely gives too little weight to the pleasure which economy of means gives in the arts. For a building to express a fictitious rather than its real structure means that it has been a good deal elaborated, and that means that we have the right to expect so much the more from it.

Elaboration in an art is comparable to a load. It is often a delight to see it triumphantly carried. But there comes a point at which the observer may judge the game not to have been worth the candle. There is a

limit, which varies in different countries and epochs, at which the spectator feels that elaboration becomes weariness. The further the artist can keep from this frontier while yet achieving his object the more admirable will his creation appear. If his aim is grandiose such effects as masculinity and virility will depend upon the ratio of ornament and effect, as will the sense of freshness and spontaneity if his aim be elegant or playful.

Again, we believe that Mr. Scott in destroying 'truth to construction' completely as an architectural principle may be banging a door through which much fresh air and new life may come to architecture. A feeling that a building must be 'honest' will add boldness to architects who, in employing new materials, would like to use a new æsthetic language also. For instance, at the British Empire Exhibition at Wembley in the case of each building it was a matter for consideration whether the actual ferro-concrete construction with its look of almost cardboard attenuation should be disguised or not. On the whole Mr. Maxwell Ayrton compromised, leaving for example the true construction to thrill us with bridges of fairy-tale lightness and the façade of the Stadium to impress us with a false solidity. It was by a feeling for truth to construction that Mr. Ayrton has here been led to introduce methods which, if not new, are certainly unfamiliar in the hands of a serious architect. If then the dogma which we are discussing may serve first to encourage change and development as new materials are introduced, and secondly economy of æsthetic means, we might perhaps restate it.

A building must show cause why it should not express its construction. (The presence of some element of beauty which was in the special case incompatible with constructional frankness to be held as a sufficient reason.)

With the other two fragments of dogma which we grouped in the list with it we can deal more quickly. For a good deal of what we have said about truth to construction will apply to the notion that the appearance of a building ought to correspond to its use. We shall, in fact, have an analogous right 'to know the reason why' a building should not express its purpose.

Very often the building will be able to give an adequate and obvious answer, as for example, if we asked a building which was really a rabbit warren of separate offices why it should look like a palace.

But if we ask a pumping station why it tries to look like a Gothic chapel its reply will perhaps not be quite so convincing. The real answer will be, of course, that the architect found it easier to follow the tramline of a bogus tradition than to evolve a beautiful tradition of pumping stations for himself. The third doctrine, 'That a building should be expressive of its architect or period,' is to be classed with the assertion that a writer must form a style of his own. In each case the answer is, that the theme or object of the piece of writing and the surroundings and purpose of the building are infinitely more important. A building is meant to be beautiful and useful. It is a confusion to say that it 'ought' to do this, that or the other, especially that it ought to enumerate archæological or biographical truths. These are

the duties of the treatises inside the library, not of the library itself.

§ 4

Most practising architects have come across the set of opinions which we have expressed by a single instance, 'That sham marble is an abomination.' Some architects still hold to the theory, and there was a time when to express anything but horror at the frauds of a Jesuit church was comparable with a defence of Mr. Horatio Bottomley's financial shifts. But we believe that the feeling against architectural shams is largely due to this sort of false analogy. On the surface it hardly sounds quite nice to encourage shams in any sphere, and so for a long time the doctrine of 'honest ornament' was never controverted.

But it is surely arguable that unless building is to be chiefly a matter of plutocratic display, cheap shams, where they can be made to produce the necessary effects, must logically be preferable to the expensive reality. The difficulty will naturally be found to be that in practice shams are unfortunately too often inadequate, and the use of a bad sham may obviously coarsen the palate. But the prejudice which exists against them is often curiously independent of merit.

Just before the war the author was to put in a set of six Sienna marble columns in the hall of a big new house. He, naturally, proposed scagliola, which is, as the reader knows, an ancient form of simulated marble, and is sometimes thought preferable to natural marble, because its 'grain' and colour can be controlled. The only way in which it can be distin-

guished from what it imitates is by tapping it. The cost in England is a fraction of the real thing.

But the client was a man of strict views, and it was with the very greatest difficulty that he could be persuaded to agree to the use of anything that was not genuine. He obviously felt that to have pillars that looked exactly like marble, but which were not marble, put him in a false position. He would have agreed with Ruskin, who declared that much of our pleasure in the sight of, say, lapis or porphyry came from a knowledge that it was rare, and that to procure it involved great labour. To use a synthetic unlaborious form of such a material seemed to him, as to Ruskin, to be to take credit for work one had not done. But surely such a view will very soon involve us in admiring the work of the handless artist who paints with his toes, or the man who carved the Lord's Prayer on the head of a pin? Can a piece of carving in soapstone be less good than the same design done in granite only because it was more easily worked? Surely not. The granite cannot properly be admired for qualities which it has not got. You may infer, you cannot see the labour spent upon it. Granite may in practice often be superior because in the harder material the texture will be more lively, but the extra labour is neither here nor there.

It is an odd thing, but we never try to apply these standards to literature, where a work of art, bad or good, is generally considered to be a thing in itself, to be judged ruthlessly by its own standards. Nobody thinks Barbellion's diary is valuable because it was so hard for so sick a man to write it, nor *Paradise Lost* because Milton was blind. A poem is not beautiful

because the poet has chosen to write it in a difficult metre, nor does the sweat of men and horses hauling columns from the quarry add one jot to the lustre of the marble.

It would, of course, be easy, and even perhaps entertaining, to combat the taste for 'the real thing' in the Ruskin manner. We could denounce it as gross, materialistic, luxurious, plutocratic, and unchristian – dismissing it finally as an æsthetic fit only for a Nero. It might, however, be more to the point to try to see whether there is anything in it at all. There are clearly dangers about the use of an imitation. The first is, as we have said, that a bad, yet would-be realistic, imitation of marble or bronze may coarsen the æsthetic palate much in the same way that it is coarsened by bad three-colour reproductions of good pictures. The second is that sham jewels tend not to be so well set as real ones. If he uses sham materials the architect must make up his mind to treat them with just as much care and respect as if they were real. He may even have to use more. For instance, in certain positions paint on glass can be used most effectively for marble. But the architect – supposing he wants to produce an effect of marble – must be sure not to plan his design so that a different lighting, or close approach, dispels the suggestion. Of course, in most cases he will not desire an illusion of marble or bronze at all, but only an allusion to them, where he will use a sort of free rendering that will give him an equivalent effect of colour and surface, and will recall the associations of the real material.

Incidentally, by the way, our defence of imitations of marble, mahogany, lacquer or bronze does not mean

that we should urge the reader to disapprove of the very charming fantastic effects that can be got by the help of devices generally used for imitation. Delightful and impossible woods are often conjured up by 'staining and graining' in bright colours, glass or wood is painted not so much to imitate as to vie with natural marble. These playful uses of material can be charming, and are a legitimate extension of the architect's range of colour and surface.

§ 5

There is, or was, in most arts a school of scarcely veiled chronological criticism. The notion that transitional buildings were not to be admired and that 'very late' and, more rarely, 'very early' examples of any particular style were interesting but ugly, was at one time very prevalent. Just as the historical critic concentrated upon the origins of styles to the exclusion of their achievements, so the tourist often refused to look at anything later than a certain year. Rococo, late Baroque, the Greek revival and Perpendicular Gothic have all before now been despised as senile or at best overblown. 'But I found it was really quite late' at one time vied with 'But I found it was really quite modern' as a term of condemnation in the mouths of intelligent British tourists. Mr. Geoffrey Scott has written admirably about this tendency in as far as it affected the Baroque, and his analysis is well worth reading. Here it will perhaps be enough if we point to two objections to these notions.

The first is one which we have tried to set out before.

A building is a thing in itself, and is either pleasing or unpleasing to the person who looks at it, and either expresses or fails to express what the man who designed it had to say. Purity, or the exclusive employment of one style, the use of scholarly detail, is neither good nor bad in itself. For a building should never be judged by the standards proper to a scientific work or a history. Scholarliness is only useful or mischievous as it helps or hinders the designer in his desire for expression. If it could be proved that not to stick to one architectural convention always involved an unpleasing building, then we might support the cause of architectural purity. Actually buildings designed in a 'bastard style' are often entirely charming, St. John's College, Oxford, for example. The other notion, that styles of building have a sort of organic life-history, and have a feeble childhood, pass on to a playful youth, reach full strength, afterwards 'wear out' and end in a too often discreditable dotage, seems to have a misapplied anthropomorphism for its chief attraction.

The facts about the chronological variations of most styles could, as a matter of fact, be accounted for quite easily if we were to assume that in each age the designers who used it had a different idea to express, but chose to express it roughly in the same language.

The builders of Norman churches desired, say, above all things security, and they expressed this idea with emphasis and success. The first builders of true Gothic wanted to express the mystery of faith, while their successors became more interested in the actual, and wanted beauty and clever construction. Then we came to the time of the sweetness of the 'Romaunt of the

Rose,' and building grew lovelier and more lyrical and more full of conceits. At last came the Perpendicular, once so much despised by serious critics of Gothic, when the old longing for security had gone, faith no longer needed to be bred in darkness, and men were tired of intricacy and even grandeur, but desired in their buildings above all things 'sweetness and light,' grace and charm. We have each our preferences, but to condemn Norman architecture because it has no ecstasy, Early English for being dark, Perpendicular for giving no sense of security, though human, is not the fine flower of criticism. It is true but unhelpful to say that Wordsworth's poetry has no devil in it, Milton's no love, and Blake's no worldly wisdom.

§ 6

Old handbooks on architecture often have a page devoted to small illustrations proving how right it was that Lincoln Cathedral should have a spire because Lincolnshire is so flat and how in hilly country such a spire would have looked absurd (little picture); how buildings in the style of the Parthenon look well perched on rocks; how castles also demand crags and look silly in meadows. These generalizations are, as a rule, attractive rather than helpful. Stowe, for instance, the most famous Palladian house in England, which is an exquisite example of the classical use of horizontal composition, looks perfect in its gently undulating park. The spire of a quite dull little church on Ranmore Common in Surrey is beautiful for miles because it is perched on the top of the North Downs, and to anyone

with a taste for missals the very word meadow suggests a castle to complete it.

But none the less it was supremely right to build spires in the Fens and to contrast the delicate repose of the Parthenon with the crag on which it stands. Such facts of beauty achieved, both in agreement with and in contradiction of the textbooks, can clearly be accounted for by considering that it is sometimes right to contradict your landscape just as you eat ginger with melon, and it is sometimes right to conform to it, just as you add cream to junket. Which course it is best to take is often a matter of scale and proportion. Again, the conformation of the ground is not all that has to be considered. There are, to take only two examples, such things as climate and vegetation. Transfer the Parthenon to an equivalent crag in Argyllshire, or as has been actually done, make a copy of the Cloth Hall at Ypres, and let it serve as a post office in Madras, and both buildings, though still conforming to the canons of the textbook illustrations of contour, will look absurd. Really, of course, the question what type of composition and what materials will suit a particular situation is one of the most difficult that a designer of buildings has to answer. He will have to consider at least a dozen circumstances before he can foresee what is going to look right. To generalize about the matter with the help of tiny illustrations is a little foolish.

§ 7

Wren had to consider the modernist theory. 'An architect,' he wrote, 'ought to be jealous of novelties

in which fancy blinds the judgment and to think his judges as well those that are to live five centuries after him as those of his time. That which is commendable now for novelty will not be a new invention to posterity when his works are often imitated and when it is unknown which was the original. But the glory of that which is good of itself is eternal.'

It is an old idea that architects ought to invent a wholly new manner and that inasmuch as they make use of the old formulæ, such as the pointed arch or the five orders, they are feeble plagiarists. It is, of course, attractive to suppose that the new age ought to invent a wholly new form of expression, but many architects feel that in the case of their particular art a section of the public, in crying out for a new style, is really crying out for a new language. To ask this is to exceed the demands of M. Jean de Boschère, Mr. Duncan Grant and the Sitwells. Nevertheless the notion is interesting enough to demand consideration. The attempt that began some thirty years ago in Vienna was certainly not a success, as those who know the port of Barcelona can testify. Born in a café and determined upon nothing so much as to startle, the *Art Nouveau* school produced an architectural style that reminds one of a crapulous story told in Esperanto. A much better new school of design has lately established itself in modern Germany and still more conspicuously in Holland. It is a manner that has a number of fine designs to its credit, and whose forms, now flowing, now jagged, are based upon the peculiarities of its material, which is generally ferro-concrete (*see* page 262).

It is as impossible as undesirable to deliver a general

judgment upon it; for one thing, at present the style is at a considerable disadvantage with most spectators. It is clear, however, that its insistence on originality of form often makes it elaborately avoid common-sense solutions of its problems, and always obliges it to forswear associative values. Architectural 'properties,' the elements of the Classic, Gothic, Egyptian or Oriental styles, accumulate associations very much as words do, and though, as in the case of words, these shadowy references to former users can be distinctly in the way, they do add very greatly to the richness of the effects which are produced in the mind of a spectator. When a new word is first brought into use it is a naked thing, and takes to the listener nothing but its bare meaning.

As a matter of fact, however, it is no easy thing to coin a new architectural word, and sometimes the spectator may feel that this difficulty has, in the new Dutch and German designs, taken up too much of the architects' attention. The main problem was to build a house or a theatre which should be the best solution of all the problems involved by considerations such as beauty, commodity, strength and economy. Such factors are numerous enough, as a rule, without adding to them that of novelty. The art of building is closely circumscribed by utility and the proportions of the human body. A step more than nine inches high is tiresome, and there comes a point when a door is too heavy to open or too small to go through. Windows are generally wanted at eye-level, rarely on the floor or above five feet from it. This has always been so, and all the familiar styles have taken these factors into consider-

ation and have repeatedly and variously solved the problems in design which they present. To avoid all the treatments for, say, a door with steps leading up to it which are already familiar, sometimes lands the ferocious stickler for originality in absurdity. All the same, every sensible person will welcome development in design, and with new materials and new needs we are almost certain to see changes. But let the public beware of demanding novelty. Architecture properly evolves out of purposes and materials. Where age-old needs are being met with age-old materials, it is generally perfectly legitimate for the design to remind us of former solutions of like problems.

§ 8

Scholars and critics generally have a little of the ascetic in them. It is probably for this reason rather than because of any inherent connexion between criticism and scholarship on the one hand, and condemnation on the other, that the idea that in the arts the more you know the less you like, is so widely assumed. So general is this notion and so little peculiar to architecture that we almost hesitate to discuss it here. Nor should we perhaps do so, but that we have inevitably had elsewhere to express our dislike for certain styles or certain individual buildings and should like a little to redress the balance by paying at any rate lip service to the doctrine that to cultivate a catholic, not an exclusive taste, is the object in studying an art. For it is after all through their ability to please that the arts are able to do their work, and if we steel ourselves against a

work of art we exclude ourselves from any benefit which it might confer upon us.

Shelley in a beautiful passage gives – in the instance of poetry – what he felt to be the connexion between pleasure and the 'higher message.'

'Poetry is ever accompanied with pleasure; all spirits upon which it falls open themselves to receive the wisdom which is mingled with its delight.'

We may perhaps assume that just as there never was a perfect building, so there never was a building which was sincerely designed and from æsthetic not commercial motives, which has not some small measure of the 'wisdom' of which Shelley speaks. But if by the adoption of hard mechanic rules we shut ourselves away from any pleasure in a building, we at the same time cut ourselves off from its wisdom. Most of us actually do this to an appalling extent by excluding complete styles or schools in the art we like. Then, good, bad and indifferent, we get nothing out of any of them, Victorian poetry, Gothic architecture, or modern pictures, as the case may be.

The perfection of connoisseurship would seem to us not to differ from that which is often attributed to the Almighty, who is said to be 'easy to please but hard to satisfy.' The good critic should be able to point out all the flaws in a building and yet enjoy it. A critic who cannot be pleased is no longer fit for his work. And especially at the early stages we should incline to benignity. A beginner should think it a small matter if the source of the delight which has made his spirit open itself is not such as his teachers consider impeccable.

What matters is that the pursuit of beauty should begin; at what level it begins is relatively unimportant. If the beginner finds his sharpest intellectual pleasure in the quirks and arabesques of the irresponsible Elizabethans he is not to be ashamed of it, but should rejoice that he is sufficiently sensitive to react to architectural stimuli at all, even of the coarser sort. Granted a real reaction, granted an open mind, he will gradually develop a fastidiousness and a critical faculty that will soon be sufficient to put austerer buildings in the first places of his affections. A very little study will give him enough background to make most buildings interesting and some buildings emotionally important. If he at first confesses to an active admiration for such a building as the Tate Gallery, never mind. He will later respond to the superior allurements of the British Museum or the Adelphi Hotel in Liverpool.

Now that we have discussed some of the old rules of thumb, and we hope left at any rate one or two of them for dead, perhaps the moment has come to consider whether it is worth while to appoint some new ones in their place. Not so much rules, as suggestions of thumb are perhaps what are wanted.

For there is no doubt that a building which is new to us is like a ghost, and we shall feel much more comfortable if we have one or two questions ready to put to it.

That was the best of the old code; you could ask the poor thing point-blank, 'Are you pure?' or 'Do you express your construction?'

Questions of thumb should not be expected to cover all the ground, but as long as their limitations are recog-

nized it seems fair enough to ask a building at any rate these five.

1. Do you fulfil your function as a house, or a shop, or a church or what not, adequately and with a minimum of friction?

2. Are you, or were you for a reasonable period, structurally efficient so that your doors and windows shut properly and you kept out the weather?

3. Do you seem beautiful to me or, if not, did you at any rate seem beautiful – not merely correct and expensive – to those who built you?

4. Have you got a general architectural theme which you try to express?

5. Are you a good neighbour so that any buildings there may be near you gain rather than lose in beauty or seemliness by your existence?

Candidates for admiration need not necessarily pass in all five questions.

Reflections.

CHAPTER 6

§ 1

THE MAN WHO ENJOYS ANY ART EITHER AS AN ACTIVE practitioner or as receiver, often has an itch to justify to himself with reasonable argument his pursuit of that particular art.

Most systems of æsthetics seem to have their origin in this type of rationalization, although to most of us the arts seem in the end to be self-evident. There is probably no more 'reason' for our enjoyment of particular rhythms and patterns than there is for our preferring apricots to hips and haws. To many of us this apparently unrecognizable core which lies within the envelope of habit and association which is wrapped round every work of art, is the prime attraction of the world of æsthetics. You go through the splendid vestibules of an art. You hear the history of its successive conquests

of material, the story of the strange men who have practised it, while its symbolic, and through these its philosophic, implications make up a golden shrine in its inner sanctuary.

But within that shrine lies, not some final preciosity but a primal sylvan thing as simple as a berry and as primitive as that totem doll – the Black Virgin – for which the candles burn in Chartres Cathedral. The last secret of the art, like the last mystery of the god, is that there are no mysteries. Before the inner secret idol in India caste is done away, and in the jewelled monstrance at St. Peter's lies a piece of bread. In the mysteries of art there is not even the secret name of the god to be whispered, for the name of beauty will not do. The taste of a strawberry or a ripe apricot is not beautiful, it is almost funny. So after all the hierarchies of art, we come to the simple pang of liking and to a sort of recognition and direct apprehension when there is no need for justification. It is because he lies so snug in Abraham's bosom and is so happy in his art that the greatest living English architect remarked the other day that there was too much written and said about architecture. 'All this talk brings the ears so far forward that they make blinkers for the eyes.'

But no religion has ever supposed that the inner equality and the direct experience could be reached without discipline, or at the least incantation. Obviously the best discipline in the case of an art is to practise it, and in the case of a religion, to become the priest of the god. But in all arts and all religions the lesser (but not less necessary) position of the public or the congregation has to be considered. In spite of the High

Priest's gibe they will obviously benefit most by sermons in the vulgar tongue, or, if you prefer it, by the sort of incantations to which they are used. At the moment, though the tide of the literary ascendancy may be receding, people can be brought to a state of receptivity most easily by means of the written word, and that fact is the excuse for this book.

When we consider architecture we shall find that in a great measure the artist is confronted by the problems with which we are so familiar in the case of the other arts. One of the artist's tasks in every art is, for instance, to lull, or sometimes to satisfy, the rational preoccupations of his audience. This is done in two ways, direct and indirect. In poetry, for example, the direct device is rhythm which is hypnotic in intention. The indirect device is practised by the critic – often the poet himself in another capacity – who assures the public that the poem is worthy the attention of a man of sense, because it is highly moral, or because it will teach him how to keep bees, or because the author is reviving the purity of the English language and understands the point of view of the respectable poor, or because he has revealed the point of view of the unrespectable rich. These baits may sometimes seem ludicrous enough to the adept and the artist, but it is necessary to look the facts of the arts in the face. These are the sort of secondary considerations which we shall find in practice do count in every art. They always have influenced both writers and readers to an enormous extent. Painters in the greatest epochs have been influenced by them quite as much as poets, and even in music, the most abstract of the arts, we can see the traces of such considerations in the

splendid art of opera, where all the music at least purports to be 'about' something.

In the art of architecture a direct satisfaction to the rational side of the spectator's nature is provided first by a building's evident ability to stand up, and secondly by its evident ability to fulfil its function.

But we have a perfect right also to demand the indirect type of satisfaction and to approach architecture from the standpoint of the citizen, and to ask what ingredient it is able to supply in a civilization. Every art has its peculiar quality, and it seems justifiable to demand of each art that it should be able to express something that can be expressed in no other way. This notion does not stand alone, but is really a part of a whole code which concerns economy and fitness, two sources of great delight. Of architecture and the dramatic art we have a special right to demand unique results because they are the two most elaborate and laborious art forms, and they must justify their cumbersomeness by giving us something that we can get in no other way.

What, then, are the particular qualities in architecture which enable it to give expression to relations which must otherwise remain unexpressed? In what is it peculiar? It is self-evident that we can get in words no direct or complete answer to such a question, but can only try to put ourselves enough *en rapport* with the art to make us understand the reply offered by some building. A consideration of the ways in which it differs from other arts will, however, help to isolate its peculiar appeal. An obvious and striking peculiarity is the curious nature of its reality. There are certain primitive things, most of them connected with our bodily func-

tions, which we feel are 'real' in an extraordinary degree. To most civilized and cultivated moderns the greatest of these is sex. Our way of life shields us from such things as extreme hunger, weariness and cold, but to the influence of sex it exposes us in a special degree. Sex has for us an intense vitality and we have concentrated upon a refinement of our reactions to it. It is perhaps here that we should compare most favourably with the great civilizations of the past. We have certainly surpassed the Chinese and probably the Greeks in the beauty, variety and subtlety of our conception of love.

But besides these realities of bodily function there is another, more objective and more elusive. It concerns our relations with our surroundings, and its human representatives are such men as farm hands, shepherds and sailors. A peasant seems often a sort of distillation of a country-side and a climate, and will strike us not as less but as more real on that account. It is this reality with which the sea stories of Mr. Conrad are often almost exclusively concerned. It seems not to admit of definition, but we can recognize it as having to do with the open sky, the elements, and with heavy, slow, manual work. In architecture alone of the arts the artist is brought into primary contact with this reality. The sinking of foundations into the earth is not only a necessity of building, it is also a symbol. Nor is it only a symbol, but fortunately – this is a psychological essential – it is a necessity. Enormous operations and the balancing of great forces are involved in the art, crushing weights must be upheld, and by all this a convincing sense of reality is engendered. In architec-

ture the work of art becomes a part of the earth in a peculiar degree, and the thought of its being 'rolled round in earth's diurnal course' will not seem foreign to the architect's mind. It will form an integral part of a sunset, a moon-rise, or it will blot out a patch of stars.

An architect has strange pleasures. He will lie awake listening to the storm in the night and think how the rain is beating on his roofs, he will see the sun return and will think that it was for just such sunshine that his shadow-throwing mouldings were made.

On one side he enjoys a sense of dominance over natural forces, and on the other of partnership with them. The wind will circle cunningly round his house trying to lift the tile, or level the chimney, but they are firm. It is the rain's part to descend, it is his roofs' part to keep it out. The waters will swirl round his bridge or, in calm, exquisitely double the colonnade on its banks. The clouds will help his picture, or a fall of snow give its surprising underlighting so that his sills and glazing bars throw upward shadows.

If we take into consideration the existence of this peculiar reality in the art of building we shall perhaps understand, not only something of our own pleasure in architecture, but something of the attitude of mind of those men who have preferred this art as their means of expression.

In a later chapter we shall try to show why we have come to believe either that architecture is an art which is particularly satisfying to those who practise it, or else that it has been chosen as a mode of expression by men who found a restricted outlet for their emotions through other channels. Many, perhaps most, great

architects have, as we shall try to suggest to the reader, been absorbed in an exceptional degree in their professions, and outside their own sphere have been characterized by an inarticulateness. If we keep in mind architecture's 'reality value,' this quality in architects would seem expected rather than surprising.

Apart from the reality, the qualities which the art of architecture seems to offer us are in many respects like those of music, to which it has been continually compared, though it is obviously possible to push the comparison too far – music being, for one thing, an art unrolled in time and being, further, an art 'of occasion.' Duke Orsino could call off 'Come away, come away, Death!' as soon as it cloyed. His palace he would have to endure through all his successive moods, however different they might be from those which had shaped his desires in the building. But, like music, architecture is unargumentative, it neither imitates anything nor does it set out any thesis. A building perhaps of all the works of man comes nearest to being a *Ding an sich*. In building that very thing is done naturally and in the course of business which sculptors, painters and writers have strained themselves to do. How often, especially of late, has the novelist or the poet replied, crossly to some question, that his book is not 'about' anything, and how often he has wished that the answer were true. No building has ever yet been about anything, certain apparent exceptions notwithstanding, and it is perhaps his endeavour to force didactics upon brick and mortar that has made architects so greatly dislike Ruskin. If the architect is free from this haunting tendency to an extraneous purpose which too often attends the written

word, he is free of another which afflicts painters. The architect incurs no private searchings of heart or public disapproval if he designs his compositions in 'pure form.' So he escapes both from the dogmatism and unwanted generalizations that force themselves between the writer and his work, and from the intrusion of natural forms which sometimes exasperates the painter or sculptor. Aloof and abstract in its unconcern with advocacy or imitation architecture is invested with its special reality and yet is further humanized and linked with man by the utility which is the *sine qua non* of its entire being and the constant touchstone of its every manifestation. And here we have the difficulties which in the architect's case are substituted for those of the writer and the painter. His limitations are strict and narrow and his difficulties are neither few nor light, but they are so different from those circumscribing the other arts that architecture succeeds most easily in those particulars where the other arts are most liable to fail. It thus never rivals another art, but is complementary by affording expression to states of feeling and 'understood relations' which they express with difficulty or not at all.

§ 2

But if the message conveyed by architecture be largely peculiar to itself, it is yet a part of the general message of the arts, and we shall find that most of the familiar theories as to the manner in which an æsthetic 'message' is conveyed can be applied to it. For instance, a good case can be made out for the theory that architecture, like other arts, is the vehicle of double (conscious and

subconscious) communication. We can argue that, as we have already suggested, conscious reason is satisfied by the elements of 'firmness and commodity' in a building very much in the way that it is satisfied by the plot, moral or local colour of a poem or novel. We shall find that the history of architectural criticism supports this view in that it provides just the confusions which we find in literary criticism. Buildings are praised as beautiful because they 'express their construction' perfectly or because of an evident fitness for the purpose for which they were designed. The parallel is, we have hinted, the apiculture of Virgil, the theology of Milton, the rusticity of Wordsworth, and the fashion of Byron.

Because economy of means in the production of a given effect is a charming quality in any art, we shall often enjoy buildings where the facts of construction have been used for æsthetic ends, and be annoyed by buildings where other effects have been too laboriously substituted. Beyond this, an unprejudiced reason does not, we believe, demand to be placated. On the subconscious plane the 'message' of architecture between mind and mind would be found to be – as in the other arts – primary, and conveyed by means of proportions of mass and void, thrust and counterthrust. Again, there is the theory of identification. This theory is probably only familiar to us as applied to plays, novels or the ballet, and may seem at first a little fantastic in relation to architecture. But even as we begin to repudiate the notion that a man might suppose himself a Corinthian column, we remember how natural seems the habit of carving Caryatides.

Mr. Geoffrey Scott is the best, almost the only modern architectural critic who takes the psychological analytical attitude so familiar to us in the critical literature of the other arts. In his *Architecture of Humanism* he follows Lipp in supporting the theory that in the complex and often fragmentary process of identification we shall find the source of architectural pleasure. His argument is that 'Beauty of disposition in Architecture, like beauty of line, arises from our own physical experience of easy movement in space,' or that 'architectural art is the transcription of the body's state into forms of building.' The phrase 'the body's state' he uses to convey the notion of bodily function. We adapt ourselves to the space which the architect has enclosed, and in imagination fill it with a suitable bodily movement.

Again, the architect is able with the lines of his design to control the path of the eye. 'The path we follow is our movement; movement determines our mood.' Though, he goes on to point out, a great many movements, taken alone, are perfectly indifferent, yet a series of such motions or suggested motions may awaken in us an expectancy, and so a desire, for more movement. 'If the spaces in architecture are so arrranged as first to awaken and then falsify this expectation, we have ugliness.'

He suggests as an example an imaginary eighteenth-century house where the whole design had the usual symmetry except that one of a row of windows was out of line and lower than the rest.

'The offence would be against our sense of movement, which when it reaches that point of a design, is compelled to drop out of step and to dip against its will.'

This is, of course, though Mr. Scott does not apply it, true of all pattern-making, whether it be concerned with poetic metre or with wall-paper printing. He is on ground more peculiar to architecture when he further elaborates the notion of our responsiveness to space. 'The architect attempts by means of the space which his walls and roof enclose to regulate the mood of those who enter it.' Space to the spectator is liberty of movement, we adapt ourselves to the sort of space in which we find ourselves.

'When we enter a nave and find ourselves in a long vista of columns we begin almost under compulsion to walk forward – or if we stand still the eye is drawn down the perspective and we in imagination follow it. The space has suggested a movement. Once this suggestion has been set up everything which accords with it will seem to assist us, everything which thwarts it will appear impertinent and ugly.'

He points out another fact which goes to support this theory of movement. A blank wall which would be inoffensive as the termination of a symmetrical space, would at the end of a vista be instinctively felt as ugly. The eye demands a window or an altar, 'because movement, without motive and without climax, contradicts our physical instincts.'

Mr. Scott goes on with an admirable passage in which he instances the reaction of a symmetrical space where the body is held in an equilibrium and then gives some suggestions as to how our apprehension of space is made up, and the conditions under which we shall see a given enclosure as one space or several. Solids, of course, are included in his scheme of identification. 'Weight, pres-

sure and resistance are part of our habitual bodily experience, and our unconscious, mimetic instinct impels us to identify ourselves with apparent weight, pressure, and resistance exhibited in the forms we see.' This mimetic theory of Mr. Scott's is of course quite compatible with the idea that the desire for communication is the architect's animating impulse. Alternatively we can combine it with the older theory of abstract expression, according to which the artist works to create a work of art and is regardless of an audience. For the theory of identification would seem to be concerned with the vehicle which carried an æsthetic impulse rather than with the impulse itself, and would therefore seem to be secondary. A man desires to communicate something to his fellows or posterity, and the poem or the façade is the result. A man desires to create and to extend his ego in his creature; again he writes or builds. In either case his adoption of forms which echoed the human body or its activities would seem to concern the technique of his particular art. We should have to regard these forms as means adopted more or less instinctively or deliberately to serve his ends. This might be either communication or abstract expression, and in either case it would seem to be these that we should have to rank as primary.

It might, however, seem arguable that the desire to imitate is really as much primary as either of the others and that it might just as well be considered to animate the artist as either the desire to communicate or the desire to express, and the man, like the child, may really find his 'whole vocation in endless imitation.' The Greeks' imaginary perfect being was round, and

engaged in eternal meditation upon himself because there was no other perfect object of contemplation. So man in architecture and the other arts may be engaged in directly projecting himself for his own better self-contemplation. But it is an unpleasant thought, and like many æsthetic theories, does not seem to supply a powerful enough motive for the unending pursuit of the arts throughout the history of mankind.

The idea of the probable driving force of an impulse is one to which we shall feel inclined to pay special attention in the case of the most laborious art of architecture. It is here that we shall find the chief merit of the communication theory, for from it we can go one step back and find that it is in turn based upon the theory of knowledge as classification.

We might illustrate this theory by saying that it postulates that all that can certainly be known about a dog will be in amplification of such a statement as that he is more like his master than he is like an orange-tree, and more like the orange-tree than like the pot of earth in which it grows. According to this theory, we learn about things by comparing them with other things. It is clear that if knowledge is thus relative the more 'instances' we know the more classes we shall be able to make, and when a new phenomenon comes along, the more exactly we shall be able to class it, or, in other words, the more we shall know about it.

A small furry object in the middle of a path in the Regent's Park is to a child of five 'a pussy,' to its mother some sort of civet-cat, but to the secretary of the Zoological Society it is an adult male specimen of 'Viverra Zibetha' and therefore 'Billy,' the only specimen in the

possession of the Society, and must have escaped from the fourth cage in the small cat house.

The little girl's chart of knowledge is divided into few squares, and she is thus only able to 'place' (note the evidence of common parlance) 'Billy' approximately but not accurately enough to make her actions (an attempt to stroke) very appropriate. Her mother, with a rather wider knowledge of animals, has smaller squares on her chart, and is able to get 'Billy' a little more exactly, and to decide not to let the child touch him. The naturalist's chart is minutely divided, for the position of every known species of small mammal, and of every individual small mammal in the Zoo, is marked upon it. He is therefore immediately able to place the creature as 'Billy' and to proceed to the appropriate action of putting on thick gloves and then trying to catch him.

Dr. Johnson pays unconscious tribute to the classification theory. 'Of the first building it might with certainty be determined if it was round or square; but whether it was spacious or lofty must have been referred to time.' There were square and round objects for comparison, but no buildings.

If we grant this relativity of knowledge, we shall see communication in the arts as an aid to knowledge of the sort we desire most, knowledge of other people which in addition will, according to the theory, be our only path to knowledge of ourselves. Every work of art tells us about another man's reactions to things which have stirred our own emotions, whether colours, shapes, or the moving stream of events. It is often, as we have suggested, held to be a condition of good art that these

should be things that can be stated in no other way, neither directly nor through the medium of any other art, so that to certain kinds of knowledge a given art is generally acknowledged to be our only channel.

As for the desire for knowledge itself, it seems to us legitimate not to attempt to go beyond it, but to regard it as a fact of man's nature which is 'justified' by its high survival value – a value which is illustrated even in our fable of Regent's Park.

§ 3

Much more attractive than any empirical theory of taste are the dogmas of the geometrical school. There is something fascinating in the definiteness, objectivity, and often marked anthropomorphism of these theories. In some systems you begin with the human head, in others with the torso, or sometimes take the entire figure with legs together and arms outspread. From the measurements here found you can work out the proportions of Chartres Cathedral, the Parthenon and Giotto's Campanile. That is, of course, if you leave out (or include, as the case may be) the cross; or possibly you may have to take the (conjectured) original ground-level, or possibly leave out the top story which was not included in the architect's original plan (or add the top story which was never built but was included in the original plan alluded to by the contemporary diarist, Blank).

One difficulty is at once apparent. The human proportions on which these systems are based are not taken from statistics of the actual measurements of the population of ancient Egypt, mediæval Italy or eighteenth-

century France, but from ideal figures accepted as the standard in those times and places and drawn or carved by contemporary artists. It might, therefore, seem as reasonable to say that this ideal, or at any rate abstract, man, was based on the temples of Baalbec or on Lincoln Cathedral as they on him.

It seems a pity that the originators of such systems could not have been content to say less – to point out, for instance, that in certain epochs certain proportions pleased, that they tended to be repeated for all sorts of subjects in many scales, and that, moreover, they were read into every sort of natural object, including the human figure. To such a proposition we could all agree and from such a study we might learn a good deal about the fluctuations of taste.

Other geometrical schools of design take as their basis a perfect figure or a mystic number. The figure may be the circle, or the equilateral triangle, or the cross, and the number may be three, seven, five or the number of the beast. As in the anthropomorphic books we are given the drawings of buildings with a network of lines across them showing the working out of the theory. Here we come to a second difficulty, which is, as we have hinted, common to both schools. The proportions, figures and numbers very seldom work out without the most ingenious manœuvring. A moulding must be omitted here, a measurement be started from some arbitrary point, and still more often dominant practical and structural facts must be disregarded and, instead of a lintel or a pier, some piece of enrichment must be given precedence and made to seem the starting-point of the design.

It would be interesting to see how many contradictory geometrical theories could be proved by the measurement of a single building simply by a little ingenuity in choosing different but still plausible places from which to take the measurements. That any of the systems should ever be the cause of a new beautiful building is hard to believe.

But if to the architect these rigid theories seem gratuitous and beside the point, he must agree with the impulse with which they originated. Let us consider them merely as Dionysic hymns to proportion, and we can have every sympathy with them and their amiable composers. 'What is proportion?' a student asked the most distinguished architect in England. 'God,' was the immediate reply. In so far as these systems recognize that there is something mysterious in proportion, they are obviously right. When their originators believe that our notion of proportion has some connexion with the human figure they are again, of course, right. Our apprehension of everything under the sun has to do with it. We are not directly aware of any material object, but only of objects as they are presented to us through our senses. So our visual ideas and preferences must obviously be affected by the fact, for instance, that we are binocular animals having our eyes set horizontally, and that we consequently see a long, rather narrow picture. There must, of course, be a dozen other physical facts which condition our visual preferences, and as many more which are mental but unconscious. It is when they try to codify and elaborate such facts that the disciples of a mystical geometry seem to lose touch with reality.

§ 4

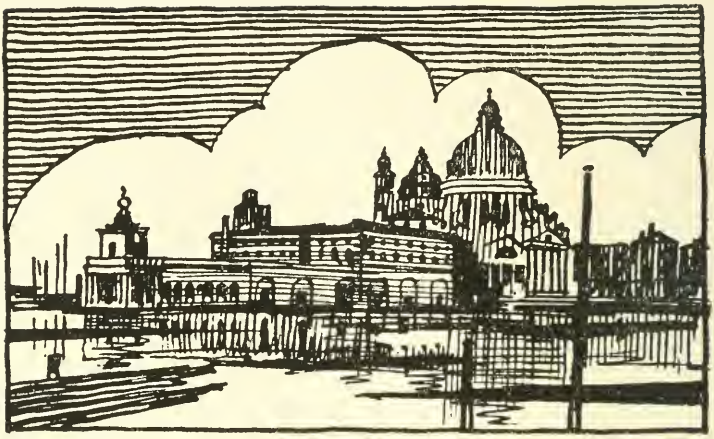
It seems to us perfectly justifiable, in spite of a hundred schools and a thousand volumes, to reject all primary æsthetic theories; theories, that is, which attempt to account for the initial power of certain apparently irrelevant things to awaken human emotion.

We shall be within our rights in the case of architecture, for instance, if in the end we assume the existence of an inner darkness, a mystery, or, if you prefer it, an unanalysable element. (These two are the religious and scientific names for the same thing.) There are so many simple things, in the material world especially, which we experience but do not understand, that we have a right in this complex field to write down '*X*.' It is clear that the reason can understand a great deal about the circumstances which lead up to the phenomenon '*X*,' about those which inhibit it, and about the kinds and degree of '*X*,' but it is entirely possible that at present we have no mental tools capable of breaking '*X*' up into component parts.

Whether we adopt a theory of '*X*' or not, we shall find in all the arts a number of lesser concepts which will help us, either as actors or as audience, to experience '*X*.' In the case of architecture, once it is pointed out we can see, for example, how the dramatic theory of identification plays its part. It can take the simple form of the phantasy of the lady who 'dreamt that she dwelt in marble halls' or it can make the spectator feel like a juggler or a Colossus. As long, too, as we do not put upon them the weight of accounting for '*X*,' a dozen incompatible theories which have been advanced

from time to time by architects themselves seem to fall into place and to be admirable reminders of this or that pleasure-giving quality in architecture. Blondel, even with his realization of the 'something surprising' in architecture which is 'as real as the beauty of a woman,' becomes sympathetic, and as long as ultimate verities are not expected, we cease to be made impatient by preposterous theories about the Five Orders being in correspondence with the divine plan of the universe.

But to architects, their beliefs, and the orientation of their minds we must devote a separate chapter.



Founded on Fact.

CHAPTER 7

§ 1

WE SUGGESTED THAT A STUDY OF THOSE CIVILIzations which were prolific in great architecture might help us to isolate the art's special qualities. A comparative study of the individuals who have produced fine architecture would perhaps be even more useful as involving less guesswork and generalization. Such a study would, too, be interesting in itself, for very few people have in their minds more than the vaguest picture of what an architect might be expected to be like. If Mr. Lemuel Gulliver, recently home from one of his voyages, said that he had been introduced, not to dead ministers or kings, but 'to the most ingenious architects of all ages, who had commemorated in stone the glories of the one and the intrigues of the other,' most of us would find it difficult to imagine

what Gulliver's company had been. Suppose somebody said he would never have guessed that Jones was a judge, he looked more like a painter, we should all know what he meant. What should we imagine if Jones had been said to look 'exactly like' an architect? In fact we could, roughly speaking, all guess the type of human being who could produce a copy of verses, a stethoscope, or a paint rag out of his pocket, but it is difficult in a mixed company to hazard who secretes a façade on the back of an envelope and a two-foot rule. Obviously the issue is confused because many men take to architecture as a business and are architects because there is a family practice, or because there is a sporting chance of its paying better than literature. And so the profession attracts men of varied types. Furthermore, architecture, like journalism, gives scope for all sorts of practical and business talents, and can be legitimately approached from the craftsman's, the scholar's or even the *entrepreneur's* point of view. Yet even so, we should expect that a highly technical profession would stamp upon its members a certain likeness as does the law, a calling to which recruits are also drawn for reasons other than the existence of a real vocation. And yet if there is a likeness among architects it seems never to have been noticed – but is this perhaps a part of the general dimness which now surrounds the existence and activities of this singular profession? The inquiring public will find this mist lies thickest just in the very quarters where they would expect a dispelling radiance. Consult, for instance, the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, or the *Dictionary of National Biography*, or Russell Sturgis's *Dictionary of Architecture and Building*, and you will find

very little about architects. The *Encyclopædia* devotes, for instance, more space to an obscure Austrian field-marshal than it does to Bernini, and English theologians have twice the space of architects in the annals of their country. Claude Perrault, the admired of Sir Joshua Reynolds who built the great façade of the Louvre, has no entry in the *Encyclopædia*, but is dismissed with one line in his secretary brother's note. There is a great opportunity in front of those who will write good Lives of architects such as the few to be published by Messrs. Benn Brothers. But a modern Life of Inigo Jones, for instance, has been several times contemplated, only to be abandoned for lack of material, and the same difficulty exists in the case of several other great architects. Nothing but this could surely have made Sir Banister Fletcher's Life of Palladio so dreary. If it is true that material for the Lives of so many architects is lacking, surely this in itself must mean something? They were commonly men of fashion and kept the best company far more generally and systematically than did men of letters. Were they then socially rather inarticulate and dull, that their contemporaries were not more communicative about them? Evelyn, fortunately, writes a good deal about Wren, to whom he was devoted, but this is exceptional. Two or three architects (Robert Adam, for example) seem to have been members of the Garrick-Johnson-Reynolds set, but Boswell gives little attention to them, though he recounts a journey to Oxford in a coach with Gwynne, who built Magdalen Bridge.

Saint-Simon has a certain amount to say about Le Nôtre, Claude Perrault, and Mansart, but he does not

catch fire from them. Such men as Soane, Chambers, Kent, Nash and Gibbs played a distinct part in the life of their epochs, but seem to have made little mark upon them, save those indelible impressions, their buildings.

In considering architects, as in taking any cross section of the human race, we shall, of course, find some sort of version of all the types. We shall find in Vanbrugh, Mansart or Bernini, for instance, the magnificent man; in Street, the enthusiastic, ascetic, yet *bourgeois* type so characteristic of the nineteenth century in England; in Blondel the quarrelsome pedant; in Inigo Jones the exasperated dyspeptic; the elegant amateur in Lord Burlington; and in Talman the politic schemer and æsthetic Iago.

It happens that two of the most amiable and delightful figures in architectural history are those of two master designers, Wren and Le Nôtre. The garden architect, for all his influence and his hobnobbing with kings and popes, passes through the story of the intrigues of the French Court as a gracious, almost naïve and rustic figure. Saint-Simon cannot sufficiently admire his probity, exactness, the way in which he was loved by everybody, and his complete disinterestedness. His naïveté he illustrates by means of the well-known story of his audience with the Pope.

'Le pape pria le roi de le lui prêter pour quelque mois. En entrant dans la chambre du pape, au lieu de se mettre à genoux, il courut à lui, "Eh! bonjour," lui dit il, "mon révérend père, en lui sautant au cou, et l'embrassant et le baisant des deux côtés."—"Eh! que vous avez bon visage, et que je suis aise de vous voir

en si bonne santé!" Le pape . . . se mit à rire de tout son cœur. Il fut ravi de cette bizarre entrée, et lui fit mille amitiés.'

But if this and Saint-Simon's tale of the old king and the old architect rolling round the gardens of Versailles in their bath chairs gives an impression of the man's simplicity, his works tell of an admirable brain.

His ideas as a designer were large, bold and original, and his temper as a man was magnanimous and serene. In that society of guile, intrigue, wit and spite, the gardener's son remained easy, assured, modest and unenvious. He seems like one of his own Niluses, with his simplicity and his passion for water. Le Nôtre composed with water, now leaving it untroubled to reflect the grove and the statue, now agitating it till its sparkle gave a new life to the parterre, now tossing it aloft in jets or in a delicate spray, now tumbling it in a sounding cascade. He does not seem to have committed any of the sins of which too many men in his position were guilty, but worked for private men with as much conscience and diligence as for the king. He neither intrigued against fellow-architects, stole the public money, nor employed a ghost for whose designs he took the credit.

Sir Christopher Wren, in a Court as full of an even coarser jobbery, remained as little spotted by the world as his own Orion. Wren indeed seems to represent the perfect architect. A masterly designer, an ingenious planner an untiring worker, and a shrewd, honest, capable man of affairs, his value as a type is accentuated by his having probably had one social defect which, as we hinted before, seems to have been

– perhaps to be – rather particularly characteristic of the profession. Outside his art, and outside astronomy and his ingenious experiments, we gather that he may well have been somewhat inarticulate. One of the proofs is that famous love-letter of his that was several times reproduced during the bicentenary, and another, a letter to his son. The love-letter, all about a 'drowned watch' which was to have the felicity now it was mended of living at his mistress's side, though almost pathetically pretty, would surely have exasperated any woman who received it – so laboured and impersonal is it, so different from the best intimate letter-writing of the period. We see the same characteristics in the letter to his son. He is obviously not really in touch with the young man, but, as in the letter to his betrothed, directly more than his ready and genial courtesy is needed, he sits impotent behind some barrier. He must have had an almost perfect brain, for he seems to have been capable of understanding any mathematical or scientific problem which his contemporaries could put before him, but when it came to the most intimate relations of life, we seem to see him a little diffident and inexpert, turning with relief to his experiments or his noble buildings, because only in these difficult media could he express himself fully. It is delightful to think that he had one most attached admiring friend, John Evelyn, and it would be deeply interesting to know on how intimate a level that friendship of two or three decades was maintained. Perhaps Evelyn knew how to get through the crust – a crust that no one probably regretted more than Wren himself. Whether the public can regret any impediment there may have

been in Wren's social speech, we doubt, for after all it is the dam that makes the mill go round. Without some barrier to the common outlets, Wren's energy might never have been directed so steadily into this single channel. Wren longed for the perfect expression of his marvellously forcible and rich nature and, unable, as we conjecture, to express more than a genial good humour along social lines, turned to this art and made London eloquent. His architecture has every grace and displays every human quality in stone and brick, and his art is universally admitted to be expressive and alive in a most unusual degree. If we see it as the distillation of the whole of an uncommonly rich nature, we shall not be surprised. Who shall say that our gain was his loss? Surely so dizzy and soul-shaking a phrase as St. Paul's must be compensation for any closet hesitancy.

Without Evelyn, Wren might conceivably have had the same sort of history as Sir John Soane, though probably his surface sociability, his wisdom and his personal charm, would have kept him from it in any case. Soane was the most public-spirited and benevolent of men, the soul of charity and compassion, yet he embroiled himself in lawsuits over a trumpery ballad, and quarrelled with his two sons. He had the pathetic belief in the efficiency of hard work, which so often goes with such a temperament. He had, too, a most unfortunate early experience. Mr. Arthur Bolton describes how, on the occasion of a water picnic, Soane, then a student, stayed behind to work at a competition design. The boat was overset and the picnic party had to swim for their lives, one man who could not swim

being drowned. But Soane, who also could not swim, won a gold medal with his design. Thus did Fate, in the semblance of Jane or Anne Taylor, mislead poor Soane, who ever afterwards believed the lesson taught by this occurrence. Later he characteristically curtailed his grand tour in order to execute some important commissions for a bishop, who having thus interrupted Soane's studies, in the end proved fallacious, and nothing was done. Lawrence's portrait shows a curious nervous face, too genial, too eager, too aware of sitting for his portrait. We understand something of the cost of social and professional intercourse to such a man, of the irritation and the exhaustion which he would be capable of feeling.

But fortunately Soane was not further pursued by professional ill luck, for which he was too sensitive. Great architectural opportunities were offered to him in the Bank and in his remarkable building at Dulwich. Here his dark, austere, melancholy spirit expressed itself with the beauty and originality which have made him famous.

Vanbrugh was an extreme example of another group of architects, a group in which we might include Bernini and possibly Robert Adam. Captain Vanbrugh was, to begin with, a soldier and was at one time imprisoned in the Bastille. He must even then have been a man of fashion and of some influence, as there was a good deal of correspondence on the matter of getting him out. Like Inigo Jones, he was connected with the theatre, but with Vanbrugh the theatrical interest came first. He was at one time a manager and a patron of opera, besides being author of the comedies for which

he has always been better known than for his building. We get a glimpse of his social life in Horace Walpole's remark that his ease as a dramatist was to be attributed to the fact that he lived in the best society and wrote as it talked. He was a friend of Lord Godolphin, Sir Robert Walpole and Bubb Doddington, a member of the Kit-Kat Club, and his marriage to a well-born woman was much gossiped about by his contemporaries (Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, for example). It was not until he was thirty-six and an established wit, dramatist and man of fashion that he began to build; Castle Howard in 1701 being probably his first job after his own opera house. Commissions at once began to flow in from all his friends. It was by the special request of Marlborough that he was appointed as architect for Blenheim, and he was soon building all over the country. It was a time when, as Vanbrugh wrote to Lord Carlisle: 'The world is building mad as far as it can reach.'

Blenheim frightened even his world, though his quarrelling with Duchess Sarah, and his amazing intrigues over the accounts, were no proof that Vanbrugh was a troublesome architect. The folly and meanness of the Treasury, Marlborough's determination not to pay for a building which had been voted him by Parliament and Vanbrugh's determination that his great design should somehow take shape, amply account for the acrimony of their relations. It is characteristic of Sarah that when Vanbrugh married, and wanted to bring his young wife with a party of ladies from Castle Howard to see his masterpiece at Woodstock, the Duchess gave special instructions at all the lodges that

he and she were to be discriminated against and denied admittance. 'So,' writes Vanbrugh bitterly, 'she was forced to sit all day long and keep me company at the inn,' while the others were shown over house and garden. There is probably something of Vanbrugh's worldliness in all good architects; there was certainly in Robert Adam, as there was also something, as a young man at any rate, of Vanbrugh's architectural exuberance, which included in both cases a taste for the Gothic. Mr. Bolton in his 'Life' is very interesting on Robert's habit of drawing a flamboyant Turneresque, Piranesi sort of design, which he refined and refined as his work took actual form, until we have the typical work of continence that we know so well. One would guess that he was perhaps not quite so fashionable a man as Vanbrugh, though after the Adelphi was built, Robert and James are said to have enjoyed more than any other the patronage of the aristocracy. They were architects to the King and Queen and Robert was a member of Parliament. Robert Adam knew Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, who thought him a man of genius, and introduced him to her daughter, Lady Bute. Bute was afterwards one of his chief patrons, and the Adams stuck to him after his disgrace. It would be curious to know how much that little prejudice in Augustan society against Scotsmen worked against them, for they were the sons of a worthy Scotch architect. Robert must have been very Scotch when he first came to London, he kept up with his compatriots and belonged to a dining club which included David Hume, John Home (the author of *The Douglas*) and Dr. Alexander Carlyle. One imagines, at any rate, that

Adam cannot have had as much time for the fashionable world and its amusements as Vanbrugh. He was, of course, the head of a vast *atelier* which included the admirable, conscientious and understanding James, but even so his personal work must have been prodigious. The partnership designed an immense amount of carpets and furniture (including a Sedan chair for Queen Charlotte), besides running the enormous practice. During the year before his death Robert designed no fewer than eight public and twenty-five private buildings. Mr. Bolton describes his death as very possibly due to the stress of the work undertaken in his last years.

A more typical courtier and man of fashion was Jules Hardouin Mansart, who died, as Saint-Simon remarks, so '*brusquement*' at Marly, and who was perhaps the architect of most of Versailles, and certainly the brilliant courtier, the ingenious adventurer, the fearless *entrepreneur*. Mansart very early in his career had discovered the necessity to an architect of public appreciation; he realized that an architect ought to go about, be prevalent and 'on view,' ready at hand at the first whispering of any large undertaking, and being a very capable organizer, he realized that this work is often impeded by the task of architectural design. From this conviction to the employment of a number of efficient ghosts seemed to him but a step, and Sir Reginald Blomfield follows Saint-Simon in the opinion that it was not the constructional and ornamental details only that Mansart put out to nurse, but the main idea of his design. He had as short a way with public money and must have been a charlatan as heart-

less as amusing and successful. In his portraits we see him enormously bewigged, plump, cheerful, and not a little vulgar, and Saint-Simon calls him well made, credits him with much native wit, and gives an amusing account of the system upon which he managed the King.

Mansart, like other French architects of the period, came into contact with Bernini, the Italian, who was perhaps the prince of the courtier architects. He it was who worked at St. Peter's under Urban VIII, Innocent X and Alexander VII, for whom he built the great colonnade of the Piazza of St. Peter's. The story of Bernini's visit to Paris and of his struggle with Claude Perrault as it is told in Sir Reginald Blomfield's *History of French Architecture*[1] throws a great deal of light upon the eighteenth-century attitude to architecture. Colbert, with his determination to make France pre-eminent in the arts throughout Europe, typifies it. He, the reader will remember, had complete faith in '*l'art administratif*,' and to gain his ends set up, early in Louis XIV's reign, a vast organization of which a part was the Academy. The proof and flower of Colbert's regeneration of the arts was to be a series of vast and variously adorned public buildings.

These were to serve partly as a kind of national shop window and partly to keep the mind of young *malélevé* and grandiloquent Louis off the glories of war. Like other good shopkeepers, Colbert intended that the display of what 'French Designs, Ltd.' could do should be given prominence in the capital.

A new palace had long been proposed at the Louvre,

[1] Part 2, Vol. 1.

and Le Vau, an architect who had designed a country house which had taken the King's fancy, had done two sides of the great quadrangle round which it was to be built. On the third side the building was eight or ten feet above ground, but the main façade had not been started at all. Le Vau was dead and with the designs for the unfinished parts Colbert was dissatisfied, so he had a wooden model made and invited all the architects of Paris to come and see it, and to give their opinions. Instead, however, of criticisms, all the architects at once sent in designs of their own. Among those who sent in was Claude Perrault, a physician, and the brother of Colbert's secretary. His design he sent in anonymously, taking care to have it pushed by his brother, who loyally and publicly declared that the design of the unknown was of such outstanding merit that it took the world by storm. Here, however, was an *impasse*. It was felt impossible to discard a design by so celebrated an architect as Le Vau. They must shelter behind the pronouncement of some Pope of the arts. Accordingly the whole bundle of the new designs was sent to Rome, in order that the opinion of the most famous Italian architects might be taken, more particularly that of Pietro di Cortone, Rainaldi and Bernini. But instead of coming to a decision on the designs submitted to them, the Italian architects in their turn began designing. One of them had friends in Paris, and these loyal partisans made it their business to assure Colbert that there was really only one man worthy to serve the great and glorious King of France in this matter of a palace in his capital city. This was the Cavaliere Bernini, the most considerable artist

living. Bernini was a strange creature, more sculptor than architect, in many moods a mystic rather than an intriguer, and it is difficult to see him as having any share in the pressure that was now applied. But, however it was done, the persuasion worked, and Colbert determined that Bernini should be brought to Paris – and so set the seal of his approval on French craftsmanship and serve as an inspiration to the architects of France. Louis XIV, therefore, sent him a personal letter and he came. When he left Rome the whole population turned out into the streets to see him off, the officials of all the towns through which he passed were ordered to present him with gifts, and the King's own *maître d'hôtel* was told off to accompany him wherever he went. When he arrived in Paris he was magnificently lodged, and he set aside a room in his suite for the exhibition of his designs, to which none of the rival architects were admitted.

It seemed that Claude Perrault, in spite of his secretary brother, had little chance against the Italian magnifico. But Charles, determined upon his brother's advancement, came to the conclusion that the only thing was somehow to get in and see what Bernini's designs were like. Colbert seems to have become suspicious of his plans, and asked him outright if he had seen the drawings, which he blandly denied, but he proceeded to ask leading questions, by the answering of which he made Colbert himself demonstrate that Bernini's design had exactly the faults for which Le Vau's had been rejected.

Though by his own account they were directly inspired by the Almighty, Bernini's plans were certainly

not altogether pleasing. He had been instructed that the existing buildings were not to be pulled down but left. Yet his gigantic scheme involved as a first preliminary the demolition of the whole of the standing structures, with the exception of two inconsiderable galleries. Nor did the defects of his design stop here. The lighting of rooms and corridors was in many cases ineffectual, and Bernini seems to have entirely overlooked the necessity for kitchens, bedrooms, and so forth, and to have provided nothing but state and ceremonial apartments. It was not long before the practical Colbert began to be very uneasy about the whole thing. Where was the King to sleep? How were his meals to be served? He proceeded greatly to fatigue Bernini with memoranda, of which the Cavaliere 'understood nothing and wished to understand nothing,' considering such minutiæ beneath the dignity of a great architect. Colbert began to feel that the magnificent colonnade of the inner court was by no means a sufficient compensation. 'Yet so great was Bernini's reputation that his design for the Louvre was approved, and a beginning was made on the South Front, where the foundation was laid by the King with great ceremony.'

Colbert's uneasiness was, of course, fostered at every point by Charles Perrault. All the French architects were against Bernini, and there was a strong party at the Court who had determined to neglect no expedient by which he might be prevented from doing the work. At last the situation became impossible. On one occasion there was an outburst when Bernini called Claude Perrault a dirty dog, told him that he was not fit to black his boots, and that if he was to be insulted like

this he would smash the bust of the King at which he was working and return to Italy. In the winter Bernini announced that he could not stand the cold, and departed with a pension for himself, his son, and his chief assistant, and Louis XIV's portrait set in diamonds.

No sooner was his back turned than Charles Perrault persuaded Colbert to abandon Bernini's design and start afresh. The French designs were again submitted to the King, who asked Colbert for his opinion. Colbert supported Le Vau's design, whereupon the King, as intended, promptly decided for that of Claude Perrault.

The Bernini episode, while it cost the country over a million francs, proved, however, something of an event in architectural history. So greatly, for example, did it 'advertise' the revival of French architecture that Sir Christopher Wren, when he travelled for six months, did not go through to Italy at all but stayed in Paris, considering the Louvre as the best school of architecture imaginable.

He was introduced to Bernini and has left a tantalizingly brief account of the interview.

'He shewed me his Designs for the Louvre and of the King's Statue . . . his design of the Louvre I would give my skin for, but the old reserv'd Italian gave me but a few minutes' view; it was five little Designs in Paper, for which he hath received as many thousand Pistoles; I had only time to copy it in my Fancy and Memory; I shall be able by Discourse, and a Crayon, to give you a tolerable account of it.'

Bernini had expended but a little more ink upon his drawings for his great colonnades for St. Peter's. There are but fourteen, some of them of doubtful authenticity and many of them taken up with the representation of a human figure in the attitude of crucifixion which must warm the hearts of the anthropomorphic geometricians.

If Bernini and Vanbrugh typify the silken and the magnificent architect, men like Webb, James Adam, and, in a less degree, Hawksmoor are examples of a sort of artist for whom there is room in this art above all others. These were plodding men, learned, thorough and sound.

Webb was Inigo Jones's pupil, right-hand man and successor, James Adam toiled after a comparatively mercurial brother, while Nicholas Hawksmoor, who was really an independent designer of merit, worked first for Wren and then for Vanbrugh.

These clung like 'the female ivy' to some oak, and were happiest when working for a man of genius. 'Architects,' says Vasari, 'cannot always be standing over their work, and it is of the greatest use to them to have a faithful and loving assistant.' Such an assistant was Nicholas Hawksmoor, who was the most successful designer of the handful we have mentioned. There are many who regret that he should have been obliged by circumstance or temperament to play shadow as he so often did, first to Wren, who trained him, and then to Vanbrugh, whom in a sense he trained. For the wit had little or perhaps no training, except what his experienced, careful and much older assistant gave him. Hawksmoor must have been a delightful man, and

there is something charming in the relation between the exuberant, brilliant, even inspired amateur and the steady, thorough professional. Hawksmoor was well known for his evenness of temper, which 'even the most poignant pangs of the gout' could not disturb. He was a courteous and earnest man, and it is pleasant to find that Vanbrugh had the sense to appreciate him. When he and Vanbrugh were working on Blenheim in the early days, we find Vanbrugh applying to the Duchess of Marlborough on behalf of Hawksmoor 'for some opportunity to do him good,' he being more worthy of consideration, 'because he does not seem very solicitous to do it for himself.' Vanbrugh constantly exerted himself for Hawksmoor's advancement and especially championed him against Ripley. James Adam was another second fiddle. Dr. Alexander Carlyle, with whom he went a riding tour, says of him that, though not so bold and superior an artist as his brother, he was yet a well-informed man, 'and furnished me with excellent conversation as we rode together,' but he would not get up in the morning and had besides 'a most tedious toilet.' To Fanny Burney he appeared as 'a well-behaved, good sort of young man.'

How different from these men was Brunelleschi, who turned from sculptor to architect through pique, and who had to intrigue and wait and fight before he was allowed the opportunity of adorning Florence with the brown bubble of a dome which – beautiful to us now – seemed a miracle to his fellow-townsmen. Buggiano in his bas-relief shows to us an ugly little old man, lined, piercing and sly. When he was young he had been very vehement and restless and 'talked like St. Paul

come to life again,' but he rarely grew too headstrong or fierce to be politic where the cause was the integrity of a design, or the assurance that no tittle of the honour due to him, as the architect, should be deflected upon anybody else. Not for nothing was he the son of an ambassador of state, a man considered fit in the Florence of the fifteenth century to be entrusted with secret affairs in Vienna, Germany, France and England. When we consider the standard of that time and country, we shall realize what this meant, and shall not be surprised that Filippo was subtle and politic, loved to hold up a rival to ridicule or shame, and hated that any other should benefit by any knowledge or invention of his.

The story of the building of that calm dome is rather like that of the Louvre façade. Like a lily out of mud, it rose from broils, intrigues, secrecy, and the jealousy of rivals. Once, in a critical moment of the building, in order to get rid of Ghiberti – the rival architect whom the city fathers had insisted upon associating with him – Brunelleschi shammed sick for weeks. Once in the early stages before he had got the commission he grew so vehement before the committee in his assertion that his scheme was practical, that they grew angry and had the protesting creature carried out bodily.

In spite of his lack of urbane generosity, Brunelleschi had other characteristics which we shall find typical of the architect. He loved to read Dante, not because of the poetry, but because he could make scale plans of the circles of hell, and upon these he would discourse for hours. To satisfy his father he had learnt the gold-

smith's trade and being, like Inigo Jones and Wren, a lover of ingenuities, he made very good time-pieces and alarum clocks.

Donatello was a good deal Brunelleschi's junior, and was devoted to him. They went to Rome together, both living by working as goldsmiths and in their spare time studying the antiquities. Mr. Leader Scott in his 'Life' thus describes their methods:—

'While Donatello rarely looked at a building, but made drawings of every frieze or statue he came across, Brunelleschi was minutely inspecting all the ruins, drawing plans of them, measuring the thickness of walls, the proportions of columns and arches, the size and shape of bricks, the dovetailing of blocks of marble, etc., writing down all his notes and calculations on strips of parchment that had been cut off in the goldsmith's shop in squaring off the sheets of designs.'

The two friends soon found that they had utterly diverse objects of study and fell into a habit of going each his own way. Brunelleschi would often hire labourers to dig, in order that he might study a ruin from its base, and once at least he managed to get on to the roof of the Parthenon, and contrived to get off some tiles to study the ribbing of the vault. This will be a familiar type of incident to those who have ever travelled in the company of an architect!

It has been said that the chief equipment needed by an architect is a good digestion, and for the most part architects seem to have been an equable race. But Brunelleschi is not the only exception to the contrary. Inigo Jones and Blondel, the French Academician,

have, for example, come down to us – apart from their achievements in architecture – as disputants.

Inigo Jones (who was the son of a clothworker in Smithfield, and probably not of Welsh origin) was taken up as quite a young man by Lord Pembroke, who sent him to travel 'over Italy and the politer parts of Europe.' He, like many other architects, kept good company (being a friend of Chapman and Donne) and had to do with the stage. His quarrels with Ben Jonson, who was his colleague and author of the masques for which he designed until Heywood became the fashion, are, of course, famous. Not that anyone can be blamed for quarrelling with Ben Jonson, who must have been extraordinarily trying. In Inigo Jones, too, is exemplified not only the close affinity between architecture and the stage, but its connexion not so much with science as with ingenuities. Inigo Jones was, like Brunelleschi, a person of great mechanical resource and invention, and was the first person to introduce shifting scenery into England from Italy. However, the bad temper which he displayed so lavishly to Ben Jonson cannot have been all the dramatist's fault: Jones suffered very much from dyspepsia. In his copy of Palladio there is a note of a prescription for 'the spleen and vomiting melancholy'; to it he adds a note: 'This cured me of the sharp vomitings which I had for thirty-six years.' The faithful Webb, however, seems to have been fond of him, and calls him 'generally learned, eminent for architecture, a great geometrician and in designing with his pen.' Vandyke held him to be 'unequalled for the boldness, softness and sweetness of his pen work.' His professional work shows him to

have been a man of a bold and original intellect. As Sir Reginald Blomfield points out, he apparently imagined himself to be the importer of the classical style, and particularly of Palladianism, into England. Actually both his finished work and his designs show him to have invented a new vernacular style. Compare Colin Campbell's beautiful copy of Palladio's villa at Mereworth and Jones's Banqueting House in Whitehall, and the originality and force of Jones's mind are at once apparent. Inigo Jones has often been pitied because he was a markedly unlucky architect, less of his building being now extant than of any architect of comparable fame. For the most part his big designs were never carried out: obstacles such as fickleness in his patrons, quarrels, and, later, the Civil War were again and again interposed between him and achievement. Would modern psychology trace a connexion between some at least of all this ill fortune and those 'melancholy vomitings,' and see them both as symptoms? Perhaps we might go a step further and see in the soaring genius of his design itself, as in that of Wren, the spirit's escape.

Blondel was no such dark spirit, but a pompous, pedantic man with a swaggering, wry sense of humour. In him a characteristic which appears again and again in architects is exemplified, as well as the rarer one of a difficult temper. Wren was a scientist, Vanbrugh a playwright, and Blondel did no real architectural work until he was fifty-two, having first managed a royal galley, been a tutor, a diplomat, and engineered an ingenious bridge. Blondel wrote Latin with ease. He had already for some time held a good position at the

Court of Louis XIV, in fact he had helped to take the great Colbert's young son on the grand tour, and had prepared for the King a general scheme for the improvement of Paris, which had been honorifically pigeon-holed.

He was a complete Vitruvian authoritarian. *La pratique* meant for him not practical building, but the technique of the details of Roman architecture. He held the proportions of the Orders to be the law of Nature. To Blondel's mind Gothic architecture was not architecture at all, and, as Blomfield points out, we see the seed of corruption in his slighting reference to it as 'the art of mortar and the trowel.'

It is an easy step from the pedantic snob to the social snob, and in the preface of a book which he calls *The Resolution of the Four Principal Problems of Architecture*, Blondel insists upon the value of fine building because it will do more than all the other arts to eternalize the memory of Louis le Grand.

Blondel, his rival the attractive Claude Perrault, Palladio, and Alberti are all among the comparatively few practising architects of the past who have left us evidence of what they thought or believed they thought about architecture. Palladio must have been an attractive person. At thirty-three he had remarkably fine dark eyes and a firm, good-tempered mouth. He is said to have been rich in his dress and to have had 'the appearance of a genius,' and in the engravings of Veronese's portrait he looks rather more the romantic than, for instance, Wren or Brunelleschi ever did. He wrote 'that he considered he was not born for himself only, but for the good of others.' He was devoted to his

children, to whom he gave the delightful names of Marc Antonio, Leonidas, Silla, Zenobia, and Oragio. The last is said to have written sonnets which showed 'nobility of thought and elegance of style.'

But though Palladio was a very great architect, it does not seem that in unself-conscious and spontaneous epochs good writing and good architecture have often gone together.

Alberti, who came of 'a most noble family,' must have been a sort of fifteenth-century Lord Burlington, and though his entertaining and often credulous books took his world by storm, he seems to have been considered a poor practical architect.

Vasari is severe about him and makes a somewhat cutting distinction in remarking that Alberti as a youth was 'more inclined to writing than to working.' But the learned craftsman is always at an advantage, goes on Vasari, whatever his work may be like.

'And that all this is true is seen manifestly in Leon Battiste Alberti, who, having studied the Latin tongue, and having given attention to architecture, to perspective and to painting, left behind him books written in such a manner, that since, not one of our modern craftsmen has been able to expound these matters in writing, although very many of them in his own country have excelled him in working, it is generally believed – such is the influence of his writings over the pens and speech of the learned – that he was superior to all those who were actually superior to him in work.'

Alberti had a phrase about the Pyramids calling them 'Those wild, immense moles.'

It is almost comforting to learn that the influence of

the written word over men's minds was so potent even in an age and a country in which the visual arts took so high a place.

The famous 'battle of the styles' that was fought in the thirties in England coincided with a sort of literary tidal wave. Perhaps it was caused by it. At any rate, it was not without its effect upon the practitioners of the arts of the painter, the sculptor and the architect. Morris's narrative verse and Rossetti's sugared sonnets have their humble counterpart in Street's books about Gothic churches, as had their sense of dedication in the architect's temper. Street, such was the manner of the age, had to decide why he built, and came to the conclusion that it was for the glory of God.

The architect of the Law Courts must, as a young man, have been an attractive creature, with his blue eyes, firm mouth and fly-away tie, or later with his curling beard and successful frock-coat, and always with his affection for his family circle, his enthusiasm for Gothic art, and his immense power of hard work. Almost for the first time in the annals of architecture we find the ardent Churchman. Street was a churchwarden, a good citizen, and a family man whose virtuous and successful life was saved from smugness by his burning ardours. It was in Street's office that William Morris studied during the time when he thought he would be an architect, and it was Street who taught Philip Webb, while again and again some lecture of Street's on French, Spanish or Netherland Gothic would be graced by the presence in the chair of John Ruskin.

A curious instance is, by the way, recorded of the

way in which the 'passionate seriousness' and 'passionate joy' of the Ruskin-Street-Morris position antagonized certain temperaments, and indeed sickened its very prophets by its unmitigated enthusiasms. There was at a lecture quite a heated scene in which Professor Kerr, of whom we shall hear more again, declared that this talk of the poetry in architecture was all very well in a writer, but he could not help thinking that if they were to set Mr. Ruskin up as an architect in an office in Whitehall and give him plenty of work to do, he would change his opinion. Ruskin, for his part, admitted that he was sick and tired of such poetic art, and was turning in despair to prosaic political economy.

Street grated upon some people and was what some of his more sensitive contemporaries called a 'robustious male,' and had besides that flourishing practice which Professor Kerr had desired for Ruskin. So he, duly ballasted with the specifications, bills of quantities, contracts, and the innumerable mundanities of his profession, did not suffer as did poor Ruskin from that Victorian cleavage between a theory of art growing progressively more lyrical and unearthly, and a theory of economics growing more and more utilitarian. Street ran his practice in the old Palladian way. He did not carry his Gothicism so far as to imitate the master-mason methods of the guilds, and so when he died in middle age – a man still full of vigour – it is said that he had about sixty buildings on hand. Here was certainly no man of the world, no logician, and – with all his uncanny skill in dating Gothic edifices – at most half a critic, and yet how brave a figure he makes in his epoch. He had the skill to enjoy two

worlds. He was, on the one hand, the successful, competent, active professional man, and, on the other, the revered 'ecclesiologist,' the admired of the apostles of ethical architecture, and an archæologist of European reputation. We find in him again a clinging for the intimate contacts of life to those who presented themselves, rather than to friends of his own choice. His mother and his brother were his first friends. When his first wife died, the circle was disturbed as little as might be, for he married her intimate friend. In later life it was in his son that he confided. The elements of subtlety and adventure which might have been lacking in a circle so wholly domestic he found in his religion.

Street must, one imagines, have been for the most part a happier and more assured person than his pupil, Philip Webb, who appears to have had a logical sense omitted from the other's fortunate make-up. Webb, the friend of Morris and architect of the 'Red House,' was apt to take Gothicism and the Arts and Crafts even into the professional side of his work.

Tradition asserts that he would, for instance, never undertake more than one building at a time, and that if a second client asked for a house the reply was, 'I'm afraid I'm already building one!' – accompanied by a suggestion that the applicant should call again in a year or two. If the would-be client was a stranger to Webb another difficulty emerged. 'Oh, but I don't *know* you,' was (so it is said) then the preliminary reply to the offer of a commission. Webb was not of easy acquaintance, and indeed struck at least one trained and extremely shrewd observer as 'a very unknowable man.'

His attitude to his work was, of course, not altogether peculiar, but was typical of the ideals of the Arts and Crafts movement, which in this instance perhaps raw itself was, we must not forget, a reaction against a particularly raw and powerful materialism.

But noble rather than absurd though such a spirit might be, its votaries yet too often became cranks and acquired an eccentricity which in no other epoch seems to have accompanied the power of architectural design. In men such as Webb one side of the architectural nature has gained predominance; we see them coming too near to the type of painter or poet in this enthusiasm and unworldliness.

Perhaps we might see the great interest in texture, which was the next phase of architecture, as in part an effort to redress this balance, and through technical rather than professional actualities to make architecture settle itself more definitely in the world of fact and everyday. We might then in turn see the gradual modern abandonment of texturist enthusiasm as a sign that, the agitation of the Romantic movement having subsided, architecture felt able to throw overboard her pebble-dash ballast.

§ 2

Certain at least it is that among the younger architects of the moment there is nothing 'arty and crafty,' and even in the most earnest, either a pose of professionalism or else of dilettantism is apt to prevail.

A is a case in point, though, with his special *culte* for Webb and Street and Victorian Gothic, you might at

first suppose otherwise. But his scholarly and pleasant pose has that element of consciousness in it, that, poor soul, marks him off for all eternity from the fierce-eyed enthusiasts of the frock-coated sixties whom he so greatly admires. In spite of himself, sophisticated A is spiritually kin to Horace Walpole, that shy, worldly person, who had his enthusiasms, but was far from wearing his heart and even his head on his sleeve, as was the frank habit of Mr. Ruskin, for example.

A is small – most of the younger architects seem to run tall – elegant, sensitive, very finely perceptive and rather easily grated upon, he writes poetry almost as well as he designs, and with his admirable brain and his cultivated style, could, if he chose and if he would drop certain whims (defensive in origin, no doubt), become the best architectural critic in England.

How different is he in this from young, leonine, bearded B, who, building like an angel, is in the architectural tradition of dumbness. B has often been begged by schools and learned societies to tell them something of the secrets of his art. Sometimes he will not come, sometimes he comes, confronts them miserably, says a few stuttering words and invites questions that he cannot answer. Unlike A in his lack of power of conscious exposition of his art, he is like him in being a little malicious. But while A's perversity is a thing of the finest shades and often goes undetected, B's is sometimes almost boisterous. Large, bulky and with an iron physique, he is reputed to run his considerable practice almost single-handed in two eight-hour shifts! Of social conscience B has none. He has but a perfunctory interest in his client's wishes

and small care for what a building may cost. His æsthetic conscience is exquisite. No care is too great, no rectification of error too troublesome, his taste is almost perfect, his sense of style consummate, and he has not an ounce of scholarship in his whole make-up.

How different is he from gentle C, in whom lingers still something of the authoritarian, because often, insensibly and in the goodness of his heart, he believes in the claims of infallibility made from time to time by the upholders of various dogmas.

So C, unlike quick intuitive B or learned A, asks himself often if a design is 'right,' will sometimes believe what a rather sniffy and pretentious critic tells him, and is kind and hopeful about other people's work. In his family, C is gentleness itself, wears a slightly puzzled air, has arranged a mild pretty scheme of house decoration, and loves to work in the large discursive garden which belongs to the nice country rectory in which he lives.

How surprising then is it to see C wrestling with the immense public building upon which he is now engaged. As females of many gentle species, such as deer or some birds, will nerve themselves to attack larger and fiercer beasts or even men, in defence of their young, so does C grow staunch where the integrity of his design is at stake. C will face the mayor and corporation in full session and, at heaven knows what expense of his sensitive spirit, he will almost domineer. In the cause of his building he will be filled with wrath and energy towards a negligent contractor – that is if he can first satisfy a scrupulous conscience that he is not himself to blame – and will work his assistants almost as

hard as he works himself if it is for the good of his beloved town hall.

In spite of this diffidence tempered by fierceness, C is not a humourless man, but in his designs at least can play very prettily. Socially he is most unenterprising and is afraid of women, whom he treats with unshakable politeness.

Play is D's forte. He is noted for a gay exuberance in his work and for a certain rather attractive extravagance in his looks and manner. His work has the same flashes of wit as his talk. He is that often engaging, sometimes exasperating creature, a natural humbug, but it does not do to disbelieve him too much because the speciousness hides a disinterested love of his art, much experience of building and of people, untiring energy and a delicate sense of style. Just as behind some rather fantastic or flamboyant feature in one of his buildings you will certainly find an admirably solid fabric and possibly some real inspiration of a practical kind, so behind the flourishes of D's character you will certainly find all the simple virtues, and you may find something so quite uncommonly charming that you will become his slave and herald.

D, nevertheless, like Soane and perhaps Wren and also C, has an impediment in his social speech, which attacks him at the stage when intimacy ought to begin. He has a very large acquaintance, however, and, like many architects, is in request as a dancing man. Women find him attractive, but also find there is no getting at him and he has thus acquired the reputation of having made love to a great many women only to leave them lamenting. This, as D once confessed in a moment of

unique candour, is, however, far from the case; he wishes it were. He now ardently desires to make love to a certain young woman, but having only been made love to, does not know how, nor can he apparently make any guess as to her feelings for him. If he ultimately marries her, he will, if she will allow him, probably become very domestic, though he will certainly keep his agreeable air of being an adventurer.

E is the son of his father, and is an honest man. He has taken to architecture as he might have taken to the leather business or brewing. He is dull and experienced, and yet sometimes through his self-assurance you seem to catch a faint air of depreciation or some hint as of a child dressed up to please an elder in a way he is too kind and affectionate to denounce as ridiculous. There is only a suspicion now and then of this; for the most part E has shouldered the burden and has ceased to wish that he had been allowed to look wise in some bank parlour, or to turn on the wardroom gramophone while the waves chased each other off Chile. E knows the old tradition, the old anecdotes, how his father's office was run, and has his own quiet unenterprising methods – what motive has he to improve them? How different is he from F, the 'Sir Politique Would-Bee' of architecture, who is so good at getting work, so poor at carrying it out, and yet lacks the logic and effrontery to use Mansart's methods. Does it increase or decrease his contemporaries' exasperation that he should be so respectable, should have so much social and so little æsthetic honesty and solidity. But the man is happy, running here and there, full of wonderful tales and of infallible dodges, adroit

and credulous – and for ever incapable of seeing the difference between beauty and ugliness because this subject is the single one that does not interest him.

Who are the others who make up that least corporate entity, architectural society in London? There is smart, political Mr. G, studious and sophisticated Mr. H, nervous Mr. I, who designs so well, but is not sure of words like 'brown' and 'hound.' There is ponderous, eminent, old-established H. H who designs so badly and dines so well. There are, too, certain official architects who seem Bohemian dogs, no doubt, in the department, but to outsiders a little tame and stiff. Then there are the brisk dapper young men with round, sleek heads, who know all the professional gossip, and the rather opaque young men who will never be anything but assistants, and the flimsy young men who will drift on to other professions or to the City or back to the cultured ease whence they came. There are a few women too, most of them as yet too young and struggling to have differentiated themselves into individuals except in the matter of having made this one rather adventurous decision.

§ 3

Now at the last, when we have considered more than a score of architects, it seems hard to believe that any common quality of temperament unites, say, Vanbrugh, Street, and our modern B.

And yet, if we do not pull out individuals too much, it does seem as if some sort of a dim picture has formed itself in the minds, at any rate, of the writers.

To take a negative quality first, there seems hardly

any Bohemian vagabond element. Take the common test of appearance and clothes, for instance; these men all leave an impression, now of elegance, now of seemly neatness. They seem to lack to-day the big black hat of the Quartier Latin and in the eighteenth century the night-cap and distraught habiliments of the poet. Indeed, we are left with an impression of such vanities as brocaded coats or white spats, and of a general worldliness and even fashionableness, which only in the middle of the Victorian epoch sagged definitely into unaspiring respectability.

If the element of picturesque raggedness is missing, so is apparently the conventional thriftlessness and adventurousness of the artist. Soane and the Brothers Adam and Bernini all made money, and Soane did his grand tour in nankeen breeches, silk stockings, and a flowered dimity waistcoat, while though one or two of Louis XIV's architect students contrived to get captured by pirates on their way to Rome, the profession has not for the most part been notable for picturesque adventure. Nor have they been, nor are they now, eccentric or generally ranked as mystics or as highly emotional.

One curious practical fact we have already suggested, nor could it in any case have failed to strike the reader, which is that so many architects have taken to their profession late in life or at least after making a name in some other way.

Perrault, the physician; Wren, the inventor; and Vanbrugh, the dramatist, are striking cases, and several other men who ultimately became famous, either took to architecture late or had little or no training either

in the æsthetic or the practical side of their work, but expressed themselves in stone as though by instinct. In the case of Wren, and perhaps in one or two modern instances, it is possible that this may be accounted for along the lines we have already suggested. Suppose that an extremely powerful yet practical personality, engaged perhaps upon science fails to find an outlet for the sensibilities unemployed in the exactitudes (say) of astronomy or electrical engineering, in the ordinary course of friendship and love. The vivid desire for expression thus created might well find this difficult yet supremely satisfying outlet, particularly if architecture, as in Wren's time, was an evident and applauded art.

Perhaps we can explain the seventeenth- and eighteenth-century cases of successful amateur architecture on the more general ground that the qualities for which that age is celebrated are those most necessary in architecture. It is, of course, obviously an exaggeration to say that almost any man of parts during those hundred and forty years could have been an architect if he had chosen, yet the notion may perhaps help us in focusing the architectural character. We have said that architects seem each in his epoch more worldly than painters or poets. We might go on to say that they were also necessarily more orderly, realistic, sane and practical. Nearly all our twenty were besides very much absorbed in their work, modest and remarkably hardworking.

As to race, our instances, which were taken at random and as occasion served, show nothing. There have been great architects of every Arian nation, with, we should

imagine, one exception, for it would be surprising to find a great architect who was either purely Irish, Welsh, Breton or Highland by race, the genius of that scattered nation for war, music and poetry seeming temperamentally opposed to this laborious art.

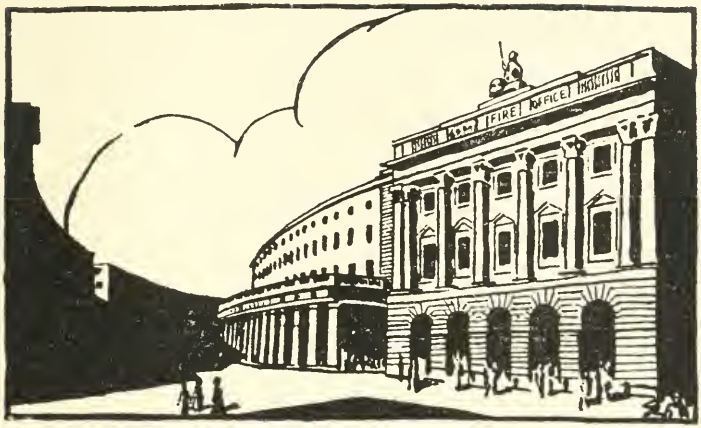
The architect then is, at his best, not a man of science or a man of business, nor is he a compound of these two elements, for these make between them a type more like that of the engineer. He will, however, have something in him of these elements, and often seems to have besides some of the qualities of the yet more pronounced type of man of action such as the soldier.

On the artistic side, he seems to tend to activity again, being as a rule efficiently or hurriedly creative, rather than scholarly or reflective, or if he be a scholar, then his scholarship will often seem to need some other outlet than his immediate profession, and he may – like Sir Reginald Blomfield – take to literature, and especially history, as a secondary or even as a primary mode of expression.

The capacity for hard work seems a typical characteristic of architects, and it is, we may perhaps conjecture, a corollary of many fine designers' feeling about the vainness of discussion. For it is in men whose work is deeply instinctive and in whom it fills almost the whole personality that we should expect to find this sort of inexhaustible spring of vitality. Those whose work has the great reservoir of the subconscious energy upon which to draw will be the men to whom the general subject of their art seems so self-evident and obvious that discussion of its first principles appears either puzzling or contemptible.

It was a very instinctive as well as a very great architect who made the complaint about 'all this talk making the ears stick out till they made blinkers for the eyes' which we quoted in a previous chapter. Dumbness might then seem secondary. That is, we might assume not so much that passionate but inarticulate men take to architecture as that a man would be so absorbed and so fulfilled throughout his entire nature because he was an architect as – like good dog Tray of happy fame – to 'have no time to say Bow-wow.' Probably in reality dumbness – if indeed it does go with architecture – has in its time been both cause and effect.

In either case, if we see an architect as a man fulfilled, we may be able partly to account for the apparent absence in the profession of lyricism and mysticism. There never was an architect like Blake or like Coleridge. Yet of a different sort of 'inspiration' there is plenty of evidence. Nothing but 'inspiration' will account for the 'five small designs on paper' from whose merely reminding evidence Bernini could certainly have carried out his grand design, or for the sustained grasp of huge and complex problems which enabled men like Michael Angelo, Wren or Inigo Jones so commonly to build without anything that could be called a detailed plan. But much less allowance is made for the delayed or fitful visitations of the creative impulse than in other arts.



Regent Street, as it was.

CHAPTER 8.

WE HAVE SEEN HOW ARCHITECTS AND ARCHITECTURE have been treated by history. If we consider the current practice of pedagogy we shall find even less attention paid to this art. Except as a subject which comes into lessons on topography and archæology, we might almost say that architecture plays no part in the education of children in England except in as far as it gives them an environment. In this capacity in the section of education for which the State is responsible, the part of architecture has in the past been that of the villain. The best elementary schoolmasters and mistresses have just begun to realize that the hideous and ridiculous buildings set in black asphalt playgrounds in which they are expected to instruct and humanize the youth of the country, work very much against their efforts. How, they complain,

are we to teach effectively all the subjects in the curriculum, such as hand-work, nature-study, painting, acting, poetry and so on, which have as their primary object the training of the mind and eye to beauty, when every inch of the building in which we teach, every stick of furniture you give us to use, loudly proclaims the State's belief that the whole business is flummery? Elementary school buildings in England are now, for the most part, pretty hygienic to the body, but to the mind they are actively unwholesome, loudly contradicting as they do the teachers' precept that beauty is of some account in the world. The influence of Mme. Montessori with its insistence upon the advantages even for quite small children of a human environment has done a good deal to give the subject prominence. But in public schools such as Eton, Winchester and now Stowe, the case is different. Here the staffs rightly always regard the beauty of the buildings in which their schools are housed as definitely contributing a humanizing influence. Certainly the presence of this beauty weighs a good deal with a certain type of parent, being duly separated by them from such things as the dignity of the school tradition and valued for itself. Most of us can point to boys from one of the many beautifully housed public schools in whose lives that beauty has played an appreciable part. At the universities, too, architectural beauty is greatly desired, and where it exists is much insisted upon as an 'influence.'

But unfortunately to have been nurtured in beautiful surroundings does not necessarily imply a subsequent sensitiveness to beauty. We doubt even (most

unwillingly) whether a favourable early environment can do more than predispose a young person ever so slightly towards an appreciation of the arts. Obviously it gives opportunity to the natural artist, but it does not seem at all clear that it tames or tempers the natural philistine. If it were otherwise, Eton and Winchester, Oxford and Cambridge, would be seething with nascent and potential architects, poets, painters, sculptors, and musicians, rather than with young stockbrokers, civil servants and warriors.

The good offices of a third party who could explain sympathetically the points and beauties of one good building might make all the difference in the average person's subsequent attitude towards architecture, and perhaps towards the other arts as well. Until they know what to look for, most people can only see what they are shown; and if no formal *rapprochement* is effected at some opportune time between such people and some good building, they may for ever regard the art of architecture as something quite outside their consideration and, in the absence of 'an introduction,' better ignored and let alone.

But there are a great many claimants for a place upon the time-tables of public schools. Every art demands a place, and not only every art but every science deserves one. It will therefore be of no use to claim that architecture ought to be taught in schools merely in order that the next generation should appreciate good building. The same sort of claim may be made with perfect truth for music, painting, and the art of the theatre, and yet it is clear that every subject in the encyclopædia cannot be taught. Therefore it is fair to demand that

any subject that is taught must fulfil certain conditions of convenience, and be, moreover, something more than an end in itself. To begin with, it must be a subject in which the learners can be easily interested. Then in the case of an art it must either be executively easy and convenient, or else it must be one in which examples are either ready at hand or can be agreeably searched for. It must further be a subject which will be illuminating and in the broadest sense humane. That is to say, its history must work in with and help the panorama of the ordinary political history, and if it can help also to define and make actual foreign places and habits, so much the better. But this usefulness is not enough. These are conditions which are fulfilled by a study of glass-blowing, costume, or of furniture. To be worth a place in a general curriculum an art must be also a fine art. It must, that is, like music or poetry, ultimately suggest the existence of an aloof and abstract perfection.

To the boy or girl with natural taste it obviously does not so very much matter which art you teach in school, for one art to the naturally initiate is the gateway to all the others. But to the learner who has the power of going direct to the stream of life, and whose thirst for the distilled waters of the arts is not therefore in the least pressing, it matters very much indeed. In the first place, he must probably at first be interested in the art by the help of some outside agency, an already existing taste perhaps. In the second place, as he will probably not pass on beyond what he has been taught to enjoy, an art must be chosen that will, so to say, be 'useful' to him in later life, one which he can enjoy

from China to Peru, or one which will come into, and illuminate and refine, his practical interests. The art to be taught must provide, in the expressive phrase, 'a nice hobby' for the student. The art of architecture seems to us second only to the literary arts in ultimate 'usefulness' and to exceed them in ease of approach.

Consider the first steps of the teaching of architecture. Armed with his magic-lantern or his sets of 'views' to be handed round, the teacher could approach the subject of architecture from the point of view of construction and show, say, the successive struggles and failures which attended attempts to roof in a space wider than could be spanned by the trunk of a tall tree, and the solutions offered by timber roofs or by various types of vaults, arches, and domes. Or again, he could illustrate the difficulty experienced right up to the eighteenth century of getting bridges to stand if the river to be spanned was wide or had a fast current. From these facts the learner would be imperceptibly led to a consideration of the effects which such problems had had upon design – the art which now used, now flouted, the facts of construction in obtaining its effects. So by the type of interest which the active young of this country most properly give to the cylinders of cars, the problems of transmission, and the insides of men-of-war, they could perhaps be led to so alien a state as that of fellow-feeling with artists such as Brunelleschi and Michael Angelo.

Alternatively, the teacher could use the interest which makes well-taught history an attractive subject to most children, the love of pomp, scale, glory and drama. Architectural history is very amusing. There are, for

instance, the grandiose and dramatic stories of St. Peter's and Versailles, sardonic tales of the *singeries* of Frederick the Great and of pompous monuments that were never erected, of quarrels, of collapses and vehement periwigged disputes, and stories like that of the moving of the Obelisk that stood before St. Peter's. There are grimmer legends, too, of Pharaohs and Emperors and their toiling slaves, of pride and pestilence, or of lovely dead cities where palace and temple rose tier above tier white up some hill-side above the sea. Or there are amusing stories of the architectural sallies of the Regent, a man who can never be understood by those who know him only by reason of his stays and his trollops. To comprehend him you must fall under the spell of the fascinating and ridiculous romanticism of the Pavilion at Brighton and connect him and his interests with the amplitude and smiling sanity of the Regent's Park and the noble terrace on the Mall.

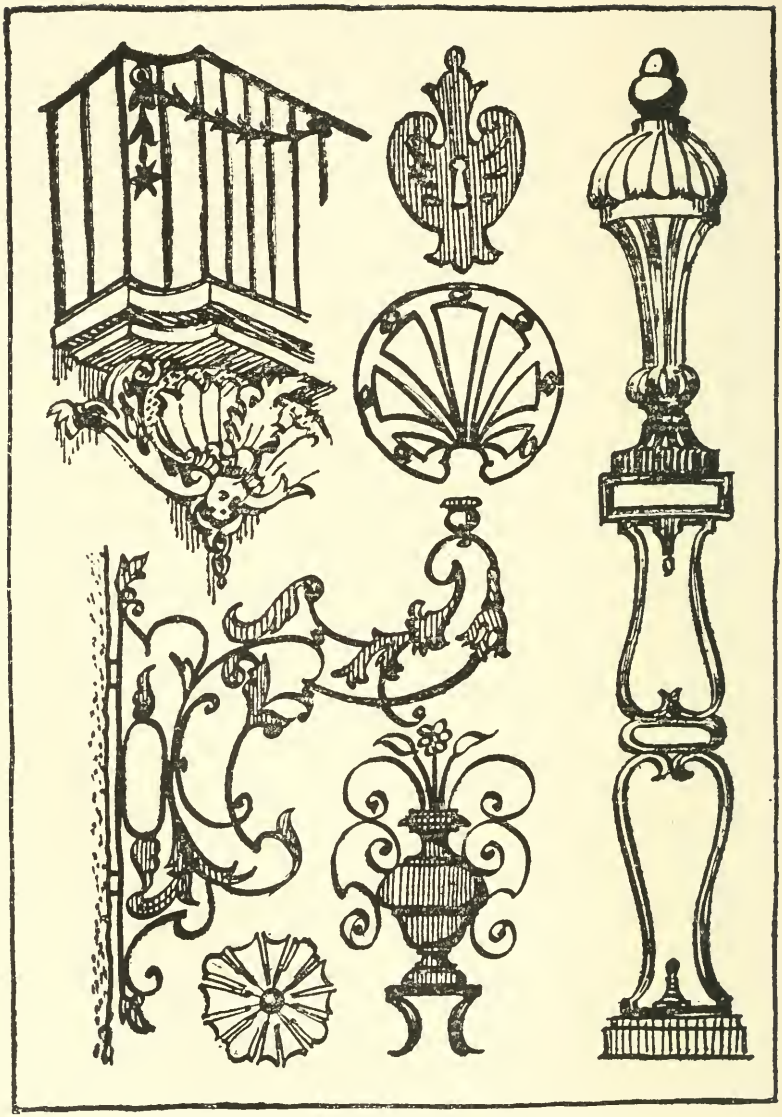
From history or even anecdote as from construction it is but one step to design, for these tales are all without meaning unless the learner grasps something of the alternative merits of the façades of the two rival architects, or the change of taste which made some king desire a new palace.

The way in which this dovetailing of the constructional or historical preliminaries with pure æsthetic could be done, can be seen at once in almost any of the anecdotes which we cited in the course of the last chapter.

After a little preliminary teaching, 'field work' could be begun and the collecting instinct utilized, particularly in the case of pupils who had cameras. To the

layman some modification of the system instituted (among other schools) at Oundle by the late Mr. Sanderson would seem the appropriate method. Here, for instance, one student would have the formation of an album as the goal of his term's or possibly his year's work. Another would compile a chart; another express himself in an essay. In any case, the subject matter of the collection would be some appropriate aspect of the course. A dozen ways in which these charts, albums or 'original research' essays could be compiled will occur at once to the teacher – buildings could be classed chronologically, and during the term or the year the school could visit a public building or a house of each period, beginning with the earliest available in the neighbourhood and ending with a new one by some reputable architect. Or the history of one particular style could be followed as it was adapted to various uses, domestic, ecclesiastical or civic. One student, who was an expert photographer or a fair draftsman, might, for instance, specialize in the evolution of a particular detail, perhaps domestic or ecclesiastical fenestration; he would show how such things as the introduction of glass, foreign travel, and the influence of French, Dutch and Italian Renaissance styles modified taste in this particular feature. The boy who had chosen or had been appointed to express himself in a chart, might have some such subject as the employment of a particular type of building material, and would show how it, or some new factor in construction influenced taste.

Another could, rather in the manner of Mr. and Mrs. Quennell's admirable *History of Everyday Things*, set



'COLLECTING' IRONWORK—*page from a notebook.*

out how changes in fashion and the fabric of society modified domestic planning, the effect of the Renaissance upon building in this country or that, or the influence of wars upon style through the influence of travel (Crusades) or by reason of limitation in the use of material (Napoleon's Berlin Decree). Architectural adjuncts such as ironwork would be another pleasant study.

A dozen better suggestions for these charts and the proper grading of them to include the work of young boys and girls right up to a stage where almost the standard of a 'thesis' is expected (as at Oundle and in some other modern schools) will easily occur to the practised teacher. There would, in fact, be little practical difficulty in carrying out such a programme with the sightseeing and other 'field work' which it involves. In fact, rather similar work does now form a part of the curricula of many schools. This is testified to in many a delightful parish survey or piece of local historical research undertaken by some school. Already, indeed, a certain amount of architecture is included in such courses. But so far the authors have discovered few instances where the architecture was studied for itself and as an art and not simply as providing archæological evidence. Architecturally, the consequence of the archæological outlook so general in England and so constantly manifested in this sort of school work, is often grave distortion. When you begin to look upon a building except æsthetically as a thing-in-itself – and practically and historically as the solution of a problem of construction and commodity – age and singularity soon begin to rank too high.

How often does the local expert, showing off the castle, regret the pulling down of some arch or piece of masonry which dated from the eleventh century, and fail to find any consolation in the fine Tudor or Georgian work which replaced it. Or he will point out with glowing pride some trifling carving on the font of the parish church, and praise it, not because it is beautiful but because it is Norman. He will not have a word to say of the highly coloured beruffed lady in her gay Renaissance niche, and only dark looks for the naval battle in low relief that runs round the pedestal of the Flaxman urn in the corner by the hymn board.

We have largely in this country outgrown the false pride of Norman blood. When shall we outgrow the snobbery of Norman arches? Just as 'a good horse is a good colour,' so any period which produces a good building is a good period.

Dispassionately viewed, Norman carving is often very clumsy, and is far surpassed by work in the same manner done three or four hundred years later. This is not a plea for the wanton destruction of Norman carving; obviously it must be preserved and cherished, both as a relic and as a piece of historical evidence. But let us keep it as a mother might the first copy-books of her son, which, though she would not destroy for the world, she yet does not seriously prefer to her copy of his subsequent admirable book of essays.

In the end we shall not, of course, get the real message of architecture, or of any other art, unless we come to it with our hands clean. It can be illustrated by history and anecdote, and it can illuminate distant periods and

places, but it must be sought for itself. The belief that you can subordinate architecture to the minutiæ of archæology is our old friend the dilemma of the improving novel, the elevating poem and the problem picture. The arts will not be bound down so. They have each their firm roots in the solid ground of their own technicalities, but they are not mango trees which can stretch out branches that will strike in some far-off field of ethics, science or research.

The attempt to teach architecture for itself has, of course, been made in more than one school. Lancing is a case in point, where Mr. Roxburgh, now Headmaster of Stowe, for some time successfully taught his sixth form to care for Gothic architecture. To try to teach boys and girls of public-school age to enjoy architecture must surely be a hopeful and useful task. It is to begin with here so particularly easy to demonstrate the relation of life and one of the fine arts. You have for one thing only got to argue the desirability of good building, not of building. In the case of the other arts this first necessity is not so evident.

Then in the case of architecture it is easy to show the connexion between root and flower. Practical considerations such as the loads borne by different sorts of building stone, the use of king posts in timber roofs, the abutments of bridges or the centring of arches, can be shown as inextricably linked with and conditioning an art which is finally as abstract and emotional as lyrical poetry.

The value of architectural enjoyment once it is learnt seems to us to be based upon two sets of considerations, practical and psychological. From the practical point

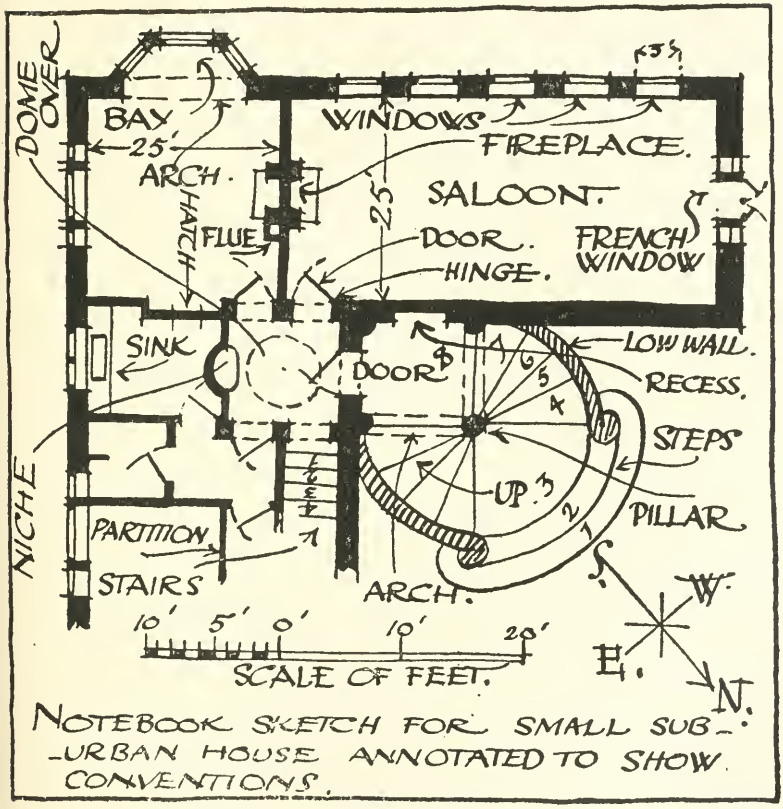
of view we may think of it as an art with which three-quarters of the English race who live or work in towns are bound to come into everyday contact. An understanding of its principles makes the dullest town come alive, and indeed to the townsman the architectural sense fills very much the place of a countryman's knowledge of natural history and of agriculture. The countryman who knows nothing of either will soon become a clod who reacts only to beer, while the townsman who knows nothing of architecture, once tired of watching the crowd, may soon find himself reacting to nothing more exquisite or exact than the posters of the successive editions of the evening paper. For both townsman and countryman the pleasures of travel – not necessarily foreign travel – will be very much increased by some knowledge of architecture.

Psychologically we may see the art as one demonstrating discipline, synthesis, dignity and the subordination of parts to the whole. Its appreciation will encourage a sense of realism and discourage sentimentality, without freezing the fancy or nipping playful impulses. Its enjoyment is inseparable from a realization of the pleasures and merits of craftsmanship, which, however, it will encourage the student to see as means not ends. As the art is now an active one, the amateur's interest will be able to develop, or at least to move, with the living practice of the art.

Architecture is inferior only to literature in convenience and in the fact that it is not an art which can be satisfactorily practised by the amateur.

The sociologist cannot but approve the study of architecture, as in England most of our social evils are

either the cause or the effect of bad building, and, the age of palaces having passed, architectural embellishment seems now bound up with ideals of civic improvement and efficiency.



NOTEBOOK SKETCH FOR SMALL SUB-URBAN HOUSE ANNOTATED TO SHOW CONVENTIONS.

Adapted from the French.

CHAPTER 9.

'Dans tout cela, l'architecte doit tout d'abord se rendre exactement compte de ce que sera le contenu pour en déduire le contenant.'

GAUDET.

Upon the Duke of Marlborough's House at Woodstock.

'See, Sir, here's the grand approach,
This way is for his Grace's coach.
There lies the bridge, and there the clock,
Observe the Lion and the Cock,
The spacious court, the colonnade,
And mark how wide the hall is made.
The chimneys are so well designed,
They never smoke in any wind.
This gallery's contrived for walking,
The windows to retire and talk in.

The council chamber's for debate.
And all the rest are rooms of State.
"Thanks, Sir," I cried, " 'tis very fine,
But where d'ye sleep and where d'ye dine?
I find by all you have been telling
That 'tis a house but not a dwelling!" '

ALEXANDER POPE.

§ 1

NOW THAT WE HAVE REACHED THE LAST PART OF the book it is time that we left theory and came to actual buildings, both to a criticism of the merits of actual examples and to some account of building practice and of the processes, so far as patron and designer are concerned, of edification. In this chapter we propose to consider the art from the point of view so much despised by Blondel, that of the mortar and the trowel, and to discuss in particular the building of houses.

Our reason for considering domestic architecture in greater detail is the obvious one that domestic building is familiar to all of us. The building of a house will serve conveniently for practical illustrations of some of the general notions which we have suggested. For example, we believe that architecture should be a thing growing closely out of the tastes, desires, and practical needs of the designer and the user. In a house these considerations are easily demonstrated, and the reader will see at once how individual preferences and practical needs legitimately affect building and how the building itself must modify in turn the uses to which it is put. Though practical needs have to be met whatever is to be built, and though just such problems come

up in the case of a church, school, shop or factory, the reader will yet be at an advantage if he considers an architect at work upon a dwelling-house rather than upon any of these. Here only (with a guide who believes in organic architecture) he can be spared dissertations upon the requirements of the grocery trade or the methods of manufacturing ink, for in the case of a house he will know beforehand what the architect is about.

Though the problems which are involved in house-building are age-old, they have yet never been perfectly solved, though in modern English domestic building the standard both of convenience and beauty is comparatively high, higher possibly than in any other country, even including America. Man is a complex animal, his family unstable and his purse often limited, so that in contriving even a small house there are enough factors to render the making of a set of plans and elevations a work of a good deal of ingenuity. To most architects who have a sense of craftsmanship there is something attractive in the challenge of building a house. This feeling is not, however, universal. A certain well-known American so dislikes the restrictions that the constant utility of a house imposes upon design, that he will have nothing to do with any habitation great or small. 'Unless,' he qualified, 'unless it is quite clear that it is the husband and not the wife who will have the ordering of the job.' Artists must obviously be allowed their whims, but this seems rather a shocking confession. We fear that this architect is influenced by the belief that his man client will not only be less tiresome, but also less expert about the fitting up of a house, and that he is impatient of the

organic problems presented by this branch of his craft.

Most architects are agreed that the people who come to them for medium-sized houses have, in the main, very sensible aims. They generally want to be housed with as much beauty as possible, but are indifferent to display. They want sun and fresh air, as much space as they can get, ready access to their garden and, often above all, they want a house which will produce the minimum of friction in the running. Books such as *The English Gentleman's House* by Kerr (the professor who so greatly deprecated Ruskin's architectural lyricism) and what can be read or inferred of eighteenth-century practice, would seem to show the general acceptance of such ideals as something of an advance. There is no longer, as in Kerr, talk, open or implied, of the necessity of 'keeping up appearances,' nor of any particular size or manner of house being 'suitable' to any particular position in life, so that in house-building at least, some of the worst absurdities of a *bourgeois* society seem to be fading. And if people are not always as solicitous of their servants' comfort as they might be, even here things have improved. Perhaps the high standard which architects usually report of their clients may be really the result of selection, perhaps it is the people who are too nice as to the house they live in to put up with a ready-made 'desirable residence' who come to architects.

As we look back at the history of architecture we may perhaps see these moderate desires as having a certain importance, as straws showing perhaps something like a return to what, to adopt the phraseology of a hundred years ago, might seem like 'Gothic' or 'Grecian' ideals.

In such cities as Athens and the towns of the Middle Ages, the individual houses were architecturally insignificant, and most of the money which the community could spare for stone and marble was spent on magnificent public and communal buildings – theatres and temples, or cathedrals and monasteries, as the case might be. In the Renaissance, especially in England and France, the individual house became gradually more considerable, and in it the Vitruvian architect found expression for such large ideals as speak in the colonnade, the rotunda or the vista. Now once more a society seems growing up in which it is in public and communal buildings exclusively that such architectural notions are fulfilled. Stowe has become a school, Moor Park a club, and the great new buildings which adorn our cities are all places of civic administration, theatres, cinemas, blocks of offices, or places of education.

But between the old and the new we shall find this difference, the modern house has become, by its smallness, only the more complex. Not an inch of space must be wasted, not a foot must be lighted and warmed and furnished and cleaned, for which the owner does not get full vlaue.

§ 2

When architect and client set about the business of building a house one of the most immediate difficulties is to eliminate the almost unlimited possibilities. The castle in air has to be something that will really answer to the client's proposed mode of life, that will sit comfortably and pleasantly on its site (which we will

assume has already been chosen, if possible with the architect's advice), and it must be at the same time within the householder's means.

To the vague and fancy-free client it is the custom of a certain architect to offer a printed questionnaire in order that there may be definite working instructions:

1. What sum is to be spent?
2. What must this sum include? Have I to reckon for approaches, terraces, gardens, etc., in addition to water supply, drainage, outbuildings and so forth?
3. What is the amount of accommodation desired?
4. What, at a pinch, the minimum that could be done with?
5. Pending my own recommendations, have you any strong feelings regarding the general style of house or the materials for walls or roof, the number of floors or the type of window?
6. How many servants do you propose to keep?
7. Do you intend it to be an all-the-year-round house?
8. Have you any particular and peculiar demands as to accommodation? For instance, do you need a studio or an 'outdoor room,' or a ground-floor bedroom for an invalid?
9. If so, am I to build with an eye to your individual tastes only – or chiefly – or may I modify what would be the ideal plan for you, with a view to making the house convenient to the orthodox general public, and therefore more saleable should you wish to move?

In short, do you regard your proposed house as your permanent home where the satisfaction of your individual desires is of chief importance, or rather as an investment that can be readily realized?

10. Should I keep in mind the possibility of subsequent enlargement by addition when planning, or is there no likelihood of your ever requiring more room through an increase in family or fortune?

When the questionnaire has been answered and the architect has got to know his client a little – much in the way that a portrait painter gets to know his sitter – there still remain equally important factors to consider. The nature of the site, its configuration, surroundings, aspect and prospects will all profoundly affect the designer's proposals. The final plans, or rather the house itself, will then be the logical and almost inevitable result of a great number of contributing and converging causes – topographical, climatic, geological, and historical as regards the site, and numerical and psychological as regards the client.

When the architect has collected his data, it is his task to synthesize all these 'causes' and to guide them as skilfully as he can towards a logical and harmonious 'effect' which shall satisfy as many of the given conditions as is possible. Of course, the architect has predilections – probably very strong ones – he will approach all his problems in an individual and characteristic fashion according to his genius, as modified by his training and experience.

His first mental process, like that of the client, will probably be to eliminate incompatibilities; he must seize on the essentials of the case and try to co-ordinate and reconcile what seem to be the basic desiderata into a practicable, reasonable and articulate whole. Whilst he is planning the disposition of the various rooms, he sees them furnished, equipped, occupied, and in use

for their allotted purposes. He visualizes the comings and goings, the sitting here, the reclining there, the putting away and getting out, the lying down and rising up; indeed, the whole life of the house in all its departments both by day and night, in sickness and in health. And while he thus schemes and contrives he has all the time clearly in his mind's eye the floor above and the floor below, the setting out of the roof and the broad outlines of the four elevations. He works always in the round, visualizing the house from all angles both within and without, and playing chess with his rooms, their doors, windows, fire-places, and radiators, and indeed with their imagined furniture (especially the beds), until he has arrived at something that seems to offer a workable and balanced solution of the complex problem. Having got thus far in his head or on the back of an old envelope, the architect then begins to try things out – quite roughly and tentatively (but to scale) on paper – and probably finds that a good many of his first imaginings will have to be scrapped. Sometimes, of course, the right thing to do seems obvious at once, but more often the scheme finally adopted is the product of much weighing of pros and cons, much recasting of this and modifying of that until architect and householder seem to have arrived at a happy compromise giving what is most desired without undue sacrifice of what is needed practically.

Let us instance a few everyday dilemmas. The living-rooms should obviously face the sun, but the view lies the other way. Which is the more important? A certain air of spaciousness is almost an essential to 'the good life,' but a client cannot afford either to build

unnecessarily or to carpet, furnish, clean, warm and light more than a certain space when it has been built. In building any kind of house but the most luxurious, the whole business is, of course, a sort of running battle between utility and elegance, comfort and cost.

An architect, if he is to plan successfully, must receive almost as many intimate confidences as the family physician and the family lawyer together, and a good deal of his time must often be spent in very tactfully instructing his clients in the possibilities and limitations of building construction, the elements of architecture, and too often indeed in housekeeping, service, equipment, and the likes and habits of servants. Sometimes, too, the architect finds it difficult to make clients grasp the alternatives from which they must choose. Some people seem incapable of understanding a plan even if it is carefully explained to them, and when a client at last realizes what his decision meant it is sometimes too late to change. However, this inability to foresee does not always work badly. For it is often for the happiness of all concerned if the architect is as firm as a doctor and, like him, takes charge. After all he, too, has been hired for his expert advice, and to know best is his business.

It was thought a great drollery that Mr. Andrew Carnegie should have at Skibo Castle a portrait with the inscription 'Our architect yet our friend,' but it is not clients only who sometimes feel the relationship a strain. But if inclined to complain of the ingratitude of house-building clients, architects should try to remember that the prospective householder with limited money, so naturally, so inevitably sees his architect as

Fate incarnate – the man who prevented him from eating his cake and having it too. But there are stiff-necked architects who sometimes override their clients' wishes and build, not what the client said he wanted, but a design that the architect wanted to see carried out. Nor does this always work out badly. Sometimes a certain amount of domineering is right. Even if the client has been sure of his mind, he may have been wrong, for the architect has an abstract duty to architecture besides his duty to his client. It will always indeed remain a debatable question how much right an architect has to plead a client's wishes in extenuation of a bad building, or a beautiful building in extenuation of a ruined client. In some architects the æsthetic and in some the social conscience prevails.

Sometimes there is, of course, complete incompatibility of temper between architect and client, and then it is probably for the happiness of all concerned if they separate. Occasionally the author has, in the most friendly fashion, resigned. Once he carried on and did architecturally abominable things because the client was an old friend, and because he promised never to admit the author's help. The architect was here governed by the thought that if the client and the contractor were left to themselves they would have achieved still greater atrocities. Sometimes the author has gone on and done as he was desired and found, in the end, that the client was right and he was wrong.

But to return to the house. We shall desire a cool kitchen looking north, though, on the other hand, if our house is a modest one without a servants' hall or sitting-room, it is inhuman to deny our 'general' a

glimpse of the sun the whole day through. Solution – kitchen with main north light, but 'relief' lights to the east and west. Obviously a cook, like every other artist, should have a good side-light on her work, preferably, of course, left-handed. Too often cooks are condemned to work at the range right in their own shadow.

The hot-water cylinder should be placed where its radiated heat is welcome, for some such purpose as linen airing, stick drying, or the like, instead of being allowed to add its unwanted heat to an already overwarm kitchen, or to dissipate it wastefully in an unfrequented passage. An eastern aspect and morning sun for a bathroom are pleasant, yet it must be near the source of the hot-water supply, which is generally the kitchen; at the same time pipes down important elevations or baths over best rooms are to be avoided. Lavatories must be convenient for access, yet must not obtrude their presence; stairs must be easy, but not wasteful of space or material. And so on and so forth.

Perhaps we can best illustrate the way in which a plan is thought out and fought out, until it takes on a sufficiently practicable and acceptable shape to be actually built from, by taking a concrete instance more or less at random.

Before giving the solution (a purely individual and disputable one, by the way), let us state the problem.

The site selected was a gently sloping piece of meadowland bordered by a lane at the foot of bare downs, but itself clothed to some extent by the great elms fringing the park of a Georgian mansion from the gardens of which any building thereon will be visible.

The accommodation desired was that of a small country house of about 'parsonage' status which, though the place is primarily intended for week-end and holiday residence, must yet be adequate for the permanent needs of an educated family, moderate in numbers and in fortune.

Other desiderata were that the house was to be as small and compact as could possibly afford the needed accommodation, not only from the point of view of economy in building and the rather cramping limitations of the site (position of fine old trees, lane and pond and the fall of the ground), but also from the point of view of economy and ease in the matter of service and subsequent upkeep generally. A car was to be kept that would sometimes arrive late at night and leave again early, and sometimes a chauffeur or man-servant would need a bed.

The site being small, it would clearly have been a waste of ground as well as of money to construct a drive, when a quiet lane that soon loses itself in the downs provided an adequate and ready-made approach. It seemed clearly wise, therefore, to take the house to the road rather than the road to the house, especially as this placed it at a slight elevation, facilitating the drainage and at the same time giving it an improved prospect. Also more garden space was thus left on the farther (south) side and the house was well away from the shadow of the trees that edge the park and that it would have been a calamity to have to fell as they formed a perfect frame and foreground to the distant view of the smoothly rolling downs. Again, being within sight of the great house and its aloof formality,

it was quite as important not to compete as not to clash with it – for the architectural well-being of both buildings. So the architect decided to build somewhat in the spirit of the eighteenth-century romanticists and, by giving the symmetrically planned little house an air of conscious and sophisticated rusticity such as the builders of the mansion would have certainly felt was proper in a small dependence, to give point to the pastoral beauties of the scene, and at the same time to emphasize by contrast the ordered dignity of its distinguished neighbour.

Yet it seemed well to catch some slight reflection of the classic elegances across the park – hence the little Doric columns that support the homely semi-circular bow and enclose the dining loggia.

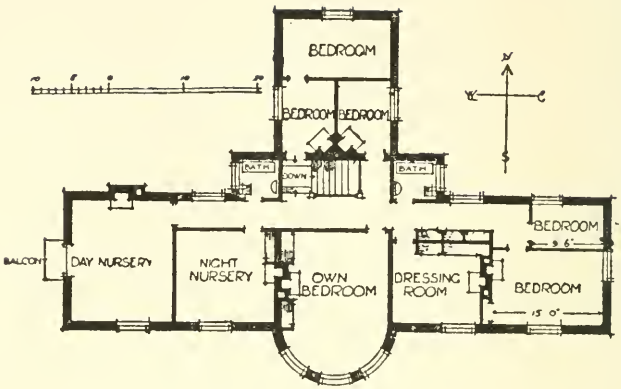
And all this whilst still remembering that sheer up from the lane ran the open windy downs, heading away to the horizon without a hedge or tree to break their clean austerity. That seemed to demand some answering simplicity and 'cleanness' in the building – and this must yet be reconciled with the echoed urbanity of the great house so judiciously set about with protecting groves and alleys, so discreetly approached by its lime avenue and across its grille-protected forecourt.

There are endless plans that would in some sort fulfil these conflicting conditions, and one can do no more than adopt the best that chances to occur to one. Happily most houses have a front and a back – or, as it would be better to say, an approach side and a garden side – and one can here, as it were, give a quasi-classical wink towards the garden whilst preserving an

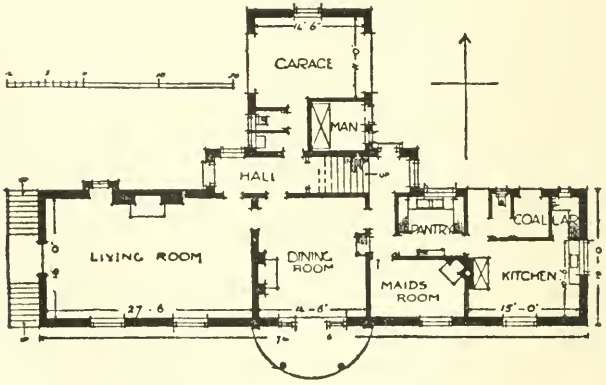
unstudied plainness of manner towards the downs that could not possibly offend them or put the most clownish shepherd out of countenance.

For though much high-sounding nonsense is undoubtedly talked and written about the aura of places and the influences of environment, yet to build with any real success it does seem necessary to take account of such matters often to the verge of the fantastic, even if it be merely to determine in what particular fashion you will flout or startle the said environment. For, as we suggested in a former chapter, it sometimes happens that a slight shock is just what a 'composition' needs – whether in town or country – something that is a little unexpected, a little out of scale or exotic or even harsh. It is possible to have too much of sweetness and suavity, of perfect propriety and conformity, and we then long for something a little rugged or astringent to give a tang to a place and bring out its flavour. But the bitter essence must be added by a skilful hand – it takes a Keats to make magic with his so carefully imperfect rhymes – and it is doubtful whether any English town could stand any more discords than have already been introduced – not through a sophisticated reaction from simple melody but from a brute insensitiveness to poetry of any kind and a general indifference to the architectural and civic decencies.

But to return to the house we are dissecting. It is on the garden side, symmetrical in exterior plan but without interior sacrifice, for the regularity of the garden side gives way to a more or less go-as-you-please arrangement of doors and windows towards the road, though a loose control has been exercised (*see* page



FIRST · FLOOR PLAN



GROUND · FLOOR · PLAN

266). It is significant, by the way, that the modern importance attaching to the garden and our present indifference towards display and what the passer-by may think, have, as it were, turned our houses face about, so that instead of seeking to impress the approaching visitor we study rather to compose a picture for our own delight as framed by the trees, terraces, lawns and borders that now rightly receive as much of our care as the house itself.

The materials of the house are common bricks for the walls, colourwashed a soft pink, old bricks from a derelict outhouse are used for the chimneys, and rye straw for the thatched roof. The garage is a little unusual in that it has revolving shutters at both ends, so that the car that drives in by the west approach in the evening is driven straight out through the opposite door next morning without any of the usual manœuvring and turning. Being incorporated into the body of the house, the garage can be entered direct therefrom through the cloak-room, this arrangement also turning it into a kind of part-time *porte-cochère*, a feature not usually associated with little houses of such modest pretensions.

The provision of a pair of symmetrically planned and identical 'toilet-rooms' may also be considered presumptuous, whilst the five-foot-wide shallow staircase is suggestive in its ample spaciousness of a roomy house where a foot or two more or less is of no consequence.

Reference to the plan, however, will show that otherwise the accommodation is compact and close-knit, the relative areas, shapes and positions of the rooms having been carefully adjusted to their several uses within the

area prescribed by the intended expenditure and the employment of a limited staff.

We are becoming accustomed to highly developed labour-saving arrangements in modern town and suburban houses, but if we look for them in the far-away country cottage we are usually disappointed. Here, however, the thatch shelters a somewhat elaborate domestic equipment. Electric light and power are laid on from the big house, the power raises the water from a deep bore-well and constant hot water is assured by the anthracite boiler. The little pantry that intervenes between the Kitchen and the Dining-room is fitted up as though for a yacht, the sea-going flavour being emphasized by a patent white-metal double-compartment sink with gleaming grids, drainers and long-arm swing taps. Opposite the door from the pantry is a full-height double-faced cupboard in the wall of the dining-room which acts as a serving hatch and in which most of the table gear in constant use is kept – instantly accessible from either side.

Consideration for the staff has also dictated a good many of the details of the furnishing and equipment upstairs, from the provision of numerous built-in cupboards and fitments to the elimination of dust-harbouring balusters on the staircase, their place being taken by flat panels. Generally speaking, the upstair decoration consists of light-toned distempers on rough-textured plaster, a protecting coat of varnish being added in the bathrooms, whilst the doors and more important joinery features have been given additional interest by a soft two-colour treatment in blue and grey.

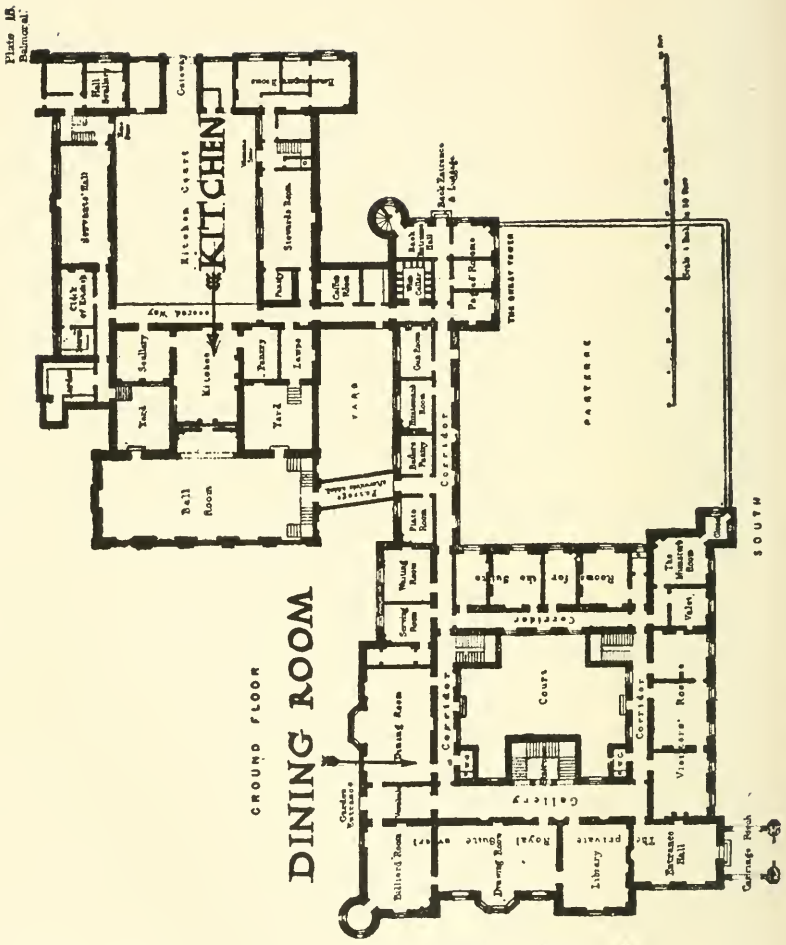
In the Day Nursery the needs of the crawler have not been forgotten, and a French window glazed down to the floor-level opens on to a little railed-in balcony overlooking the lower garden and the enticing downland road.

A feature that is of considerable practical value in so 'intensively' planned a house is the small room that lies between the Kitchen and the Dining-room, primarily designed as schoolroom and for nursery meals, but equally convenient under altered conditions – or even concurrently at other hours – for use as a servants' sitting-room or for business.

Thus, did quite an obscure and 'unarchitectural' little house come into actual being – such, so to say, were its hereditary and prenatal influences, and such the various 'points,' both practical and other, that seem to have given it such character as it possesses.

§ 3

Quite apart from the lack of graciousness and comfort, it is the inefficiency of so many nineteenth-century houses that exasperates the modern domestic architect. That comfort should sometimes be sacrificed to pomp is grand, but that it should be allowed to evaporate is intolerable. Unskilful planning can seldom quite be remedied by subsequent reconstruction, and anyhow only at heavy cost. Whilst inconvenient wasteful planning persists you are paying for space that is useless to you, but must yet be cleaned and maintained, warmed and lighted. You are constantly doing or getting done work that is absorbed in friction, but


KITCHEN
DINING ROOM
GROUND FLOOR
Ball Room
Corridor
Gallery
Court
Billiard Room
Drawing Room
Royal Suite
Private Library
Throne Hall
Visitors' Room
Corridor
Carriage Porch
SOUTH
Architectural Garden

BALMORAL.

which none the less has to be paid for in some form or another.

It is often amusing, in looking at the plans of eighteenth- and nineteenth-century houses, having located the dining-room, to play the game of Find the Kitchen. Here, for instance, is the plan of Balmoral, built in 1855 by Mr. Smith, as it appears in Kerr's book. Kerr was the architect of Bearwood and of Crosby, and his book is very largely concerned with practical planning about which he had extremely sound ideas. He had, in fact, those essentials to a good domestic planner, experience and imagination, and he could discourse with a commendable grave clarity upon the advantages bestowed by 'freedom from Palladian restraint,' the necessity for privacy in 'the family apartments of a gentleman's residence,' the desirability of 'elegance and importance' and the invisibility of domestics. Kerr says nothing in reprobation of Mr. Smith's plan, which was therefore clearly not considered unusually unpractical. Yet let the reader note what sort of a 'Dinner route' is provided. To reach the dining-room from the kitchen you have to go first along a covered way, then past the pantry, the coffee-room, the wine-cellar, the gun-room, the huntsman's room and the serving-room. The kitchen looks east and the servants' hall north. Consider too the journey of a housemaid to the visitors' rooms or to the private royal suite (over the library, drawing and billiard rooms as shown on the plan). Are the vistas afforded, the glimpses of tartan curtains worth it? we ask ourselves.

The question of the 'dinner route' was held by Kerr to be a consideration second to none, and his remarks

upon it not only witness once more to the sort of problems which a domestic architect has to consider, but give interesting hints of domestic usages that were current in the epoch that has almost passed. Kerr's book shows us the ideals of his epoch with great exactness, and through his admirable good sense and his clearness a great deal of what he has to say is still applicable to the working parts of big institutions.

'The means of communication, or Dinner-route, ought to be primarily as direct, as straight, and as easy as can be contrived, and as free as possible from interfering traffic. At the same time it is even more essential still that the transmission of kitchen smells to the Family Apartments should be guarded against; not merely by the unavailing interposition of a Passage-door, but by such expedients as an elongated and perhaps circuitous route, an interposed current of outer air, and so on – expedients obviously depending for their success upon those very qualities which obstruct the service and cool the dishes. A delivery-hatch or lifting sash or shutter opening from the kitchen to a Corridor or Lobby, or Service-closet, or sometimes to the Servants' Hall, with a dresser within and without, is a very convenient arrangement for delivering the dishes to the servants without their entering to encumber the Kitchen. When by this means the Kitchen door is rendered capable of being removed still farther from the Main House, for the avoidance of smells, so much the better. Another excellent measure for preventing smells, but at the expense of facilities of service, is to place the Kitchen door in an external position, com-

municating with the House only under a porch, pent-roof, or covered way.'

Thus does Kerr conjure up the varnished oak of hall and sideboard, the lacquered brass, the Turkey carpet, the quiet in which the blind-cord acorn tapped on the plate-glass – all, in short, that was the flower of this huge root. Quiet, order, solidity and above all privacy. In the nineteenth century the Englishman seems to have expanded the notion of his house being his castle by the idea that the servants upon whom he depended were its attackers, and if there were not such charming survivors within the memory of us all, one might really suppose that nineteenth-century servants were hordes of ruffians, so full is Kerr of devices for shutting off the family and visitors from contact with them.

Kerr is immense too on butlers' pantries, and, granting the general machine, what he says is sound sense and not without a human touch.

'It must be as near as possible, indeed close, to the dining-room, for convenience of service. It ought to be removed from general traffic, and especially from the back door, for the safety of the plate. The communication with the Wine and Beer cellars must be ready, and in a manner private. The Housekeeper's room ought to be within convenient reach, although quite apart; and if there be a Steward's room, it ought to be close at hand.

'There are, lastly, two peculiar relations not to be lost sight of in good houses. First, as the butler is probably the master's personal attendant, his Pantry ought to be, if possible, near the Gentleman's room. Secondly, as

he or his subordinates will have to attend to the Entrance door, his Pantry ought to overlook the Approach, so that timely notice may be had of the arrival of a carriage. . . .

'The Butler's Bedroom is best placed in immediate connexion with the Pantry, whereby the plate is under guard at night. Frequently, however, a closet-bedstead is provided for a subordinate in the Pantry itself; but this is obviously a makeshift. It is not unusual to place the door of the Plate-safe within the Butler's Bedroom. In fact, one of the most essential points in respect of the Butler's rooms is to provide against the theft of articles under his charge; and this idea must govern every question of plan.'

And so on, this wise Polonius conducting you round the mansions of the great with much propriety and good sense, enlivening the way now by remarks upon comfort and the fastidiousness of the age or by explaining away his real solicitude for the comfort of the servants.

In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries the standard of comfort varied very much. It was often very low for great houses, though here and there we find great ingenuity has been exercised. At Blenheim, Vanbrugh placed the kitchen four hundred feet away from the dining-room. Horace Walpole found Holkham very uncomfortable and blamed the architect Kent, saying bitterly that the place was marked by all the peculiarities of his style.

'We are left to conjecture whether the noble host and hostess sleep in a bedroom forty feet high or are rele-

gated like their guests to a garret or an outhouse, or perhaps may have their bedroom windows turned inward on a lead flat.

'All this may suffice to display the perverse ingenuity of the architect in producing a monumental whole; but both the proprietor and his guests would in the long run probably prefer rooms of appropriate dimensions, and so situated as to enjoy a view of the scenery of the park or the fresh breezes of heaven.'

But in small houses the standard was higher. Pope judged Blenheim by that of Twickenham when he condemned it so thoroughly.

But if we take our 'dinner route' test again we shall find that formal Kedleston, built in the early seventeen-sixties (Brettington, Paine and Adam), compares favourably with Balmoral, being in fact a very reasonable as well as splendid house. Dr. Johnson, however, was very peevish about it:

' "It would do excellently for a town hall. The room with the large pillars," said he, "would do for the judges to sit in at the assizes: the circular room for a Jury chamber; and the room above for the prisoners." He thought the large room "ill-lighted and of no use but for dancing in: and the bed-chambers but indifferent rooms; and that the immense sum which it cost was injudiciously laid out." '

Castle Howard (Vanbrugh and Hawksmoor, 1702–4) is not quite so well arranged, though there are no state bedrooms for the joint to go through, as was common at this epoch in France; there is, however, a rather complicated and draughty approach to cool it.

As to French architecture, Horace Walpole was rather severe, complaining for one thing that all the houses were alike. 'I never knew whether I was in the house that I was in or in the house that I came out of. There is one single pattern that runs in every hotel in Paris.'

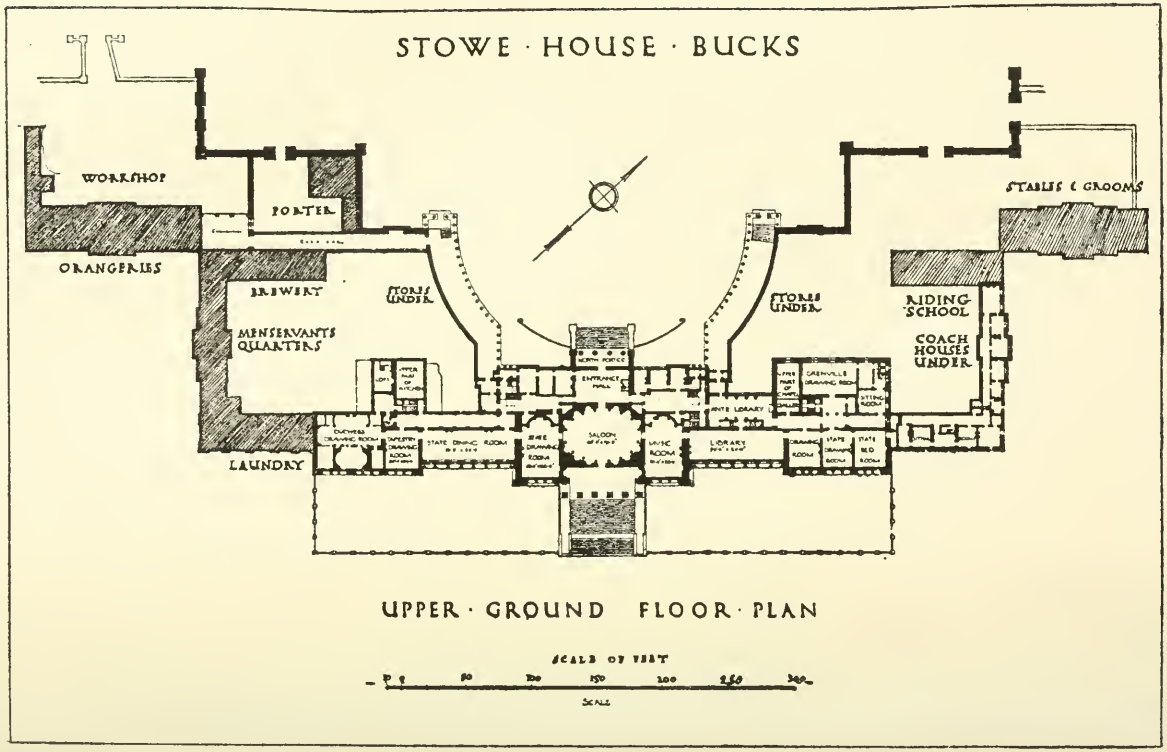
But at any rate one French house impressed him and he writes characteristically to Lady Suffolk about it:

'Yesterday I dined at La Borde's, the great banker of the court. Lord! Madam, how little and poor all your houses in London will look after his! In the first place, you must have a garden half as long as the Mall, and then you must have fourteen windows, each as long as t'other half, looking into it; and each window must consist of only eight panes of looking glass. You must have a first and second ante-chamber, and they must have nothing in them but dirty servants. Next must be the grand cabinet, hung with red damask, in gold frames, and covered with eight large and very bad pictures, that cost four thousand pounds – I cannot afford them you a farthing cheaper. Under these, to give an air of lightness, must be bas-reliefs in marble. Then there must be immense *armoires* of tortoise-shells and *or-moulu*, inlaid with medals – and then you may go into the *petit cabinet*, and then into the great *salle*, and the gallery, and the billiard-room, and the eating-room: and all these must be hung with crystal lustres and porphyry urns, and bronzes, and statues, and vases, and the Lord or the devil knows what – but, for fear you should ruin yourself or the nation, the Duchesse de Grammont must give you this, and Madame de

Marsan that: and if you have anybody that has any taste to advise you, your eating-room must be hung with huge hunting pieces in frames of all coloured golds, and at top of one of them you may have a setting-dog, who having sprung a wooden partridge, it may be a-flying a yard off against the wainscot.'

As we have suggested, a good deal more licence ought to be allowed in judging the capabilities of seventeenth- and eighteenth-century planners by the convenience of their domestic work than can be given either to modern or to nineteenth-century architects. Kerr concerned himself very much more with comfort than with the vistas, proportion and the lively diversification of sizes and shapes which played so great a part in the deliberations of eighteenth-century architects. They were too so often employed by their clients to build a 'house' rather than a 'dwelling,' something grand rather than something reasonable, and we must not altogether take Pope, Walpole and Johnson as typical of their age. The average person of quality would clearly not have taken the shortness of his lordship's dinner route or the convenience of her ladyship's dressing-room as excuses for any timidity as to the size of the windows, in the grand façade, the openness of a suite, or the width of the open gallery round the hall. Thus urged by public opinion and his clients an architect must have been inhuman not to be capable of the excesses of a Holkham or of that loveliest of Palladian houses, Mereworth.

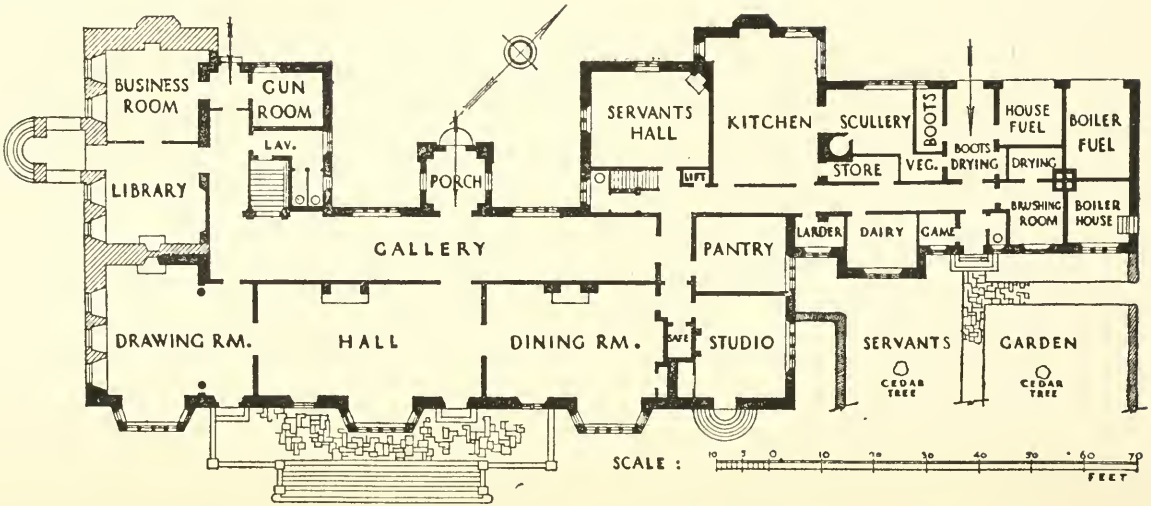
Here is a sample late eighteenth-century plan –


STOWE · HOUSE · BUCKS
WORKSHOP
PORTER
ORANGERIES
BREWERY
STORES UNDER
MENSERVANTS QUARTERS
LAUNDRY
STORES UNDER
STABLES & GROOMS
RIDING SCHOOL
COACH HOUSES UNDER
NORTH PORTICO
ENTRANCE HALL
SALOON
MUSIC ROOM
LIBRARY
GRENVILLE
STATE BED ROOM
UPPER · GROUND FLOOR · PLAN
SCALE OF FEET
0 50 100 150 200 250 300
SCALE

Stowe, a house immensely praised in its day and that was a piece of committee work rather than the product of a single brain. The plan shows the 'upper ground floor,' the *piano mobile;* the hundred bedrooms are only a little superior to those at Holkham, though the butler's pantry was large enough to take four billiard-tables with ease.

If we go much further back from the seventeenth century, we shall find that the comparison of modern with ancient usage has become difficult. There are, for example (admirably described in Mr. and Mrs. Quennell's *History of Everyday Things*), such houses as Audley End, Buckhurst or Knole, with their quadrangular arrangement and their complete sets of 'lodgings,' their great halls and long galleries. These houses were built with all sorts of memories of the defensive planning that was no longer necessary, and with a view to all sorts of needs that no longer affect us. Nor is it as entertaining as it ought to be to go back further to Roman, Greek and Egyptian house plans. The Oriental habit of dividing houses into men's and women's apartments, and a Russian disinclination to set apart certain rooms for sleeping, make their study less interesting than one would suppose.

To complete a comparison of three centuries let us take an example of a considerable modern house. Here is the plan of a largish country house built just before the chastening of the war and before we had learnt to think quite so much as we now do in terms of housemaids, coal-scuttles and upkeep and outgoings generally. It is not uninteresting as a fairly typical example of what is – or was – lately expected as neces-

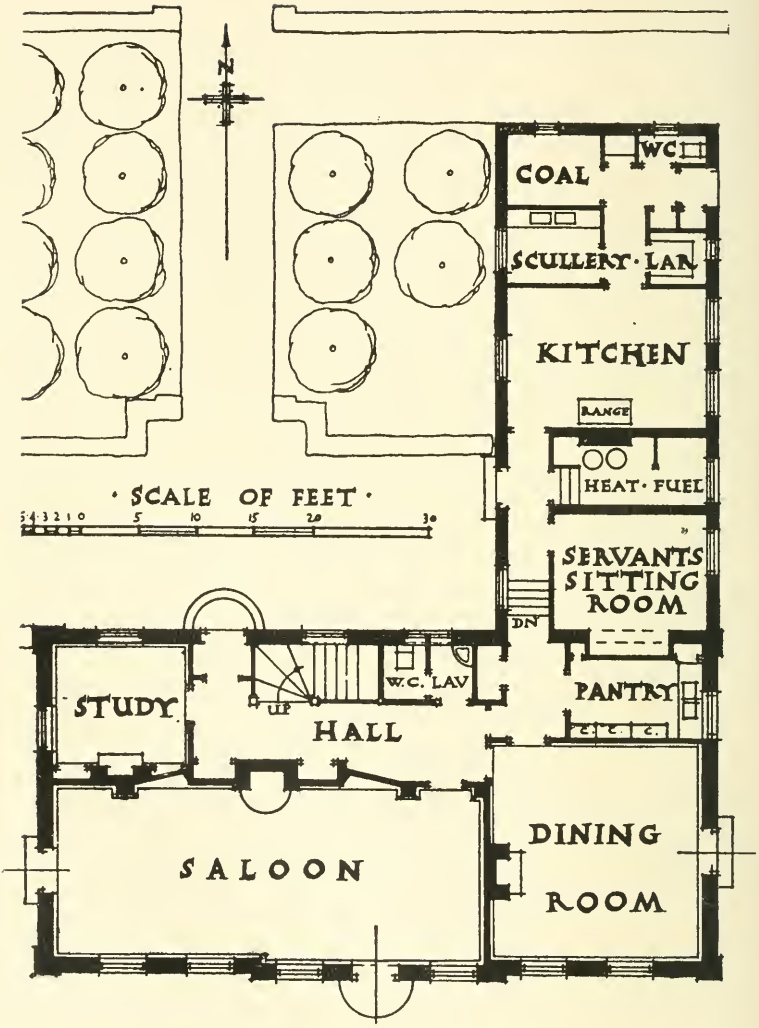

BUSINESS ROOM
GUN ROOM
LAV.
LIBRARY
PORCH
GALLERY
SERVANTS HALL
KITCHEN
SCULLERY
BOOTS
HOUSE FUEL
BOILER FUEL
STORE
VEG.
BOOTS DRYING
DRYING
LIFT
BRUSHING ROOM
BOILER HOUSE
LARDER
DAIRY
GAME
PANTRY
DRAWING RM.
HALL
DINING RM.
SAFE
STUDIO
SERVANTS
GARDEN
CEDAR TREE
CEDAR TREE
SCALE :
10 5 0 10 20 30 40 50 60 70
FEET

sary and reasonable in an English country house of some consequence.

On two floors above (not shown) are some twenty-five bedrooms, whilst disposed about a court a short distance from the house are the laundry and power-house, garages and stables, and quarters ('married' and otherwise) for the outside staff. An old house occupied the very beautiful site, but as little of it was of any architectural merit and as it had been most brutally mishandled and was further inconvenient and dilapidated, the owner very wisely decided on a fresh start, keeping only the old porch and walling at the west end (shown hatched). From those small remains the new house grew eastward as shown. Spaciousness, lightness and directness are perhaps amongst such merits as the plan possesses. Its faults are for the discerning reader to discover, though he must remember that criticism must be constructive to be valuable, and that some desirable feature can sometimes only be contrived at the sacrifice of some other admitted good which is incompatible.

An alternative plan that shows a better solution of the complex problem set is the most convincing sort of criticism, and its making – or attempted making – a not unamusing exercise. There are many worse round games than the game of 'Plans,' when the company is invited to enter a competition for the planning of 'A village school,' 'A reformed inn,' 'A labourer's cottage,' 'A country hermitage,' 'A nobleman's lodge,' or what you will, the proposals being shown up and judged, say, at the end of half an hour.

Something should of course be said in the 'conditions'


N
COAL
WC
SCULLERY · LAN
KITCHEN
RANGE
HEAT · FUEL
· SCALE OF FEET ·
5 4 3 2 1 0 5 10 15 20 30
SERVANTS SITTING ROOM
DN
PANTRY
W.C. LAV
UP
STUDY
HALL
SALOON
DINING ROOM

about the site, the local resources and so forth. For instance, the reader will have already noted with surprise in the present plan that the dairy and larders face south-east and will give an appropriate number of bad marks.

If the circumstances had been fully described he would have discovered that a grove of cedar trees and the high bulk of the main house ensured perpetual shadow – to say nothing of thick walls of local stone with an air cavity and a brick lining within. As a further defence of their position, it would be urged that apart from the convenience of their position, their windows here overlook a shady garden instead of a rather dusty and wind-swept yard. All of which is merely to suggest how tentative any criticism must be in the absence of complete evidence.

§ 4

Let us take one more house, as an exercise in plan reading, and see what can be discovered by a study only of the ground-floor lay-out of the hypothetical little post-war country house shown opposite. We might first of all try to deduce the plan of the floor or floors above and the nature of the elevations. We see at once that the house consists of what appears to be a main block with a tail of offices attached. We also note that the south front is symmetrical, the regular spacing of the windows as regards the rooms having been clearly sacrificed to an evenly balanced exterior. Further, we see that the centre of this front is given a slight projection. It is clear, therefore, that we are dealing with

a house of some formality in its exterior, the effort after symmetry having been carried round to the ends. We note, however, that where strict symmetry outside would entail violence being done to the practical utility of the interior a compromise has been arranged.

Thus in the west end the windows are placed symmetrically as seen from the outside, the French window to the saloon being axial – i.e., in the centre of its end wall. The study window has been dragged a little to the south in order to balance it, as interior symmetry is presumably not only unimportant in this little room but better wall-space for a bookcase is thus afforded.

At the east end the French window from the dining-room is placed in the centre of the wall opposite its fire-place, but as this room is wider than the saloon adjoining, the window on this elevation is farther from the south corner than the corresponding window at the west end. No attempt has been made to make the pantry window an equal distance from the north corner, it is merely placed as far away as the partition between the pantry and the dining-room will allow. We thus see that though there is a general aim at symmetry there is no bigotry about it, and that if a strict conformity is in any serious conflict with the amenity of the interior it is allowed to go hang. This sounds as if the house were built in a spirit of free classicism – a house after the manner of the later but not latest English Renaissance where dignity and homeliness contrived to blend into something very sympathetic to our English country-side.

We next notice the size and general accommodation of the house and guess at the number of bedrooms which

the upper floor or floors should provide to make it a reasonable family dwelling. We reckon that there must be the owners' bedroom and dressing-room, a couple of good rooms suitable for day and night nursery, room for at least three servants, and four or five other rooms suitable for guests, nurse, governess, or family other than infants, say about a dozen bedrooms all told with at least a couple of bathrooms. Then there should be a boxroom, tank-room, linen and dress cupboards, housemaid's pantry, and a couple of closets. Such accommodation, in addition to what we have already discovered on the ground floor, would make a sensible and balanced house for ordinary occupation.

Assuming then this bedroom accommodation, how are we likely to find it disposed? We calculate that a single floor above the whole of the ground floor might just squeeze it in, whilst if the main block went up three stories without any rooms over the office wing, that should do it comfortably. If we had three stories in the main block and two stories in the office wing – i.e., one bedroom floor above the ground floor – we should get more room for people to sleep in than the rest of the house would accommodate when they were awake. In view of the character of the main block and of the more or less haphazard window spacing in the wing, it seems probable that this wing is intended merely as a utilitarian appendage to the house and to be kept as low and inconspicuous as may be. Therefore we presume that two bedroom floors have been provided in the main block and none in the wing. If that is so, it is probable that the top floor is accommodated in the roof, for a three-story wall, with the roof again

on the top of that, would be apt to look rather too tall and gaunt on so small a base, especially in what appears to be the open country. The top floor will thus all be needed for useful accommodation, so that the valleys and gutters involved by a gable treatment and the consequent pinching of the head room that they necessitate cannot be permitted. We therefore think it likely that the top floor is lit by dormer windows looking out from a steep hipped roof with a flat lead or asphalt top. Reference to the illustration on page 202 will show us how accurate our forecast has been.

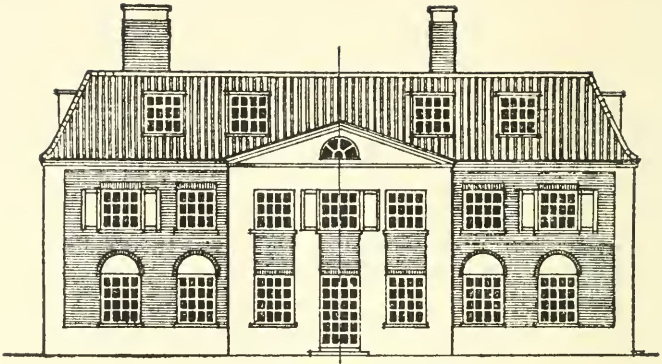
With regard to the actual ground-floor plan, we see that on entering a double front door from a circular brick step we find ourselves in a little lobby from which we pass to the entrance and staircase hall. No doubt the front doors are glazed to light this lobby, and though the hall appears to be well lit from windows on the staircase, very probably this inner door is glazed also.

On the right is a little study, the splay wall on the left of the fire-place being dissembled by a shallow cupboard. Opposite the lobby door by which we have entered is a deep cupboard clearly intended for coats, and no doubt designed to be kept warm and dry by the fire-place of the saloon that flanks it. A similar cupboard, similarly warmed, is found on the other side of this fire-place, which, to gain room in the rather narrow saloon, has, as it were, been pushed out backwards into the hall. The desire to gain all possible width in the main room of the house has also no doubt dictated the sloping walls already referred to, and we guess that the recesses thus formed in the saloon are arched and

perhaps contain shelves for books or china. Under the staircase, down one step, is contrived the lavatory. The dining-room is of a useful square shape and has a second door to the service quarters immediately outside the pantry. We notice that the fire-place is not central with the room, but is placed centrally between the door from the hall and the south wall. This is no doubt dictated by the requirements of the bedrooms above, the flues from the fire-places of which must pass into the same stack.

We next note with regret that a short flight of steps is interposed between the dining-room and pantry and kitchen. Nobody obviously would introduce such a break without a reason, and we must therefore assume that the ground falls to the north and that the general level of the kitchen wing is lower than the main ground floor. This is no doubt helpful in making the wing comparatively low and inconspicuous, and it also simplifies the heating chamber, which will require less excavation to provide the necessary fall in the return pipes than would otherwise be the case. The servants' sitting-room might have had a better aspect, but the fulfilment of other incompatible requirements forbade it. The kitchen range has windows to the east and west and good through ventilation, with the main light (as it should be) from the left-hand side of the range. Beyond the scullery the plan of the servants' quarters is self-explanatory.

Having made our tour of the house thus far, we are probably in a position to appreciate or criticize its various features. We have noticed that the comparatively thin outer walls indicate a brick building, and



SOUTH·FRONT

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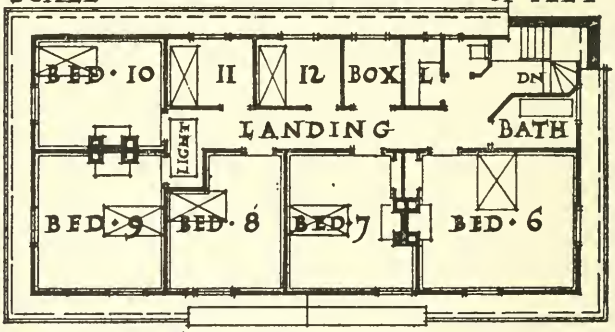
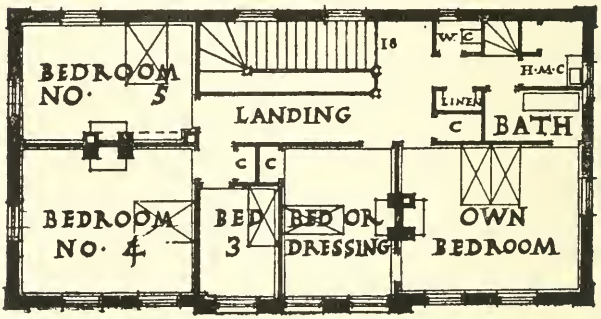


SECOND FLOOR



FIRST FLOOR

that it would not be a very easy house to add on to except perhaps in a vertical direction. We have perhaps wondered why the servants' sitting-room had no fire-place; why there are no backstairs; whether the staircase that begins in the hall goes up to the second floor in the same fashion or whether it starts again on the first floor at some other point and on a more modest scale. We wonder whether two French windows and four other windows in the saloon may not make it rather cold and draughty; whether the tradesmen's and servants' entrance will really be used in accordance with their designations; where the perambulator and servants' bicycles will be kept and who will stoke the boilers.

All these matters have, you may be sure, been the subject of earnest consideration and debate between the architect and his clients, and the arrangements indicated on the plan presumably reflect the findings at a succession of these conferences.

If, as seems probable, the small modern English house does surpass that of former epochs, the observant reader will have already noticed that this must not chiefly be set down to the credit of architects. The board school and the researches of plumbers and electrical engineers have a far greater share in the credit. It would perhaps hardly be too fanciful to see in the fact that two servants can make a family of employers as comfortable as five could fifty years ago the real social goal to which most of the practical effort of the period was directed. To begin with, servants themselves are now beings of much greater resourcefulness. The old-fashioned uneducated servant would

have been incapable of using the two or three dozen delicate mechanical tools which must often be handled as a matter of course by modern servants. Again, the fact that the maid of to-day is a civilized being makes Kerr's elaborate apparatus of isolation unnecessary. The modern cook is, to the cook of fifty years ago, as a gas or electric stove is to an old-fashioned range. She no longer needs shutting away in a distant cellar, nor need she have a skylight to carry off the fumes of her wrath, but, like her stove, can be accommodated in a little white laboratory of a kitchen.

It is for employers and housewives to read Kerr and Horace Walpole and to realize how much the modern servant's neat ways, the fact that she is less boisterous than the family, and her mechanical adaptability, save them in hard cash alone. Employer and housewife will then certainly realize that they cannot have it both ways, and that the refined clever girl who makes their laboratory kitchen possible will desire and deserve cheerful, pleasant, well-furnished house-room as well as proper freedom.

One cannot help hoping too that the growing complexity of domestic apparatus, with its demand for a higher and higher type of operator, will in time do something to bridge the gulf between employer and employed, and that the modern servant, with many of the qualifications, will inherit the social niche of the governess, tutor, or secretary. Such a further development would, of course, reflect itself in house-planning, and most architects have probably already come across the client who wants a new house built, or an old house adapted, for the employment of lady servants.

Which reflection brings us back to the motto with which we headed Chap. 9, Gaudet's maxim that when he is told what is to be contained, the architect should from that deduce a fit container. Thus in turn we, in judging architecture, should immediately consider the purpose for which each building was intended. The maxim is not a complete guide to architecture, yet if we bear it in mind we shall be saved from many vulgar errors; for instance, of condemning wholesale this or that style. 'Who were the best church-builders,' asks 'The great Anarch,' the goddess of Dullness, 'Gothic or classic architects?' thus striving to cleave the ranks of those who love good architecture. Do not fall into the trap, but consider how fit is St. James's, Piccadilly, for the hearing of a three-hour sermon, and how well contrived the great nave at Winchester for the pealing organ and the solemn processional services for which it was intended.

The Gasworks – Erewhon.

CHAPTER 10

§ 1

As in a house there should be cheerful rooms in which to see company, nurseries, rooms for food and rest, so in a sane city there should be shops and churches, theatres and baths, big offices, public halls and cinemas. And as in a house there should be kitchens and sculleries and a place with a carpenter's bench in it, so in a city there should also be gasworks and gasometers, power and railway stations, and factories and warehouses.

Most people are now agreed that the trouble in most of our towns is not the presence of these things, as Morris felt. What is wrong is that the architect of the seventies and eighties was either not called in when a gasometer was contemplated, or if he were, reacted not by designing a particularly large and heroic speci-

men, but by clapping his Quartier Latin hat on to his æsthetic shock of hair and flying distracted and disgusted off to Florence and the Quattrocento. What opportunities were thus missed! Think of the size of gasometers, the one that lowers over the Oval, for instance; and think what might be done (it has been done in Germany) if the strange fat shape were accepted and enjoyed and taken as the basis of a design.

But we must face the fact that now, in the case of the ordinary gasworks, like the one at the Oval, the ordinary factory, such as we see by the dozen on the road between London and Eton, the ordinary station interior, such as Liverpool Street or Rugby, we get no sort of beauty at all. They are neither humanly nor infernally beautiful.

There are, of course, architectural Satanists who admire them (they are mostly etchers). They are perhaps at present few, yet the adoption of their point of view is such a short cut to pleasure in England that they may perhaps begin to proselytize, and thus it is worth while to try to make up our minds about their doctrine. There is obviously a great deal to be said for the infernal beauty of towering gantries, miles of wharves and sheds, mountains and dumps of shining slate rubbish, whirling pit-head winding gear and for inchoate forests of cranes and steel scaffolding. Marinetti was right when he called them splendid; Mr. Brangwyn, Mr. Pennell and a dozen others do well to draw them; their defenders are right when they protest that they do not want them prettified or disguised or made other than hard, positive, modern, and trucu-

lent. How do these structures produce their effects?

Our pleasurable reactions to Infernal Architecture are, if we analyse them, produced almost entirely by very broad and simple means. We see an irregular grouping of masses, often of a size that seems to transcend the human scale, just as their uncouth outlines and ruthless indifference to each other's presence seem to show them as having sprung up of their own fierce will and in defiance of man's puny attempts to control or civilize them.

So far as it can be called architecture at all, the infernal kind is chiefly distinguished by a chaotic asymmetry, by a superhuman scale, a steadfast devotion to stark utilitarian efficiency and the entire absence of all decorative detail. A characteristic building in this kind would thus appear to us as almost brutally purposeful and uncompromising, our admiration would be compelled by its size and strength and directness – for we have to concede that there is beauty in Vulcan as well as in Venus. This commonplace seems to be almost universally accepted in Middle Europe and in America, but the amiable, compromising English do not understand it and muddle up the human and the Satanic appeal in the most naïve and ludicrous fashion, often contriving that the one just cancels out the other, leaving a hesitant, bewildered neuter sort of building which, if it is not simply idiotic, is at any rate both incoherent and stupid and incapable of giving a straight answer to any one of the questions that we have suggested a decently architectural building should be capable of giving. We are afraid of size, afraid of plainness. We love sweetness and mistrust strength.

We have the imaginations of nice young ladies who dote on Stoddard but think Paul Nash horrid.

Who but the English would have 'dolled up' that magnificent engineering feat the Tower Bridge in the lace flounces of prettified Scotch Baronial architecture, utterly destroying its dignity and making it a silly and coquettish chatterbox? Who else would trick out a Middlesex biscuit factory with turrets and battlements, or build gasworks of blue and yellow brick in imitation of Osborne – itself an indifferent exercise 'in the Italian Villa Style'?

But apart from the timid insincerity that still prompts us to dress up the quite new and vigorous characters from our 'Manchester school' piece in bits and bats from a Wardour Street property-room, we cannot resist the temptation to prettify our giants or ogres or magicians – we simply must give them a frill or a tucker somewhere. These trimmings from engineers' pattern-books which are applied promiscuously to buildings which ought to aim at the macabre, while the further surrounding of them by rows of pathetic little pinkish villas, which have striven, however ineffectually, after a human ideal, make the Satanic in England too often play the malignant part of an onion in a vanilla ice.

The pink asbestos villas, of course, typify the real difficulty about the Infernal, which, however beautiful to look at in passing, is bad to live with. The woman who spends her life near the smelting works will still put up the oblation of white lace curtains, and the child will still try to grow a bluebell in an ash-strewn garden – pathetic offerings to the human ideal. Because of

this ineradicable tendency, which manifests itself in these and many other ways, most observers with an eye for a town as a whole will agree that Satanic architecture has to be got out of our cities. Obviously at present some works and processes cannot be tamed and civilized and made into decent neighbours. Let us apply Satanic standards to them, but let us then keep them out of our towns, they and their fumes and their smoke, and treat them as we might volcanoes, as things to visit and admire. But let us not in the name as much of beauty as of humanity ask human beings to pass their lives within their blighting range.

A few days' motor tour through the country near Manchester, with a return through such towns as Leeds and the Potteries, is, however, enough to cure most people of any croquet-lawn championship of the Industrial Infernal as it is understood in England.

In Burnley, for example, a place where the macabre is well seen, all its best effects are achieved by the magnificent appearance of a great smoke canopy pierced by the gigantic columns of the chimneys. This Plutonic Velarium often appears as if underlit by a red glow. Here certainly is a beauty for which we pay too dear. The smokiness of modern towns is as horrible to the architect as it is to the housewife. If he builds in the country and builds honestly the architect knows that every year will improve the looks of his buildings, which will slowly ripen and mellow like fruit, but if he builds in such a town as London, Leeds or Manchester he knows that his work will rapidly degenerate.

Some years ago a scaffolding was put up round the church of St. Martin-in-the-Fields. It was found that

soot and dirt had collected on the underside of the cornice projections to the thickness of three-quarters of an inch or more. Again, when Inigo Jones's York Water Gate in the Victoria Embankment Gardens was repaired, over a surface of about 354 superficial yards of Portland stone, two hundredweights of loose dirt and soot were brushed out, and there was besides a bituminous deposit which had formed on the underside of the projecting features a series of stalactites. It is easy to imagine the deformity which is thus produced.[1]

But a much greater evil is the erosion which is caused by the sulphur in a smoky atmosphere acting upon the lime which is found in nearly all building stones. The London atmosphere – with its combination of smoke and rain – gradually washes the stones of buildings away, all sharpness of detail is lost, and actual structural unsoundness results.

An architect has ruefully to take into consideration these two factors, soot deposit and erosion. If his design depends on effects of delicate mouldings, incised lines and sharpness of angular forms, he will find that his building will, in the course even of fifteen years or so, gradually lose character and will later too often degenerate into a mass of dirty and shabby masonry, while the effect of soot and smoke upon metal work is almost as unfortunate. The manufacturer must not, of course, be given all the blame for this; a great deal of the smoke of modern towns is provided by architects themselves, who put in the old-fashioned type of open grate. But wicked as the

[1] Mr. Redfern, R.I.B.A., in proceedings of the Coal Smoke Abatement Society, 25, Victoria Street, S.W.1.

domestic architect and the householder are, in most cities manufacturers still are the chief offenders. In America, for instance, the open domestic fire is almost unknown, yet in Pittsburg the smoke nuisance was two or three years ago almost as bad as it is in London, while there can be no doubt that in Manchester, the Potteries, Sheffield and Leeds, it is the manufacturer we must blame.

Apparently if the matter is looked into we shall find, as in so many human errors, that our carelessness about smoke, like our carelessness about ugly building, though it harms many people, probably benefits nobody. The Ministry of Health's Committee, which sat in 1921, reported the waste of fuel in Great Britain as two and a half million tons from domestic fire-places, and five hundred thousand tons from industrial chimneys. Reckoning fuel at £2 a ton this will represent an annual direct waste of £6,000,000. They go on to point out that the damage is not confined to this waste, but that its effects penetrate into all kinds of details of domestic life. It has been estimated, for instance, that in Manchester alone the increased cost of household washing on account of smoke is over £290,000 a year, and in Pittsburg the actual money loss occasioned by smoke was, before reforms were instituted, estimated to be at least £4 a head of the population per annum. This account does not, of course, include damage to health, damage to agriculture, and the damage to building materials such as we have instanced.

As to the loss of money upon buildings, those of us who subscribed to the appeal for Westminster Abbey will remember the photographs in which its pinnacles

were seen to be more like decayed teeth than architectural embellishments. This destruction was not due, we must remember, either to time or to weather, but directly to coal smoke.

But if it is possible that the abolition of smoke, the architect's *bête noire*, may increase the efficiency of factories and save the community a good deal in hard cash, it ought to be agreed that better factory architecture must be thought of as an end in itself.

Obviously we ought not to add to the price of gas or of Manchester goods either by more costly, or less efficient, building. But the fact is that a beautiful factory is generally neither more nor less cheap and efficient, in its private capacity as a factory, than an ugly one. We should not for a moment venture to claim that it is likely to be more efficient, as do some enthusiasts. Beauty in architecture, as we hope we have convinced the reader, is not a simple affair of large windows or small windows, plainness or decoration. A building which is all window may be as beautiful as a building which is all wall. A plain building is as likely to be hideous as beautiful. The advocates of good building ought to admit that as far as it is a boot-producing machine a factory will be neither the better nor the worse for being ugly.

But there is nothing in the world so simple as to have only one function and set of relations. Factories, like their owners, are citizens as well as bootmakers. And in this capacity their seemliness or ugliness will make all the difference. Imagine a town where all the factories and works stood on the plus instead of on the minus side of the account of our enjoyment. This is, however,

exactly what could perfectly well come about in the case of a new town built now, and it is what ought to be happening in a hundred places in America, Canada, Australia and New Zealand, the great commonwealths of the clean slate. Here and there it is happening, and towns are going up in which the industrial buildings are beautiful, and the air is clean and will stay clean, not because the citizens are going back to William Morris's looms and hand-thrown pottery, but because industry is being made to watch its manners. On page 267 is an example of a factory which is also a citizen.

It has not been unduly prettified, indeed it retains a certain grimness, but its main lines are harmonious and its proportion reasonable, and not a penny of the manufacturer's money was spent on ornament.

Consider now Doulton's at Lambeth, and remark the difference. Here is a factory elaborate and costly in the last degree. To most of us to-day Doulton's is clearly a monstrous edifice and its ornamentation an eyesore. Yet the next generation (for all their innocent looks) will perhaps turn round and admire it. But at least we can say that for all time and in any phase of taste, the first factory surpasses it in all the beauties which spring from the qualities of economy and appropriateness. If Doulton's really is beautiful (which we greatly doubt) it is with an outrageous, impudent, paradoxical beauty. It is a very Carmen among factories. The notion seems a little strained as yet.

§ 2

Often the most striking buildings in a modern industrial city are the big office blocks. Of these Bush House by Messrs. Helmle and Corbett is an excellent example.

The commanding island site between Aldwych and the Strand presented, as such sites do, dilemmas as well as opportunities. Northward the façade must close the long vista down Kingsway, southward the other street front will loom above Gibbs's exquisite little island church of St. Mary-le-Strand.

We have already suggested that a building – more especially a city building – cannot be judged merely as a piece of abstract design, but must be examined in relation to its earlier neighbours (when they happen to be worth considering at all) and given a good many of its marks according as it has contributed to the *ensemble*, or at any rate contrived not to make matters worse. In the case of Bush House the architects have clearly been at some pains to adjust their building (a somewhat 'difficult' new-comer on account of its great scale and its novel purpose) to the temper of its fellow-parishioners, without making it dissemble either its size or its essential freshness of outlook.

Consider first the Kingsway front – as has been said before, a vista should lead up to some sort of a climax, and a vista closed, say, by a blank and inconsequent wall or building gives a definite sense of disappointment as of a thwarted movement in the beholder. Whatever may be the structural infelicity of the semi-dome (illustration on page 265), as a main feature in

external architectural composition (it has rarely if ever been introduced with complete success), the architects were entirely right in seeking to give their Aldwych front the semblance of a great pavilion, into whose shadowy, pillar-flanked archway the long perspective of Kingsway might find a fit and expectant vanishing-point.

We may object that this gigantic portal, so satisfying in the sureness and crispness of its free-Greek detail, seems to have strayed away from some even vaster building of a size not yet to be found in England, or we may even feel that the plain piers and pediment which enclose it are but the porch of some monstrous edifice that, daringly conceived, was found too great for men to build.

We may think all this and more, but we must at least admit that the architects understood their problem, that they found an honourable solution, and that America has here taught us a much needed lesson in architectural good manners. On the Strand front the problem was quite different, and still guided by good sense and good manners, the ingenious architects so modified their elevation as to ensure that their building should live peaceably with its so different neighbour, the fastidious little church.

A repetition of the great portico, in the presence of which even the Kingsway palaces must feel a little shy, would have put St. Mary's quite out of countenance, and, bullied and brow-beaten into a timid whispering of her engaging small-talk by the deep-chested asseverations and sweeping gestures of the Kingsway façade, she would have had little comfort from the fact

that, apart from this bluster, the building was, unquestionably, 'A Gentleman.'

That strange and probably mythical creature 'The perfect gentleman' is, it has been said, he who at all times and in all places knows exactly what to wear. Not only does he know, but he will actually go to the great pains and expense of so dressing himself that his clothes are entirely appropriate to every occasion. Just as our Exquisite discriminates nicely, not merely between Cowes Week and Ascot in the matter of his toilet, but also between the Shires and the Provinces, Walton Heath and North Berwick – so should a polite new building be guided to some extent by its neighbours and neighbourhood, and consider whether it would be well to wear a white tie and decorations when the rest of the company are perhaps only in dinner-jackets or not 'dressed' at all.

With the good manners that are also good sense, the Bush building has, on its Strand front, done its best to make that uneasy street feel unembarrassed in its distinguished presence. By adopting a straightforward entrance arch of only moderate size, it has striven to maintain some sort of scale with the church, to the pretty vanities of which it is content to play the gallant part of foil and background.

Bush House has many merits and will well repay study inside as well as out. It displays certain typically American virtues – cleanness of line – a confident handling of mass, and cohesion. There is a chaste simplicity save where rare concentrations of appropriate ornament invite the eye to pause, a lightness of touch and an economy of projections and 'features' generally

that is very pleasant. When Bush House has been completed by the two great buildings that are to flank it, 'the Sights of London' will have gained a distinguished recruit.

Perhaps the best way of appreciating the virtues of such a building is to go straight away from it to see certain others notoriously lacking them. Kingsway itself will provide good examples – most notably in its Opera House – whilst Regent Street and Piccadilly will yield object-lessons in plenty.

The Grosvenor Hotel at Victoria Station, Artillery Mansions and Windsor House in Victoria Street are almost perfect specimens of that 'otherwise' architecture whose builders' bad taste is now being relentlessly visited on the second and third generation. From such achievements we may well learn how unavailing are mere vigour and boldness if unchecked and undirected by the other attributes necessary to fine building.

Turn, for instance, to page 263 and consider the robustious club at the western end of Pall Mall. It has two quiet Georgian neighbours (one of them Marlborough House). As his eye travels unhappily over its prickly and chaotic ornateness the spectator wonders from what point of view the building was meant to be seen. Consider the skyline; no pains have been spared to make the small block which rises three stories above the rest bristle. There are in the small space of its steep and broken roof three sorts of dormer and lunette, a hash of statuary, and finally a flagstaff with fancy supports. A heavy crowning cornice and lumpish chimney-stacks add to the riot, while from this summit of explosion the building sinks abruptly back to the

general building level which it acknowledges with another cornice. The bustling capitals of the pilasters which more or less support this feature deserve attention; not only are ladies' heads thrust negligently through their acanthus leaves, but lower down they are overrun by an agitated band that marks a story. The windows too deserve particular notice for their restless variety, though even they are as nothing to the heavy truculence of the entrance porch.

Elaboration and profuseness must always add to the spectator's misery in bad buildings. A sense of shamed futility is engendered by the sight of a structure upon which everything has been spent except brains and taste. Whether judged as architecture in the abstract or as a citizen, the building under survey cannot be held to have succeeded.

One imagines that it must feel rather out of it amongst the discreet clubs of Pall Mall and that the Athenæum – so coolly dignified and correct – must be glad to have the length of the street between itself and so rollicking a new-comer.

The photograph on page 264 of a street of working-class houses in Kennington, by Professor Adshead, will serve to readjust our standard and make us realize how great is the sin of architectural selfishness.

Here, in street after street and square after square, because their proportions are good and because, in Alberti's words, 'the doors are built all after the same model and the houses on each side stand in an even line and none higher than another,' we see the simplest materials producing an effect of civilized elegance. If a greater latitude and more distinguished materials

had been possible, Professor Adshead could to-morrow build us a town as exquisite as Nancy. See, however, once more on page 268 in the fitting background to the inconsequent fountain, what a slum unlimited money can produce where there is no taste nor even co-operation. Who would believe that Park Lane is one of the most expensive streets in the world and enjoys an exceptionally charming situation!

§ 3

Concert Halls and Assembly Rooms are among the public buildings that must have a place in every town. On page 271 is the Memorial Hall in Farringdon Street, London. It can probably be matched in almost every city in England, and certainly in Leeds (where it would be dirtier), Belfast and Bristol, of much of whose architecture it is typical.

Its materials would obviously vary a little with its situation, but the prickly ornamental iron ridging would certainly be painted plum colour and both green and purple slates would be employed for roofing the two turrets, as recommended by Mr. Ruskin. Ragstone has been used in Farringdon Street for the main fabric and the ludicrous little openings in the turrets are probably frilled in cast-iron too. The proportions of the round windows and of the corner embellishments are worth noticing, as is the way in which the top of the central gable is surmounted by an inquiring little bell-cote of its own. The three larger windows probably light the body of the hall itself. If they do, it will not be a very cheerful place, notwithstanding that the spectator has had to climb two or three flights of stairs

to get to it. The windows are of plate glass in sliding sashes, while the window voussoirs (arch stones) are conscientiously variegated. The little columns which embellish the window and door openings are in polished granite. Its situation with one side left exposed is, of course, fortuitously depressing, yet even if we imagine a suitable fellow-Goth as having sat down beside it, its general proportion will still be unhappy. The whole building has a squeezed look, and seems too high for its width; the central gable has indeed a look of owing its existence to some upheaval due to pressure from its turreted flanks. The bank building partially and incidentally shown at the side of the photograph is a good example of what we have provisionally called the Clark's College style of architecture. The building shown on page 272 is also a memorial hall. It is of a different generation, and though it may be acceptable enough at the moment, it too will inevitably appear stale and *démodé* twenty-five years hence and to be full of faults both real and imaginary, after half a century. There are few buildings, if any, against which a quite plausible 'crime-sheet' could not be drawn up similar to that we have presented against the Farringdon Street Hall.

Besides halls, every town above a certain size must have its municipal buildings. Mr. Ralph Knott's New County Hall is a building of great interest (page 269).

Norman Shaw was one of the assessors of the Hall competition fourteen years ago, and one can well imagine his approval of the winning design, carrying on and developing as it does certain tendencies that had begun to appear in his own later buildings.

It is to Norman Shaw that we owe the presence of the great semicircular re-entrant on the river front, justified in its present position by nothing but its undeniable beauty. In the original scheme this feature was planned on the other side, its wings embracing the island formed by a detached circular concert hall. When counsels of economy made away with the island, the *raison d'être* of the bay also disappeared, and in its present position it merely eats into the accommodation as a boy's bite into a sponge-cake.

Shaw, however, undaunted by the pedants, who insisted that there must be 'practical' reasons for architectural features, said that the thing was much too good to be lost, and pressed for its transference to its present position, where the sun now plays engaging variations in light and shade within its sweep, and where the driven rain will scour the exposed surfaces of Portland stone white in contrast with the deepened shadows formed by the soot deposits below the sculpture and projecting mouldings. The roof, too, of Roman tiles is already well on its way from red to black, but its steepness and its exposed situation may mean sufficient scouring by the weather to ensure some hint of its colour surviving. With the eventual sooting over of the still gleaming main court in mind, it would be a great relief if a little greenery could be introduced – even a few large bay or box trees in tubs – with perhaps some trailing creepers depending in festoons and streamers from the circular balcony that surrounds the ante-court. The spectator looks up at the sky through the ring of the balustrade and, failing floating gods and goddesses, cypresses, and festoons of amorini and

roses, a few plants of *Ampelopsis Veitchii* do seem necessary to complete the picture.

There is no hope of grass in relief of the asphalt and masonry of the great court, as its floor (very ingeniously) is the roof of more office accommodation below. Seeing that these offices are lit from wells, it is to be regretted that a fountain or something more exciting than the present skylight could not have been contrived as the central feature of this important court.

The building is as yet, however, admittedly incomplete, and it is really unfair to judge it. Not until the river façade is completed can we even pass judgment on that front – there is a 'limp' in its rhythm at present and certain shameful and hinder parts are unfairly exposed on the north-eastern flank. Even if the whole court needed to complete the scheme cannot be afforded, it is much to be hoped that the side facing the river at least may be soon erected, and so give the necessary and intended balance.

When we have suggested that the towers in the angles of the main court seem rather weak and unrelated to the rest of the building, that the Ionic colonnade facing the Belvedere Road has rather more comfortable softness than lithe grace, that the terminal feature of the cupola lacks boldness, and that the chimney-tops have been surrounded by unsightly iron railings, we have exhausted our short list of complaints and can allow admiration for a noble building free play. The interior generally has achieved dignity through plainness, the restrained richness of the ceremonial parts of the building gaining impressiveness by the contrast.

The climax is very properly reserved for the great

council chamber – octagonal, domed and lofty – where red leather, grey oak and quiet coloured marbles, softly lit by four tall windows, combine to produce an effect of calm grandeur unusual in a secular building.

§ 4

As far as the public is concerned, theatres and cinemas present very much the same problems. The exterior and the auditorium must have a festive air, all the seats must have a good view of the performance and – though this is of much less moment in a cinema – the seating should be so arranged that the audience are aware of each other and so get some corporate feeling.

No theatres of any great architectural interest have been built lately in England, but there are a number of admirable new cinemas; for instance, Mr. Robert Atkinson's at Brighton, and Mr. Frank Verity's Pavilion at Shepherd's Bush.

The photograph on page 274 gives a foreshortened view of the Pavilion. Rearing its enormous bulk on the western edge of Shepherd's Bush Green within hail of the plaster coquetries of what was once the White City (whence too many of our cinemas have drawn their inspiration), the Pavilion dominates the neighbourhood with an authority not to be denied. The cliff of sheer brickwork crowned by its black vault of asphalt proclaims a great hall; its entrance set in a sturdy tower is sufficiently welcoming to suggest a place of entertainment. The building well illustrates the value of contrast and concentration – the flank of the hall impressing by its stark austerity – the entrance tower attracting

by coming a little forward to greet us with an acceptable offering of admirably restrained 'features' in gleaming Portland stone. One is certainly predisposed to buy a ticket and pass within if only to discover whether the promise of Roman magnificence made without is maintained.

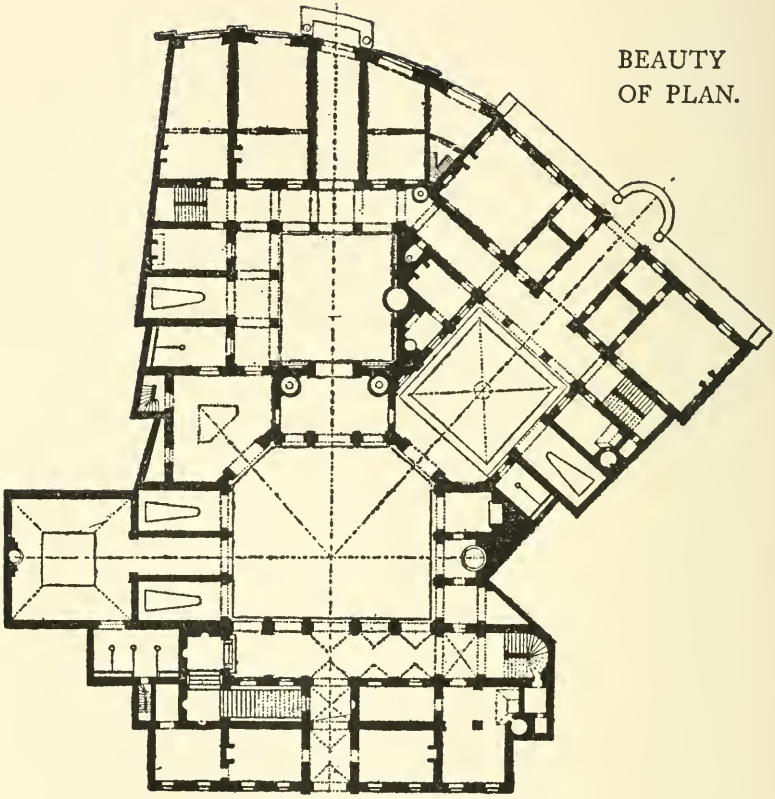
As a matter of fact it is, which is not only good architecture but again good business – for mere curiosity will bring the passer-by in but once, whilst the luxury of sitting in a noble and satisfying building may make of him a regular patron. With a few more such examples of enlightened enterprise before us, we should begin to revise our estimates of the intelligences behind the Cinema industry – though just lately 'the management' at the Pavilion have made a sad mess of Mr. Verity's fine work by plastering it with enormous advertisements of a more than usually disfiguring kind.

Unfortunately, there are probably few of us so sensitive as to arrange our railway journeys solely with reference to the architecture of the stations of departure and arrival. If we were, railway travelling would not be possible in England.

Knowing that nearly every one uses their systems merely in order to reach some particular place that they happen to serve, and having no pride, the great companies have troubled very little about the impression made by their stations and termini on the travelling public and have contented themselves with patching and adding from time to time as need arose or as the engineer or traffic manager might dictate.

Euston started well with a formal plan of considerable

BEAUTY
OF PLAN.



A plan from Les Grands D'Architecture *showing M. Caristies' competition lay-out for three town houses on an irregular site facing into two streets near their junction at an acute angle. The site is flanked by existing buildings and it was a condition that the three premises could be thrown together or separated at will. The symmetry achieved both in the plans and elevations of the three houses, the axial planning whereby vistas are obtained, and the arrangement of the interior lighting courts show how ingeniously the architect dealt with an extremely awkward problem.*

impressiveness, but it has been buried under the agglomerations of later years.

An idea is still discernible under the grimy cavern of King's Cross, whilst St. Pancras has at any rate the merit of size. Waterloo has attempted to put on an architectural dress, but though it is now seemly, it is too diffuse to give one any real impression and it looks as though the architect had been called in too late. Of the Victoria Stations, the smaller has achieved a creditable individuality of its own, whilst its big neighbour only suggests that the large back yard of the unpleasing hotel has been covered in.

Charing Cross and Marylebone, Paddington, Cannon Street and Liverpool Street are, all in their different ways, sermons in stone (or iron and terra-cotta) that may well be taken to heart – whilst almost any provincial station will provide object-lessons in how not to build. The railways admittedly grew up at the worst possible period – and grew more rapidly in England (where too architecture was at a lower ebb) than anywhere else in the world.

The Germans and certain other Continentals, and pre-eminently the Americans, do not, however, suffer foolish railway stations gladly – they demolish and rebuild them.

Not only do they demand efficiency, but cleanliness and dignity as well, and therefore they get them.

Unfortunately, one cannot boycott Charing Cross, but one can at least persevere in being rude about it until it withdraws decently to the Surrey side and rebuilds itself in a civilized and acceptable shape.

In monumental hotels as in office blocks, the United

States surpasses us. But there is at least one good modern hotel in England, the Adelphi in Liverpool, a city which, in spite of dirt, noise and much squalor, is the most seemly of all our large industrial towns and contains almost as many fine buildings as Edinburgh.

For having built the Liverpool Adelphi, we can almost forgive the Midland Railway for its Grand Hotel at Manchester – which is perhaps the highest compliment that could be paid Mr. Frank Atkinson, the Adelphi's designer.

Those who know the Midland Grand will agree – or not agreeing, will be beyond the reach of our architectural mission.

At all events the Adelphi is everything that the Grand is not – it has a clean-limned austerity without and an air of distinguished simplicity that commands instant attention and respect. Inside ingenious axial planning and nicely adjusted proportions give a feeling of quiet dignity, whilst the restrained elegance of the details, the appropriateness of the fittings, and the soft clear colours of the decorations make up an *ensemble* anything but typical of even our best hotels.

Examples of shops that are either ineffectual nonentities or actively offensive could be collected with ease from almost any street in England. Turn your eyes from Messrs. Brown's goods to the window in which they are displayed, and from the window to the building of which it forms a part, and you will generally be horrified. There are, of course, honourable exceptions. In London, for example, there is the engaging little shop-front of Fribourg and Treyer in the Haymarket, there is that of Lock, the hatter in St.

James's Street, or, in a very different mood, the bountiful windows and architectural heroics of Selfridges. Among the rare shops that definitely please and invite our contemplation, the premises of Messrs. Heal hold an honourable place and dignify a street that is otherwise notorious as an architectural wastepaper basket (page 270).

Even in 1861 Messrs. Heal concerned themselves with their architectural setting and conscientiously followed the dictates of that time in expensively dressing up their front in the guise of a Venetian Palazzo – with variations. As seen on the right of the photograph, it cuts a rather pathetic figure beside the outspoken new block so skilfully devised by the late Mr. Cecil Brewer. As architecture, it is at once simple, dignified and fresh in treatment – as a shop, it is an unqualified success. The designer has satisfied the shopkeepers' very proper desire for wide, uninterrupted windows for display and for plenty of light on all floors, and has managed to do so in a manner most satisfying to the beholder.

That is the test of the good architect – it is his business to meet practical needs without doing violence to the architectural decencies. As necessity is the mother of invention, so are practical demands the best and most fruitful parents of architectural innovations and of new 'styles' in so far as there are such things. Indeed, apply the functional test minutely and conscientiously and we might almost agree with Alberti who, being something of a Platonist, saw in variety of function the only legitimate source of variety in architecture.

§ 5

We have (with the exception of churches and cathedrals, which are the buildings most commonly appreciated and understood and upon which it therefore seemed unnecessary further to enlarge here) considered, even if only cursorily, at least one example of almost every sort of building that goes to make up a town. We have discussed its houses, shops, factories, blocks of flats or of offices, gasworks, clubs, places of entertainment, hotels and railway stations, and have tried either to suggest or to illustrate both good and bad examples of each sort.

It is at this point that every modern person becomes conscious of the next necessity, that of a due combination of these parts into a whole.

Neither the Greeks, who huddled the most exquisite temples in the world so strangely upon the Acropolis, nor the mediæval builders, who, with an incomparable *laissez-faire*, crowded a ramshackle town upon their exquisite grey cathedrals, seem to have felt this necessity. But in almost every other age and place a careful disposition of buildings and finally a town plan has followed upon each conquest of a new style or a new material.

The Egyptians, the colonizing Greeks, the Romans and the men of the later Renaissance were all town planners, though their motives were combined from a different mixture from those by which we are actuated. We have all the love of beauty in common. But in the Greeks we seem to see this love without admixture. The Egyptians were influenced by the stars and by certain dark

enigmas of absolute proportion. The Romans were thrust on by patriotism, and the men of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries strove in each façade for glory. We in our day are humbler and plainer than our fathers and besides beauty seek above all efficiency and health.

Thus, though we must not exaggerate the change in point of view, the new Jerusalem – or perfect city – would in each age have been a little different.

On page 275 we show, not by any means a new Jerusalem, but what in this age we should probably all agree is a rational little town, good to live and work in, and alongside its unedited counterpart, which, though it stands here as an awful warning, has a mild picturesqueness and is far less distracted than the sad agglomerations of houses that, round Manchester and the Potteries, stand forlornly on the banks of their poisoned streams. The photographs are from two models which have been prepared for the British Empire Exhibition. The prevailing wind is supposed to blow from the left of the picture down the river valley and at the Exhibition all the factory chimneys will give off smoke. Many amusing little details will be invisible to the reader who does not visit the originals, owing to the smallness of the photographs, but the main lines of the two towns are well shown.

It is supposed that each town occupies identically the same site, a river flows in front, while wooded heights rise behind, a railway enters the town on the right and a tributary joins the main stream from a shallow valley on the left. In each town there are several churches and chapels besides a football and sports ground. In B factories and gasworks are scattered about quite im-

partially, there is the usual muddled approach to the station through mean and twisting streets. There is no particular vista or way up to the town's natural recreation place – the woods behind. But the greatest waste is of the water. As far as B's children and pacing lovers are concerned, they do not live in a river-side town at all, for there is nowhere where they can walk and see the water flow, even the tributary stream being encumbered by contaminating factories which, no longer needing its power, have yet by force of habit settled upon its banks.

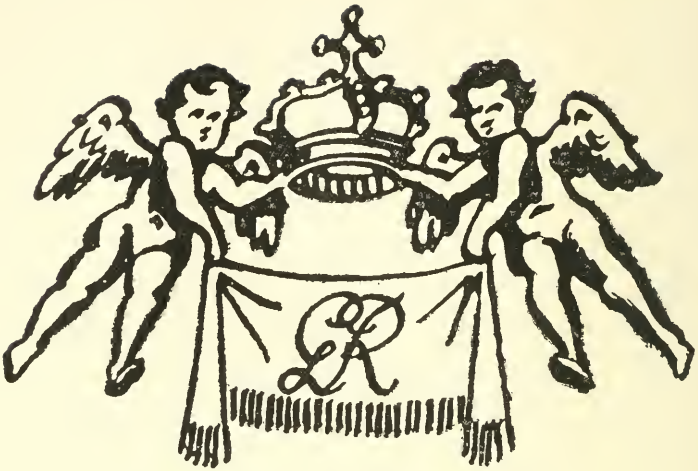
In A, though we may object to a certain bleakness or to this or that detail in the river-side garden, the townsmen enjoy all the situation's natural resources. Vistas 'call in the country,' and the whole river front of the residential part of the town is a promenade. The tributary and its valley are clear, being flanked only by playing fields. The open spaces have not been gained by making the town more scattered, instead the height of the buildings (in the half-circle round the garden, for example) has been increased. Works and factories have all been grouped up to leeward by the railway. A shopping centre has been arranged in the middle of the town, the station has a wide easy approach, while two wide highways give good direct road-transport routes.

The big building that lies behind the town in a wedge-shaped space cut into the woods is intended either for a group of secondary and technical schools or for a university.

The reader will note that no specially inspired architectural character is claimed for A. It is not a town which postulates a second Wren. Indeed it does not attempt to

show architecture but merely exemplifies lay-out. It is a town arranged to accommodate, in the phrase of the sententious Solness, 'Homes for human beings.' It is a town in which to be born, pushed out in a perambulator, be educated, play, court your sweetheart, and conduct your business, healthily, agreeably, and with a minimum of friction.

But as Professor Adshead most illuminatingly remarks in his book, the influential classes do not now seriously consider towns as places in which to be born and die. We have the ideals of the miner, and our cities are mining camps – places to get rich in quickly, to come to only at maturity, and to leave as soon as some slacking of business or professional cares gives us leisure to look about us.



CHAPTER II

'Many of the English, with great propriety, imagine that, if the present King had a taste for architecture and would use his powerful influence in raising palaces and other public buildings worthy of the nation, London would actually become the most superb city in Europe.'
'A Picture of England,' M. D'ARCHENHOLTZ
(Formerly a captain in the service of
the King of Prussia, 1789).

§ I

THE ART OF ARCHITECTURE SEEMS IN AT LEAST AS healthy a way in England in the matter of practitioners as any of the other arts. It has its one established

man of genius, perhaps half a dozen practitioners of considerable and well-earned fame, a larger number of 'rising men,' a good proportion of promising men who have just set up in practice, and several admirable schools with liberally planned curricula, whose students, like those of other art schools, will certainly be ninety-five per cent mediocre or under, but will with luck be five per cent good. Here, however, any favourable comparison with the other arts must end. Where a composer of orchestral pieces or a writer of books speaks to ten intelligent, or at least interested, people, the architect speaks to one. The truth of this is easily tested. Consider, for instance, the Press. On how many newspaper staffs shall we find, besides the dramatic, literary and musical critics, an architectural critic? With how many casual dinner-party neighbours should we dare to substitute the latest London building for the latest London play as a feeler topic? How many schools have on their staffs an architectural master?

This public indifference is obviously a dangerous state of things for architecture. In the first place, any set of artists whose products are not exposed to plenty of criticism, degenerate. They become either affected, lethargic, over-wild or over-fastidious, or else they lose heart and make money.

The arts which depend least upon a sort of worldly sanity on the one hand, and on costly materials on the other, will weather a period of neglect best. For poetry such a period may even be salutary. But with the composer who writes for an orchestra, for the playwright and for the architect the case is very different. The playwright who is never performed can never really

learn his trade. It is only under the acid tests of rehearsal and performance that he can feel the flaws in his work. He must see what he has written, and his play does not really exist, even for him, except on the stage. But the medium of the theatre means co-operation. Not only does it mean public money, but public interest. It means the whole paraphernalia of audience, critics, and even perhaps recalcitrant leading ladies and implacable rivals. But if the playwright is dependent in the end upon the co-operation of his audience, not merely for his living but for his art, how much more beholden to public help is the architect. The inspiration of a Blake, or even of a Piranesi, may be stimulated by neglect, hampered by criticism and unaffected by praise.

But to the architect, whose art is of the world, whose imaginings must stand upon the earth and bear the traffic of men's wants and activities, a sane, and if possible understanding, criticism is the breath of life, and the securing of a patron or employer a first necessity. If the unacted play has only a tenuous existence the unbuilt building is a very wraith. Plans and elevations that have got no further than the drawing board are to most architects dream children and merely bringers of heartache. To the architect who cannot build, and know the miracle of obedient stone and brick, mere grandiose designing is dust and ashes and a vexation of the spirit. The painter and the writer have their material at command, they can defy the world and yet enjoy the fruits of their vision and their labour. The architect must seek a father for his child. If King Charles II and his advisers had not been men of taste, Sir Christopher Wren might have been a man of science at his leisure,

but we should have had no St. Paul's. Without discerning patrons we should have had *Paradise Lost*, but we should not have had Greenwich Hospital, or Versailles or Stowe, and Italy would have been a desert. Architecture is pre-eminently the art in which it is not enough merely to breed men of genius.

In many of the other arts the patron, and even the audience, might be dispensed with, in architecture their function is essential. It seems a pity that here, in the art above all others where their use is so obvious and their help never an importunity, the collector, the connoisseur and the amateur should be so rare.

§ 2

The citizen who would like to make the civic boast that came so naturally to the lips of St. Paul – a boast which could perhaps be truthfully made by no living Englishman – can do a great deal to help the cause of good building. If everybody insisted upon enjoying architecture there would, for instance, be an immediate improvement in design. Suppose one or two resolute, and to some extent knowledgeable, men in each city determined that from now on they would try to make every new building a source of pleasure to them.

If, for instance, we have taken the trouble to acquaint ourselves a little with the principles of architecture, each of us has, as a citizen, a right to ask the man responsible for a new building in our town or parish whom he means to employ for his design. If we think this man a bad designer we have a right to expostulate, either as we might with a friend who was going for his

portrait to a bad painter, or alternatively as we might if a tannery was proposed for a site just outside our doors. There is legislation to protect us from offences to the ear and the nose, let public opinion protect us from offences to the eye. It may be objected that public opinion would effect nothing. Yet it is said, and probably with truth, that if all the aristocrats who perished in the French Revolution had struggled and fought as did old Mme. Du Barri, the whole business would have become so disagreeable that it would have been impossible to carry on the work of the guillotine. If a fuss, however ineffectual as to its immediate object, had to be faced every time a really bad building was put up, our towns and indeed the whole country would gain immensely.

But it is just as important that good work should be praised as that bad should be resisted. People who care for architecture would greatly help its cause if, where they approved of architect and design, they would say as much to the architect's employer, patting him on the back and telling him how wise and public spirited he was to use so good a man. Then the next architectural job in the neighbourhood would perhaps go to the architect whose work had been 'such a great success.'

Nor need encouragement stop here. If the amateur of architecture will tell the architect that his work has given him pleasure he will be doing another service. With a few honourable exceptions – pre-eminently in *Country Life*, which has done an inestimable service to the cause of English architecture – an architect's work is rarely reviewed except in the technical press where the treatment is, as a rule, descriptive rather than critical.

But round the subject of the critical discussion of new buildings float such phrases as 'abuse,' 'professional jealousy,' 'unfair bias,' 'hates the style,' 'rival' and so forth. The difficulty, the layman is told, is that it is impossible to find people capable of writing detailed technical architectural criticism who are not the contemporaries and professional competitors of the men they criticize. This fact, it is assumed, makes a very difficult situation. But does it? If it does, then architects have grown both timid and touchy during the period of their neglect.

Authors and savants in the same line habitually review each other and, what is more, sign their reviews. During the last week of October, 1923, Miss Rose Macaulay and Mr. Arnold Bennett each published a novel. In the *Daily News* Mr. Bennett's book was reviewed by Miss Macaulay and Miss Macaulay's by Mrs. Lynd, who is also an active novelist. Or again, Mr. St. John Ervine was for three or four years the dramatic critic of the *Observer*. During that time several of his plays enjoyed runs at one or another London theatre. In reviewing the work of other playwrights he was thus writing about professional rivals. If they desire the stimulus of informed criticism architects must try to be less morbid. They could soon learn to write of each other justly and not to be afraid of being accused of favouritism if they praised, or of rivalry if they blamed. Those who are criticized will come to accept criticism and to use it as writers use it, now as a source of inspiration, now as a joke, but always as adding an interest, strangely sharp, to the post that brings the press cuttings. But if architecture ever takes its place again with

the other arts, another type of criticism will also be wanted. There ought to be, besides the technical appraisers, a second type of interpretative or go-between critic to write for the general cultivated public who will be interested – such is their habit of mind – much more in what they see if they may read about it first.

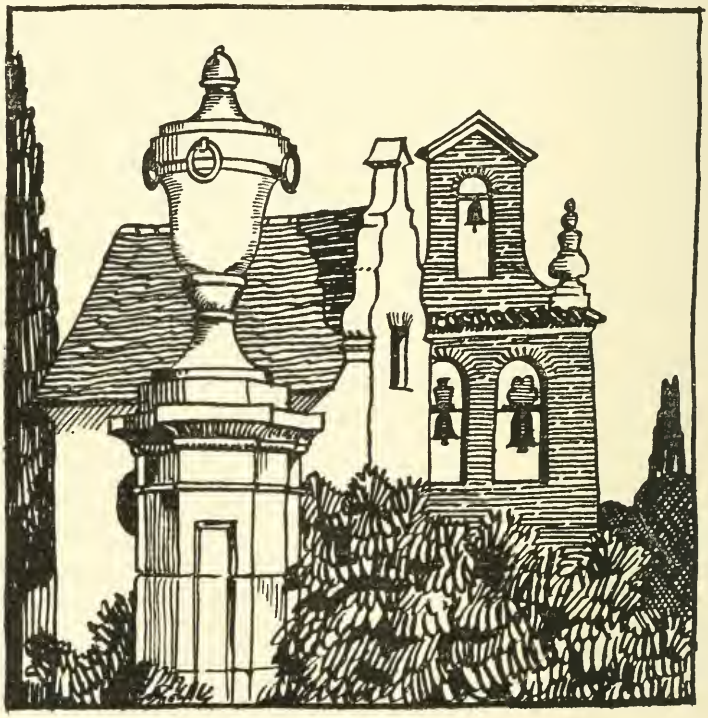
Certain it is that without this public interest we shall not see another great age of this enduring, expensive, satisfactory, cumbersome art. The best architectural work has been done for societies like those of the fifteenth, sixteenth and seventeenth centuries in Italy and the seventeenth and eighteenth in England and France, in which people gossiped about architecture, in which there was a stir about it, and in which, consequently, the best brains from various walks of life were attracted to it. In this age it seems incredible, but if they wrote little of architects as individuals, Pepys, Horace Walpole, Saint-Simon, the several Venetian ambassadors, and Lady Mary Wortley Montagu all gossiped and whispered and waited, scandal on lip, for the moment when the scaffolding was enough out of the way to see if in some great building the King or the architect had had his way, or to guess who was the '*architecte sous clef*' who had done the great man's work for him. Here again architects must remind themselves not to be thin-skinned. If their art is to have the great benefits incidental to public interest they must make up their minds to endure a few imbecilities. The human race always introduces the archetypal baboon into whatever sphere has for the moment attracted its attention, and in some art or other each of us is a baboon.

But we need not anticipate. There is no inconvenient

stir about architecture as yet. Though there are a few good architects (notably Sir Edwin Lutyens) to whom public appreciation is giving a chance to immortalize the twentieth century, there are in London alone many capable and scholarly young architects who cannot get the sort of commissions which would give them a chance of showing their undoubted powers of design. These wasted men, who may for all we know be the Brunelleschis and Inigo Joneses of our age, are balanced by as many, or perhaps by more, genuinely and admittedly bad and incompetent designers who get a pick of public and private work. We must not suppose that there are therefore sinister forces of corruption or nepotism at work. It is easy to see that with a perfectly indifferent public such a state of things is entirely natural. For if we eliminate the æsthetic factor altogether and take the point of view that one design is as good as another, then these much employed architects probably are the men for the public's money. They are no doubt business-like, accustomed to handling public bodies, adaptable, prompt, accustomed to work on a big scale, and besides, thoroughly honest, clubbable good fellows. Why should a new man, probably tiresome, and admittedly young, be brought into the matter at all? In short, a convenient groove has been worn, and down it too many large public and private bodies complacently send their work.

Translated into terms of civics and the humane arts, the under-employment of the good and the over-employment of the bad means that we, the unfortunate public, are going to endure yet a fresh crop of ugly and ridiculous buildings, not to speak of functionally disastrous towns.

Our cities might be growing into proud places, we have got plenty of capable designers. Instead, for every beautiful new building that goes up we shall still have a dozen or more which are absurd, ignorant and ugly, and give pleasure to nobody, but carry on the bad old Victorian tradition of building without hope or enjoyment. The future of English poetry lies with the poets, the future of English architecture with the public. We have reached the moment when they may, if they think it worth while, enjoy the pleasures of architecture.



Appendix

Notes on the 'Cedar Lawn' Type of House.

(See page 246.)

The boundary wall is of chocolate-coloured fused bricks or rag-stone with black cement joints; a cast-iron capping with spiked ridge and ornamental 'Early English' spiked railing surmounts this – the whole painted dull plum colour and relieved with gilding. The gate pillars are of deep red sandstone or blue and red vitrified brick with cast-iron caps and balls. The front path is laid with grooved yellow paving bricks with blue Staffordshire ornamental cable-pattern edging. The porch of Bath stone is carved in deep relief with pierced ivy-leaf panels above the arch. It has polished granite columns with 'Richly Foliated Gothic Capitals.'

The lower portion of the house is of hard red and yellow brickwork neatly pointed in cement mixed with ashes, and the walling above is of cement rough-cast relieved with bands of shiny ornamented 'Norman' brickwork. The space under the bay-window is diversified by variegated encaustic tiles; the bay-window itself is of ginger-grey Bath stone embellished with incised conventionalized floral designs. It is roofed with large, thin, purply-black slates with prominent lead hips and flashings. The upper window has a chamfered head, sill, and jambs and a relieving arch of red and yellow bricks with stone dressings. An orna-

mental panel done in high relief proclaims the date of the building.

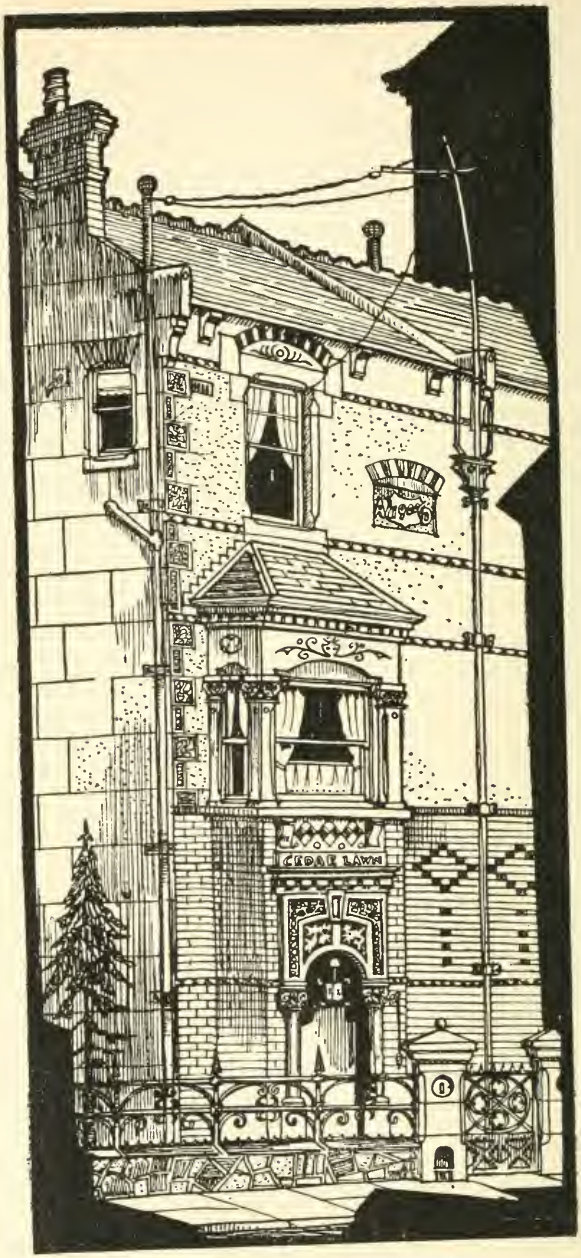
The exterior plumbing is boldly conceived – the gable end has an elaborately shaped projection at the eaves, whilst the yellow chimney-pot, bright red ridge, together with the purple slating, are distinctive of the style. The return side of the house, as it does not directly face the road, is treated as 'back,' and is consequently covered with drab-coloured cement though lined out in large squares in memory of the masonry of the Romans. Front and side are knitted together by rusticated quoins or angle stones done in cement.

The reader should note the arid and prickly discomfort of the fence, the stilted vacuity of the entrance, the monkey-chatter of ornamentation above it, the heavy mutton-fisted treatment of the bay, its blank and dumpy front window, its squinting narrow-chested flanks.

The upper window protests its presence with an elaboration of stone and brickwork utterly uncalled for (e.g., a 'relieving arch' with no appreciable weight above it and massive stone blocks for it to spring from). The ridge and skyline are uncomfortably scolloped, the chimney dwarfish and top-heavy, whilst a clumsy projection, like a thick ear, conceals what skimpy eaves there are. The proportions are pinched, confused and unhappy, there is no apparent focus of interest, no definite note is struck, and there is no rest or comfort for the eye anywhere in mass nor line, in light nor shade, colour nor proportion. It is indeed 'as a tale told by an idiot.'

Far from being economical, buildings in this kind cost more than do plain 'Georgian' type houses. They have indeed no excuse.

The second sketch (see over) shows how the mere shedding of irrelevances and a little care for proportion can exorcise vulgarity.



'Cedar Lawn'—A Suburban Synthesis.

THE SAME HOUSE—CIVILIZED VERSION.

Some Books on Architecture

Sidney Addy. *The Evolution of the English House.* (Swan Sonnenschein & Co., 1898.)

Illustrated. Necessarily as much archæology and sociology as architecture, but illuminating to those who seek origins.

S. R. Adshead. *Town Planning and Town Development.* (Methuen, 1923.)

A practical book with a curious philosophical and metaphysical introduction. The reader finishes it with a feeling of great respect for Professor Adshead and a realization of the great responsibilities involved in the planning of a town. When we remember the beauty of his work at Kennington we realize how great was his self-control in dealing here only with the practical and sociological aspects of the problem.

William J. Anderson. *The Architecture of the Renaissance in Italy.* (Batsford, 1909.)

An excellent text-book, well illustrated with photographs, details and plans. Contains a great deal of architectural criticism which, although it expresses an absurdly wholesale condemnation for late Baroque, is yet generally intelligent and worth reading.

C. R. Ashbee. *Where the Great City Stands.* (Batsford, 1917.)

Mr. Ashbee is a crank – the authors wish there were more like him. Such things as dirt, noise, the squalor of education, the need for open spaces and the ideal of the garden city affect him so passionately that his prose almost stutters. His book is an engaging one, full of

amusing plans and diagrams. He presents the eighteenth century as standing for Stability, the nineteenth century for Turmoil, the twentieth for Co-ordination.

T. D. Atkinson. *A Glossary of English Architecture.* (Methuen, 1906.)

An excellent small illustrated book of reference.

Sir Banister Fletcher. *A History of Architecture on the Comparative Method.* (Batsford, 1921.)

A standard book of reference. It deals with the architecture of all countries, but as it is in a single volume, altogether satisfactorily with none. It is of the same school as Fergusson, but æsthetic judgments are made from standpoints less alien to the modern reader.

Sir Reginald Blomfield. *The Mistress Art.* (Arnold, 1908.) *A History of French Architecture.* (Bell, 2 vols. 1921.) *A History of Renaissance Architecture in England.* (Bell, 2 vols.)

Sir Reginald Blomfield is one of the most eminent architectural critics. All his books are of great interest and far above the average of architectural writing.

A History of French Architecture is a delightful book to which the authors are much indebted. It is full not only of anecdote, but of sound architectural criticism and of illustrations so arranged as to help the reader by enabling him to form his own judgment. In the case of the building of the Louvre, for instance, four or five contemporary rival designs for the same building can be compared.

Arthur T. Bolton. *The Architecture of Robert and James Adam.* (*Country Life*, in 2 vols.)

The standard work, also a fascinating miscellany, being

full of research and odd information, though not presenting a very coherent narrative. The source of most references to the Brothers Adam and of one or two miscellaneous quotations from their contemporaries in the present volume.

Beresford Chancellor. *The Lives of British Architects.* (Duckworth, 1909.)
A collection of rather desiccated but useful 'lives.' Much of the information can also be found in Sir Reginald Blomfield's English Renaissance.

F. Chatterton. *English Architecture at a Glance.* (Architectural Press, 1924.)
Compressed into a little book for the pocket.

Horace Field and Michael Bunney. *English Domestic Architecture of the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries.* (Bell, 1905.)
A book of wider scope than that compiled by Mr. Ramsey. Contains drawings as well as photographs.

Walter Godfrey. *A History of Architecture in London.* (Batsford, 1911.)
Arranged to illustrate the course of architecture in England until 1800.

William Haywood. *The Development of Birmingham.* (Batsford.)

T. Harold Hughes and E. A. G. Lamborn. *Towns and Town-Planning.* (Oxford University Press, 1922.)
An extremely interesting and well-arranged survey covering the past, the present and the future.

Kerr. *The English Gentleman's House.* (John Murray, 1871.)

A delightful book which should be re-issued. It shows how the pre-Ruskin, or rather pre-Webb, nobility and gentry were housed. It gives plans and elevations of such houses as Bearwood, Osborne, and Balmoral.

W. R. Lethaby. *Architecture.* (Cambridge House University Series.) *Form in Civilization.* (Oxford University Press, 1922.)

Professor Lethaby, like Mr. Ashbee, belongs to the ascetic school of architecture, but though we might find his ideal city a little severe, he is unequalled at lashing futility and vulgarity wherever they are found. He writes well and often passionately. The first book, which is a history, is admirable until he reaches the Renaissance, from whose activities he turns in cold aversion.

Charles Marriott. *Modern English Architecture.* (Chapman and Hall, 1924.)

Mr. Marriott understands his subject and treats it from the modern point of view. The studies of English contemporary architecture and architects are particularly careful and well informed.

Lena Milman. *Sir Christopher Wren.* (Duckworth, 1908.)

Attractive and pious, if incorrect. However, it is no wonder that she was daunted by the confusions of *Parentalia.*

Marjorie and C. H. B. Quennell. *A History of Everyday Things.* (Batsford, 2 vols. 1918.)

Intended for children, but a delightful book for the

general reader. The architectural history, though incidental, is accurate and sensitive and the illustrations, arranged on the comparative system, are admirable. Written in a somewhat faulty style.

Stanley C. Ramsey. *Small Houses of the Late Georgian Period.* (Architectural Press, 1919.)

A delightful picture book.

Manning Robertson. *Everyday Architecture.* (Fisher Unwin, 1924.)

A vigorous, lively and well-illustrated plea for responsible citizenship.

Geoffrey Scott. *The Architecture of Humanism.* (Constable & Co., 1914.)

The best book ever written in English on architectural theory. It is a defence of the Classical and more particularly the Baroque style against both Constructivism and Naturalism. The fact that it is mainly polemical makes it fall short of perfection. Mr. Geoffrey Scott nearly always argues with a purpose. He is not always completely candid and there are often omissions in his argument, or perhaps it would be more just to say in his plea. In combating his opponents so vigorously he often falls into that error of narrowness of which he accuses them. It has had an immense effect, both on architects and those few members of the public who, ten years ago, took the trouble to read about architecture.

Leader Scott. 'Life of Brunelleschi.' *Great Masters in Painting and Sculpture.* (Bell.)

A short, entertaining life of one of the great pioneers of the architectural renaissance. Particularly readable.

John W. Simpson. *Essays and Memorials.* (Architectural Press, 1922.)

Contains an admirable essay on architectural principles in engineering. Sociologically the account of the town planning of the French Revolution is interesting, as is the amusing story of the fate of the three-cornered Wellington monument. Agreeable rather than important.

Sacheverell Sitwell. *Southern Baroque Art.* (Grant Richards, 1924.)

A poet's stimulating and imaginative essays.

H. H. Statham. *A Short Critical History of Architecture.* (Batsford, 1912.)

W. H. Ward. *The Architecture of the Renaissance in France.* (Batsford, 2 vols. 1911.)

An admirable and well-illustrated history of the arts of building, decoration and garden design under classical influence from 1495 to 1830.

Sir Lawrence Weaver. *Sir Christopher Wren.* (Published by *Country Life* in 1923.) *Small Country Houses of To-day*, Vols. I and II. (Published by *Country Life.*) *Lutyens Houses and Gardens.* (Published by *Country Life.*)

Sir Lawrence Weaver's *Life of Sir Christopher Wren* is a book based on some new material which has recently come to hand. It contains some excellent architectural criticism.

Small Country Houses of To-day, Vols I and II (*Country Life*), are books that carry one very pleasantly down the stream of English domestic architecture from the

beginnings of the modern movement until to-day. For such a voyage Sir Lawrence is the ideal pilot, as he has kept in constant and sympathetic touch with all that is fresh and vital in our current architecture.

Lutyens Houses and Gardens is an abridged edition of the standard book on Lutyens' domestic work (now out of print) – plans, admirable photographs, and short, informing comments for the layman.

F. R. Yerbury. *Architectural Students' Handbook.* (Architectural Press, 1923.)

Brief but reliable notes on 'how to become an architect.'

The Arts connected with Building. (Batsford, 1909.)

Illustrated lectures on craftsmanship and design by various masters.

Modern British Architecture. (Benn Bros.) Being a selection of work from the Architecture Club Exhibitions, 1923–4. Edited by F. R. Yerbury.

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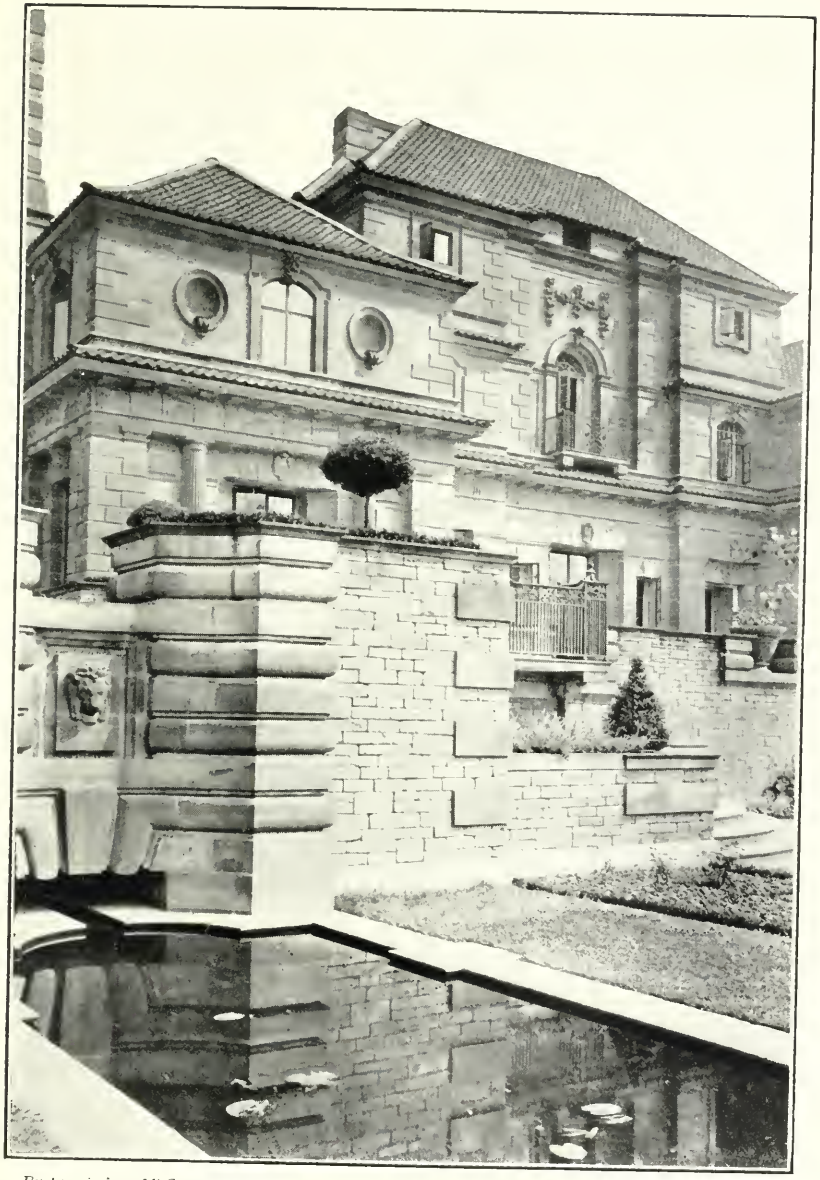

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See page 51.

HEATHCOTE. SIR EDWIN LUTYENS, ARCHITECT.

1906.

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CROOKSBURY. SIR E. LUTYENS' FIRST HOUSE.

1890.

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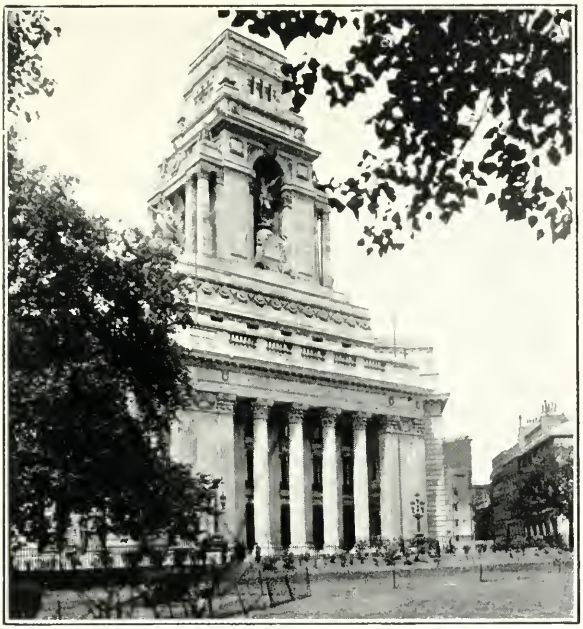
FULBROOKE. SIR E. LUTYENS, ARCHITECT.

1897.



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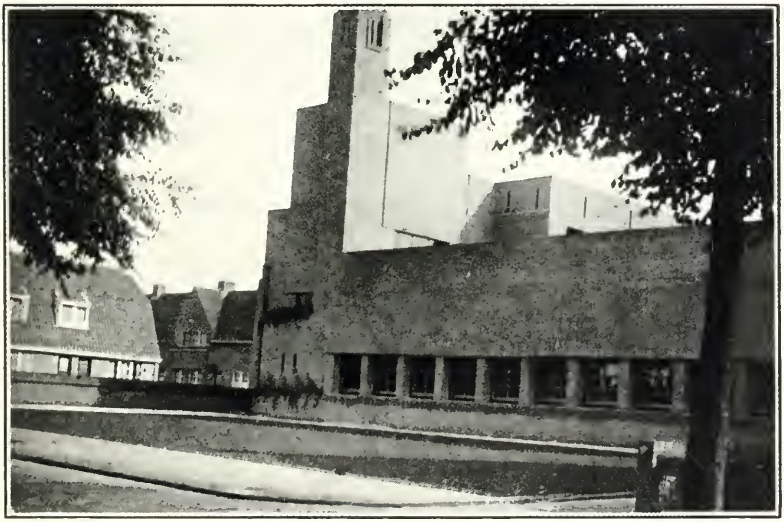
PORT OF LONDON AUTHORITY. SIR EDWIN COOPER, ARCHITECT.



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A COMMUNAL BATH HOUSE, HILVERSUM, HOLLAND. H. DUDOK, ARCHITECT.

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A REGRETTABLE CLUB HOUSE, PALL MALL.

Photograph by F. R. Yerbury. *See page 219.*

THE DUCHY OF CORNWALL ESTATE, KENNINGTON. PROFESSOR ADSHEAD AND S. RAMSEY, ARCHITECTS.

MINISTRY OF PENSIONS, ACTON. J. G. WEEK, ARCHITECT, H.M. OFFICE OF WORKS.

"MASS, LINE AND COHERENCE."

Photograph by F. R. Yerbury.

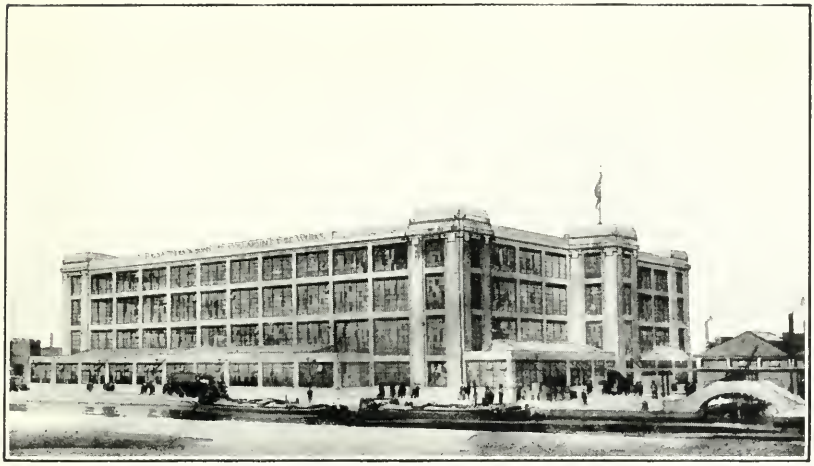
See page 215.

BUSH HOUSE, ALDWYCH. HELME AND CORBET, ARCHITECTS.

Photograph by F. R. Yerbury. *See page 176.*

A SMALL HOUSE. GARDEN FRONT.

THE SAME. WESTERN END.



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A FACTORY. WALLIS GILBERT AND PARTNERS, ARCHITECTS.

See page 55.

THE KODAK BUILDING, KINGSWAY. SIR JOHN BURNET, A.R.A., ARCHITECT.

See page 220.

PARK LANE. A VICTORIAN DISCORD.

Photograph by F. R. Yerbury.

See page 221.

THE LONDON COUNTY HALL. RALPH KNOTT, ARCHITECT.

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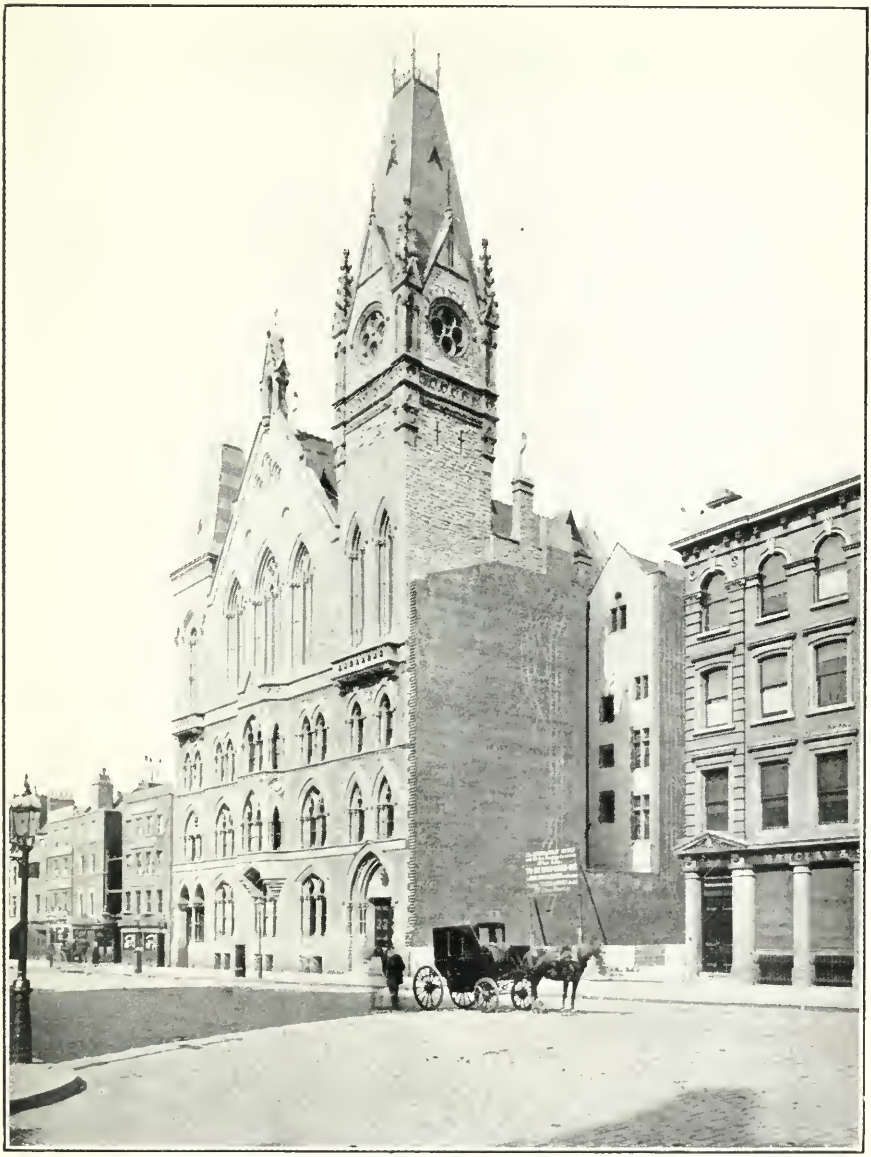
MESSRS. HEAL'S SHOP, TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD.
SMITH AND BREWER, ARCHITECTS.

A VICTORIAN SHOP IN THE CITY.



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A VICTORIAN MEMORIAL HALL, FARRINGDON STREET.

Photograph by F. R. Yerbury.

See page 221.

A MEMORIAL HALL. NEO-GEORGIAN.

Photograph by F. R. Yerbury.

THE NEW TOWN HALL, STOCKHOLM. PROFESSOR RAGNAR OSTBURG, ARCHITECT.
(The Flower of Sweden's Architectural Renaissance.)

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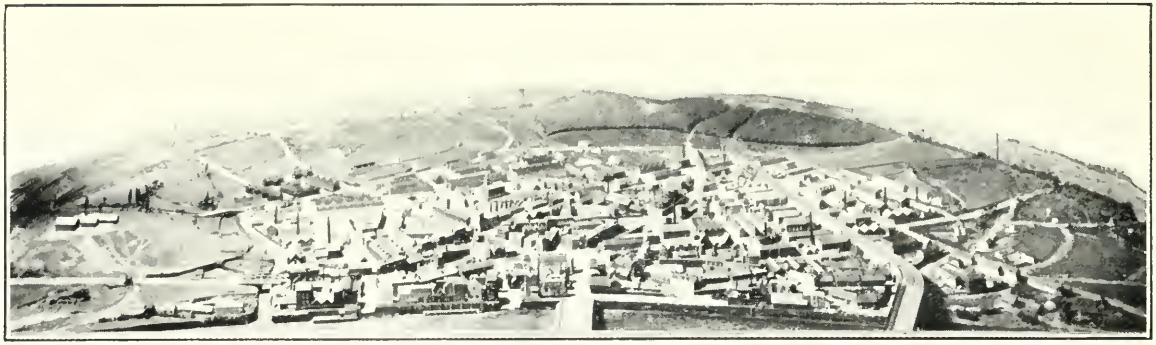
THE PAVILION CINEMA, SHEPHERDS BUSH. FRANK VERITY, ARCHITECT.



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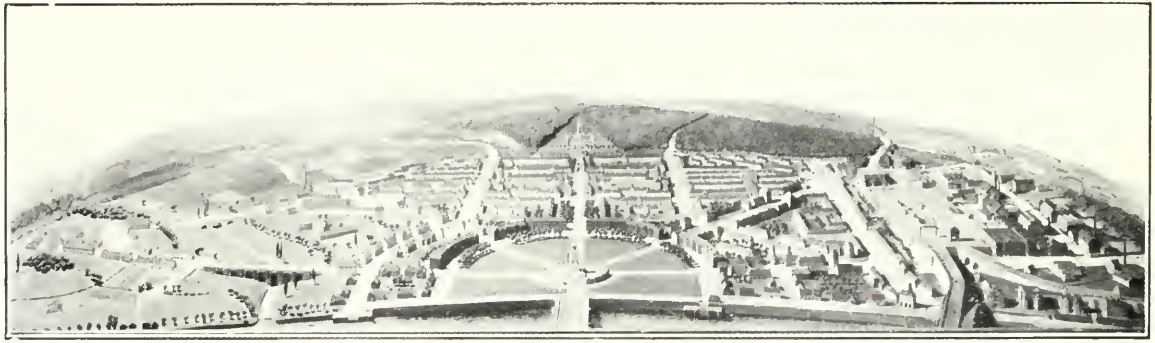
A TYPICAL ENGLISH TOWN—THICK.



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THE SAME RE-PLANNED—CLEAR.